



THE LETTERS AND PRIVATE PAPERS OF  
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

VOLUME III



CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS:  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

# THE LETTERS AND PRIVATE PAPERS OF

Abigail, Alabama

at various letters of Feb 1. reaches me on the 24<sup>th</sup> after such a dreary weary  
half dozen journey from Savannah - to Columbus 10 hours, 200 miles through  
fine flat - 3 days there and only 175 dollars for my travel - to <sup>Columbus</sup> to <sup>Alabama</sup> 100  
miles in 8 hours through fine flat, to Montgomery 100 miles 7 more hours  
100 miles more fine flat, and from Montgomery down the Alabama River  
to this place - where I have got into such a nice hotel into which a beautiful  
room, has had such a comfortable warm bath, and had over a steam  
breakfast such a comfortable letter for my horses. I think something of  
looking descriptive letter with remarks on the country & institutions, but  
I have not the face for that kind of conversation with my family. The  
beauties of this country, everywhere, almost everywhere are - there is no  
thing to draw - one sketch I made on the river gallery - which  
distant scene.



and made it possible the case of the State. I wonder that the  
people were found to endure out in such a night. The last  
of the dollars that was for you - the astronomical & dollars, to  
people here - the same large & dollars - remain 1 dollar for the  
Aunt and my family - But what must it be when the poor  
deeds are dependent upon it. But, and nobody knows, and they  
must money for their dinner to breakfast! I think I should get  
three other good & I want. But, we must be longer getting them  
that is. There have to Church and have a good dinner - and  
the person at my dinner last night.

And so. The last for the dollars and in an hour and I put  
my little letter into the post beforehand. Now I don't know  
how famous good health here? better spirit and affections than  
I have had since I have been in the State. Last night was a famous  
good night and I hope the State will be the same at 11.0. when  
at any rate I shall have to get days and then for the last and  
then for my old friends of Boston Philadelphia New York - and then  
for some other friends yet. I how welcome the end of May will  
be upon the night of Liverpool. God bless my women and  
my dearest old Mother & G.P. and also Mary I insist on your  
having some money - and that a famous letter about the Church in  
the U. - and I am my dearest children loving father always

THE LETTERS AND PRIVATE PAPERS OF

*William Makepeace*  
THACKERAY

Collected and edited by

*Gordon N. Ray*



In four volumes

*Volume III: 1852-1856*

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LETTERS, 1852-1856



TO MRS. BROWN  
5 JANUARY 1852

My text is taken from *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, pp. 317-318.

Erlestoke, Westbury, Jan. 5

My dear Mrs. Brown — The children write me from afar off that you have written them a kind letter: and though I think it is 20 years ago since I left Edinburgh, I have not forgotten you and write a stupid line to say how do you and the Doctor and Jock and Helen. Since I came away I have been out avising, and write this on this grand thick official paper from a grand house, where I am treated very hospitably (as usual) and propose to pass 2 or 3 days more. Then back to London, etc., and thence to Brighton very possibly, to try and work a little. All this pleasuring has unfitted me for it, and I begin to fancy I am a gentleman of £5000 a year. They spoiled the youngest of my girls at Lord Ashburton's. I should have done better to bring them to Scotland, and show them simple kind people, — not that these are not too, but — but it's different: and I doubt whether yours isn't the best. I have no earthly news to send you — only the most stupid good wishes, but I wish instead of waiting up in my room here for dinner and 3 courses and silver and champagne, I was looking forward to 23, and that dear old Small beer. And then we would have a cab and go to the Music Hall to hear Mrs. Kemble. I sometimes fancy that having been at Edinburgh is a dream, only there are the daguerreotypes and a box of that horrid shortbread still, and the hatfull of money to be sure. It wasn't at all cold coming to London, and the town of Berwick-on-Tweed looked beautiful: and I think my fellow-passenger must have wondered to see how cleverly I slept. He was a young Cambridge man, and knew your humble servant perfectly well. It was in the railroad I got the great news of Palmerston's going out.<sup>2</sup> It didn't frighten you in Rutland Street

<sup>2</sup> Lord Palmerston retired from the ministry of Lord John Russell on December 19, 1851.

much, I daresay, but in the houses where I go we still talk about it, and I amongst the number, as gravely as if I was a Minister myself. Why do we? What does it matter to me who's Minister? Depend on it, 23 Rutland Street is the best, and good dear kind friends, and quiet talk and honest beer.

You see by the absurd foregoing paragraphs that I've nothing in the world to say, but I want to shake you and the Doctor by the hand and say Thank you and God bless you.

W. M. Thackeray.

816.

TO ANNE THACKERAY

7 JANUARY 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

Erle Stoke.

Wednesday.

My dearest Fat.

His lordship<sup>2</sup> presses me very much to stop till Saturday, and the folks are so kind that I cant refuse them. So you must make yourself as happy without your Papa as you can till Saturday, or rather Sunday for I dine out Saturday too: and I hope you'll go to M<sup>rs</sup> Morris's and take your pleasure there: & on Monday there's a party for you at M<sup>rs</sup> Merivales where I shall appear too after my lecture.<sup>3</sup> This place is as beautiful in its way as the Grange — the company of quite a different sort, the landscapes round about charming — I have had good long walks every day: but I'm not particularly well; — 'tis all these good dinners as usual that have their effect on your poor old Father. A letter has come from Forster vowing that he didn't see you at the Chief Baron's and I have

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Cam Hobhouse had been created Baron Broughton on February 23, 1851.

<sup>3</sup> Thackeray gave his lectures on *The English Humourists* at the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, 17 Edwards Street, January 12, 14, 19, 21, 26, and 28 (*Times*).

written him a very short reply to say I was glad of it. And I think this is all the news I have: w<sup>h</sup> is stupid enough isn't it? The master of this house is a kind dear old fellow: with such a loyal simple character as wins upon me: and there are old fogies — old men of wit and learning too — in fact we are all old fogies except one very young man <sup>4</sup> married to one of the very young daughters of the house — and too old for these as we should be for my gals likewise — All this you may tell in confidence to Granny if you write in these times to her: and I send my best regards to Miss Trulock, and my compliments to Minny and beg she will kiss Jeames with my love, and I am always my dear womens

Affte father

W M T.

817.

TO RUSSELL STURGIS

9 JANUARY 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

Erle Stoke. Westbury. Jan 9, 1852.

My dear M<sup>r</sup> Sturgis

I am quite vexed at getting your letter. For upon my honour in these days I was going to write to M<sup>rs</sup> Sturgis and beg her to thank your brother for the very best cheroots that ever I smoked I have been wandering all the world over since I got them and never in London except to pack up for a new journey into the Country. It seems horridly ungrateful never to have written about those cigars but to have gone on smoking them and liking them in greedy silence. Now the only proof that I intended to write is, that I was going to say to M<sup>rs</sup> Sturgis 'My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Sturgis — My lectures begin again in London on the 12 January at 8 o'clock of evenings I believe, at the rooms in Edward St<sup>r</sup> Portman Square 5 minutes drive from your house: and if you have a mind to hear

<sup>4</sup> John Strange Jocelyn (1823–1897), later (1880) fifth Earl of Roden, who had married Sophia Hobhouse, Lord Broughton's younger daughter, on July 31, 1851.

one of them and will kindly remember that I was once to dine with you en famille, may I come some Monday or Wednesday at 6 and we can adjourn from the dinner to the sermon'

*Then* was to follow a statement about the cigars. May I hope for some such arrangement as this? I should like very much to dine with you and M<sup>rs</sup> Sturgis on Monday 17<sup>th</sup> if you will take me and believe that I am your brothers and

Yours most sincerely

W M Thackeray

818.

TO ?

10 JANUARY 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

January 10. 1852.

My dear Sir

In reply to your obliging note I have little hesitation in saying that Virtue is the *principal* happiness below though certainly not the only one. For example there is claret, smoking in moderation and cheerful conversation such as we have had at Erlestoke: all of w<sup>h</sup> are not virtues but nevertheless pleasant and to be renewed let us trust on some future day.

Yours always. W M Thackeray.

819.

TO MRS. BAYNE

31 JANUARY 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

Kensington. Jan 31.

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Bayne

I am engaged on Wednesday but on Friday (though I oughtn't for it is the only free day in all that week of feasting) I shall have great pleasure in coming to you.

1852

TO LADY ELIZABETH THACKERAY

7

So, as it's Friday too, please have a meagre dish or two if not for the Pontiff, at least for

Yours always

W M Thackeray

Didn't I see that Puseyite Eutychus asleep during my sermon?

[For notation of a letter to Mrs. Elliot and Kate Perry, January, 1852, see letter 32, Appendix XXVI.]

820. TO LADY ELIZABETH THACKERAY <sup>5</sup>

2 FEBRUARY 1852 <sup>6</sup>

*Address:* The Lady Elizabeth Thackeray. | Emperor Terrace | Craven Hill.  
*Postmark:* FE 2 18(52). Hitherto unpublished.

Kensington. Monday.

Dear Lady Elizabeth. Will you & the General give me the pleasure of your company at dinner on Thursday 12<sup>th</sup> at 7 o'clock.

Very faithfully yours

W M Thackeray

<sup>5</sup> The former Lady Elizabeth Margaret Carnegie (1798?–1886), *Genealogy* (13), daughter of the seventh Earl of Northesk. She had married Frederick Rennell Thackeray (1775–1860), *Genealogy* (12), in 1825. Her husband, a distinguished officer of the Royal Engineers, fought in many battles, received the C. B. in 1831, and was made a full General in 1854. See *Memorials*, pp. 231–234.

<sup>6</sup> During the years Thackeray lived at 13 Young Street, February 12 fell on Thursday only in 1852.



821.

TO MARY HOLMES <sup>7</sup>  
5 FEBRUARY 1852

*Address:* Miss M. Holmes | Gargrave | Skipton in Craven. *Postmarks:* FE 5 1852, LEEDS FE 6 1852. Hitherto unpublished. *Endorsed:* Feb 5/52. No 1.

13 Young St Kensington.  
Feb. 5. 1852.

Dear Madam

I beg pardon for the delay in the answer of your note: but the fault hasn't been mine. I sent it to a lady <sup>8</sup> a Catholic convert like yourself thinking that she might be useful, and my letter and your address along with it followed her into the country, from whence it is only just come back to me.

A friend has promised to notice your little book in a leading weekly newspaper. But I augur very little pecuniary benefit to you from this notice — your volume has not had the fair chance of publicity.

What is the amount of your printers bill? The best thing I take it to do, will be to see your publisher represent the case fairly to him, and bring down the bill to its lowest figure — (the actual outlay I mean w<sup>h</sup> the publisher has made) and then to set about trying to pay it.

I wont promise you to buy books but I shall gladly help you with a very little money — You dont know how many calls we get every day almost for that article — and if I can otherwise serve you indeed I shall be very happy.

My cousin, M<sup>rs</sup> C. Carmichael now, lives at Teignmouth. Down House I think it's called. She is a very High Church woman; and I have often laughingly prophecied that she would leave our poor dear old mother church, for yours w<sup>h</sup> claims to be the mother of all. I think we may count on her aid, for meeting the publishers bill.

I remember and with the greatest kindness those scenes and

<sup>7</sup> See *Memoranda*.

<sup>8</sup> Lady Castlereagh. See below, No. 828.

acquaintances of my youth w<sup>h</sup> your letter recalls — you too I fancy if you were a girl at Talaton, with brown hair in a 'crop' and a black gown. My cousin will no doubt remember you better — She is married to my step father's brother Col. Carmichael of the Indian Services and has 2 children and has been staying very lately I believe with M<sup>rs</sup> Huyshe at Exeter.

I wish I knew how to help you or serve you; but of course our Protestants will not take Catholic governesses — that amateur book-writing system never answers. Friends tire of subscribing after the first time, — What is to be done? If ever you come to London pray do me the favor to let me see you — Are you not the person who wrote *me* letters about Conversion &c? I think I recognize the hand-writing, and was grateful for the kind tone of those letters — I have spoken quite bluntly and simply about your literary project you see — for Truth is best. To make the public buy a little book issued as yours has been is an almost impossible scheme — and so let us try and help you a little in the matter of the printers bill — and believe me dear Miss Holmes

very sincerely yours

W M Thackeray

My mother is still alive, though M<sup>rs</sup> Pendennis is dead in the novel: and a little of Larkbere & Ottery may be found in that book.

822.

TO RICHARD DOYLE

7 FEBRUARY 1852

*Address:* R. Doyle Esq<sup>e</sup> | 17 Cambridge Terrace. *Postmark:* FE 7 1852. Hitherto unpublished.

My lad You are in for a good dinner, and I think it was very kind & thoughtful of Lady R.<sup>o</sup>

Yours

anonnamus.

If its fine Friday ev<sup>g</sup> will you walk over here?

<sup>o</sup> Probably Lady Rothschild.

823.

TO RICHARD PRYME

15 FEBRUARY 1852

Published in part by Madigan, *Word Shadows of the Great*, p. 212.

Kensington. Feb 15.

My dear Pryme

I will subscribe with pleasure to your young protégé's <sup>10</sup> verses, but now comes the unpleasantry, I think they are very good for a young man who has not had opportunities of education but not good verses as yet — and when he is 10 years older he'll say so too. I remember some of my own w<sup>h</sup> were much worse at his age — and I *had* been to school &c — then.

Old 'Dont Care' is a copy of a bad master — M<sup>r</sup> Dickens was very young and unlettered when he wrote the 'Ivy Green,' <sup>11</sup> though a prodigious genius as I needn't tell you who know it.

There's no use I think in publishing verses w<sup>h</sup> are only good 'considering.' What we want is the good article — A better thing to do for M<sup>r</sup> Realf than to print his book would be to try, seeing that his turn is literary, to get him into some position where he could learn and labour — A training school for instance — Indeed I wish I could speak more enthusiastically: but, as you ask me, the truth must be told and behold! here it is as far as I know

Yours always dear Pryme

W M Thackeray

<sup>10</sup> Richard Realf (1834–1878), whose *Guesses at the Beautiful* appeared in 1852. The son of a Sussex constable, he had received little education. He emigrated to America in 1854, agitated for the abolition of slavery, and fought in the Civil War as a Union officer. See the memoir by R. J. Hinton prefixed to *Poems of Richard Realf* (New York, 1898).

<sup>11</sup> A poem recited by an old clergyman in chapter 6 of *The Pickwick Papers*.

824.

TO MARY HOLMES  
FEBRUARY 1852 <sup>12</sup>

Hitherto unpublished.

A lady is required to accompany a family to New York. Her acquirements must be French English music and singing. References given & required Apply between 11 & 4 to M<sup>rs</sup> Kennedy. 3 Queens Square. Bloomsbury.

My dear Miss Holmes.

Friday.

It seems a long time since I heard from you. I cut this out of the Times. I've been talking to some of the great ladies, but I'm afraid I'm afraid they won't do much. I'm full of business, with not always leisure to write but always glad to hear from you. I wrote you a letter tho' tother day and burned it. It seemed too confidential. Herbert the Painter <sup>13</sup> gave me an account of you — he is a pleasing portrait painter I must tell you. I hope you liked your trip to York, and wish you would make one to London some day. Thank you for the Music — but I like the verses to your Mother best. Anny my eldest daughter she is a grown girl near 15 and a noble creature though I say it that shouldn't will play me the air when she has learned it; but though noble she's lazy like her father. I must go on with my work and only write a hasty line to say that I am

Yours very sincerely

W M Thackeray

<sup>12</sup> This is Thackeray's second letter to Miss Holmes, written between February 5 and 25.

<sup>13</sup> John Rogers Herbert (1810-1890), R. A., who had been converted to Catholicism in 1840.

825.

TO MARY HOLMES

25 FEBRUARY 1852

*Address:* Miss Holmes | Gargrave | Skipton in Craven. *Postmarks:* FE 25 1852, FE 26 1852. Hitherto unpublished. *Endorsed:* No 4 No 3 was burnt (at the writers wish) — almost as soon as read, but what it contained was learnt by heart in two readings.<sup>14</sup>

No 1 has not arrived — I should have written more pretty if I thought you were going to remember that letter so accurately —

You dont say whether you are offended at my offering you £ s d. I have taken it many a time from a friend and with a thankful heart. Are we not friends? I think so, & say no more to you.

I write my *copy* in this hand for the printers. Dont you see the sentences formalize themselves and become more prim & printlike?

*sometimes a letter is a single line to - stiff and business!*

The money will be just as well with you as at the Bankers. If you are going to give yourself airs about it — about accepting from a man, & so forth; you are not the friend I take you for. Remember it was a Samaritan and church outcast that took out 2<sup>d</sup> and paid the score of the poor traveller who came to grief. Let us help when we can, and those we love.

So poor Bulwer wrote to you to hold fast by your Faith — It's like one of his grandiloquences.

You see by Jane Eyre's letter dont you why we can't be very great friends? We had a correspondence — a little one; and met, very eagerly on her part. But there's a fire and fury raging in that little woman a rage scorching her heart w<sup>h</sup> doesn't suit me. She



has had a story and a great grief that has gone badly with her. 'Tis better to have loved & lost than never to have loved at all.' I said the same thing before I read it in Tennyson.<sup>15</sup> I'm well of that pain now though — only very weak after it requiring soothing & a Sister of Charity. It

<sup>14</sup> There can be little doubt that Thackeray's third letter to Miss Holmes concerned Mrs. Brookfield.

<sup>15</sup> See above, No. 716.

gives the keenest tortures of jealousy and disappointed yearning to my dearest old mother (who's as beautiful now as ever) that she can't be all in all to me, mother sister wife everything but it mayn't be — There's hardly a subject on w<sup>h</sup> we don't differ. And she lives away at Paris with her husband a noble simple old gentleman who loves nothing but her in the world, and a jealousy after me tears & rends her. Eh! who is happy? When I was a boy at Larkbeare, I thought her an Angel & worshipped her. I see but a woman now, O so tender so loving so cruel. My daughter Anny says O how like Granny is to M<sup>rs</sup> Pendennis <sup>16</sup> Papa — and Granny is mighty angry that I should think no better of her than that.

I'm not going into Controversy be sure of that. I am sure Newman's is a great honest heart. Well. So is Frank Newman's. I'm very glad you haven't a vocation for my part. You haven't — I must stop this chattering & go to work — D<sup>r</sup> Newmans letters read very honest — better than that poor Bulwer with his bosh. It is very difficult for literary men to keep their honesty. We are actors more or less all of us we get to be public personages *malgré nous*. I stick at an invitation to dinner sometimes, knowing that the lady will keep it as an autograph.

I wish you'd set those verses in Pendennis <sup>17</sup> to a pretty tune with a ding dong as of bells. Or do you think them rubbish? I don't care. Currer Bell is right about that. I don't care a straw for a 'triumph' Pooh! — nor for my art enough. It seems to me indecent and despicable to be doing the novelist business of 'On a lovely evening in January 2 cavaliers &c' <sup>18</sup> — and then the description of the cavaliers, their coats, horses the landscape &c — Shall one take pride out of this folly?

Stop — There's a ballad of mine somewhere called Fairy Days <sup>19</sup> w<sup>h</sup> would make a good scena for Miss Dolby Is it Miss Dolby who sings 'Im the genius of the Spring' or Miss Birch? I forget. It says

<sup>16</sup> In June, 1851, Thackeray had confided to Charlotte Brontë that his mother was "the original of Helen Pendennis" (Wise and Symington, *The Brontës*, III, 244).

<sup>17</sup> "The Church Porch" in chapter 31.

<sup>18</sup> Compare *Works*, VI, 501.

<sup>19</sup> Printed in *Works*, XIII, 27–28. Miss Holmes appears to have been composing a musical entertainment.

Beside the old Hall fire  
 Upon my mothers knee  
 Of something fairy days  
 What tales were sung to me  
 The world was peopled then  
 With Princes & Princesses  
 Tidumtidumtidy  
 Their loves & their distresses —

Princess in grief —

And ever when it seemed  
 Her need was at the sorest  
 A Prince in armour bright  
 Came riding through the forest!

Brilliant description of Fairy Prince  
 Appearance of the ogre  
 Challenge.  
 Fight and rescue of the Princess  
 Love happiness ride away &c  
 pathetic recurrence to the beginning

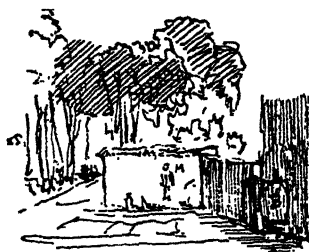
Tidum tidum tidy  
 I wish that I could be  
 Beside the old Hall fire  
 Upon my mothers knee.

Now do not keep me dawdling and chattering but let me go to my  
 work please, and

Come to London.  
 Do your best.  
 And believe that I am faithfully

Your friend

W M T.



M the man chalked on the wall  
 O the trees in the orchard  
 T the road to Tallaton  
 B the water butt & side of the house of Larkbeare

M the man chalked on the wall  
 O the trees in the orchard  
 T the road to Tallaton  
 B the water butt & side of the house of Larkbeare

826. TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH  
 26 FEBRUARY 1852

Extract published in *Biographical Introductions*, VII, xxiii.

Thursday 26 Feb.

My dearest Mammy I dont think I have much good news or much otherwise to tell you since I wrote last.<sup>20</sup> But my book has got into a more cheerful vein thats a comfort, and I'm relieved from the lugubrious doubts I had about it. Miss Bronte has seen the first volume<sup>21</sup> and pronounces it admirable and odious — well I think it is very well done and very melancholy too — but the melancholy part ends pretty well with Vol I. and everybody begins to move and be cheerful. It occupies me to the exclusion of the 19<sup>th</sup> century pretty well. I dont care<sup>22</sup> for ins and outs — except that the Out Whigs always do a great deal more for the country than the in-whigs: & though I dont go for Universal Suffrage w<sup>h</sup> Heaven

<sup>20</sup> On November 24–25, 1851.

<sup>21</sup> She received the manuscript on February 7 and returned it to George Smith a week later. For her letter of criticism, see Wise and Symington, *The Brontës*, III, 314–315.



forbid in this country seeing what pretty uses you make of it in your's; there's a deal of good might be done that ought to be done — cheap & good law For instance, 1 amongst 100 things, w<sup>h</sup> are sure benefits; and might be given us by Tories as well as Whigs. As for your friend L N. I think he was right on the 2 December but I think he's been wrong ever since <sup>22</sup> — The firing on the Boulevard is not so awful as the seizure of M. Bocher: the deportation of a thousand enemies, the shooting of 500 in a drunken massacre not so serious as the deliberate strangling of free opinion and kidnapping of Justice. But I see no good in writing this, w<sup>h</sup> may be read by a Supervisor at the Post Office and bring you into trouble — and what's more knowing something personally of the man who is committing these awful errors as I take 'em I still think it's an honest man pursuing an impossible ruinous illogical system — not a selfish monster but a despot on principle a wrong principle, w<sup>h</sup> entails the use of the worst acts, the worst agents & the most monstrous consequence of ills. I wonder whether we shall see the little French tirailleurs in England? God help 'em. They're doomed every one of em, if they come. I suppose old C. J. Napier's pamphlet <sup>23</sup> cant come to you. You see a battle in reading it, and an immense gallant spirit writing and appealing to others. I suppose I should set up a song manufactory in that case — as the most useful thing to do, not being good at the rifle-business w<sup>h</sup> any poacher could do 1000 times better.

Do you remember a Miss Holmes a little girl at Tallaton with M<sup>rs</sup> Huyshe? This young lady has turned Catholic, and wants a place as Governess, and is a great musical talent it appears, and interests me very much. She writes that she remembers the figure at Larkbeare on the garden wall w<sup>h</sup> I couldn't hit — the rifle made me think of that & of Miss H. afterwards, and she thought in

<sup>22</sup> Thackeray, who always had considerable sympathy for Louis Napoléon, apparently regarded his *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, as a necessary measure, but failed to see that this initial step made inevitable the Massacre of the Boulevards two days later and the repressive policy that the Emperor followed during 1852.

<sup>23</sup> General Sir Charles James Napier's "Letter on the Defence of England by Corps of Volunteers and Militia," which was published in February, 1852.

those days Mary the most charming & gifted of women. I shall give her a turn for music for the girls: & get her to play to them, for she writes well about it a little book written like an artist & Poet, and M<sup>r</sup> Novello <sup>24</sup> says she is uncommonly strong as a musician. And of course she'll hold her tongue about her religion — Hadnt you best come and hear her lectures? they're going to a French talking class in Kensington presently recommended by D<sup>r</sup> Hessey of the School,<sup>25</sup> & neighbour Merriman — Drawing is taught there too but by a bad artist, & they had better draw their own badness than other peoples. Poor M<sup>rs</sup> White's Lotty is better but doomed I fear. W said that our children's *healthiness* was too much for her and that she went & sate away from them as if presaging grief. Brookfield has got immensely better, and read a play of Shakspeare to a delighted audience at Funchal according to the last mail — so Lord Monteagle <sup>26</sup> told me. There are other comedies being acted too comedies upon comedies. I was touched at getting a letter from M<sup>rs</sup> Fanshawe to day to say it was the baby Brookf's birth day — I had forgotten that. But the faithful women remember those anniversaries.

Since I wrote this I have paid 14 visits no bad afternoons work. finishing with the Whites and beginning with the bo monde — Lady & Lord John <sup>27</sup> have taken a fancy to me I suppose — theyve asked me to dinner again — can't go. Sorry I'm engaged. I manage to dine at home 3 times a week pretty well now; and fall asleep like a bon pere de famille. When I am in America where will you live? not in France surely — Why not at Kensington wh<sup>ch</sup> is all ready — France must end in battle. They can't stand it. The pressure is too dreadful I can fancy men after 4 years of uncertainty weakness treason terror flying for refuge to any promise of a Strong gov<sup>t</sup>: but life without law, life without a press. They can't

<sup>24</sup> Joseph Alford Novello (1810–1896), basso and proprietor of Novello and Company, music publishers, who was, like Miss Holmes, a Catholic.

<sup>25</sup> James Augustus Hessey (1814–1892), D. C. L., Headmaster of Merchant Taylors' School from 1845 to 1870.

<sup>26</sup> Thomas Spring Rice (1790–1866), first Baron Monteagle.

<sup>27</sup> The Russells. Lord John's ministry had been replaced earlier in the month by the Conservatives, and he now had leisure to entertain. .

go on — And I wish to Heaven you were here, and out of it. 4 or 5 regiments must get up — I cant conceive any other way out of the transaction: and long for you to be out of that inevitable explosion.

There are still hopes of the Amazon people <sup>28</sup> think of that — The barque it is pretty certain communicated with the ship, and this bark was it appears bound for the W. Indies If poor Warburton comes back fancy what a resurrection and what a price his booksellers will give him for his next book. My paper is out and I am my dearest old Mammys & GPs affte

W M T.

I have nobody at the Embassy now or the F O except a little clerk or two & had much rather pay than bother them. There are papers come about the house for you

827.

TO EYRE CROWE  
FEBRUARY? 1852 <sup>29</sup>

My text is taken from a facsimile in Crowe's *With Thackeray in America* (New York, 1893), p. 3.

Find out

Names of 6 or 8 English and Imperial Officers present at the Siege of Lille. —

The date of the first (the wrong) account of the battle of Wynendale in the London Gazette. 1708.

The date of the Gazette containing the acc<sup>t</sup> of Oudenarde.

<sup>28</sup> The West India mail steamer *Amazon* left England January 2 on her maiden voyage. Two days out the ship took fire, and most of the passengers, among them Eliot Warburton, lost their lives.

<sup>29</sup> According to Crowe, who acted as Thackeray's secretary during the writing of *Esmond*, this is only one of a number of similar notes.

828.

TO MARY HOLMES

1 MARCH 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

Kensington March 1.

My dear Miss Holmes

It seems to me 60£ is not enough for you, and that the London plan is the best. I'll do what I said with pleasure, and have spoken but with more discretion than I think Miss Mary Holmes gives me credit for, to friends who I hope will be useful — my very kind friend M<sup>rs</sup> Higgins especially. The Sloan Street region will be a good quarter for you — for you will teach the Belgravians I hope — Where Bennett was & Liddell is, they haven't such a horror of Popery as in other districts. I think Lady Castlereagh will be a friend to you, and one at Kensington you may command I'm sure.

I don't know anything about C. B but from her book — and all that I can remember out of books generally is the impression I get of the Author. And if Currer Bell has not her cross in life to bear, I'm very much mistaken. God help her and all poor souls.

As for you and me — I begin to be in a fright — or your fright has given me one.

What I want you to do for the girls is to talk to them confidentially about Music — and teach their heads & hearts more than their fingers, and make them *interested* in it. Ours is but a jingling old piano though. And if I'm at home on those evenings I shall listen with edification I hope, knowing nothing about the science but having a strong natural taste for it I think. But I'm at home very little. I live in the world & can't help myself, and have an awful but deserved reputation for worldliness. If I can do a useful thing now & then I'm not proud of it — only thankful. Last week I got I think work for 2 struggling young men & comfort for their family praised be God. As for taking pride out of it — psha. What a mercy to be able to do it sometimes! *And* if I can serve you my dear I shall be glad, *et voila*.

Believe me yours sincerely

W M T.

The cannon-ball picture was a different one I've not thought of that for 25 years — that was on the other wall

Ps. What you say about a certain person's pride seems to me pretty clear — remember that will be tried not a little in the life you propose.

You are going among the greatest persecutors, women remember. People will wound you meaning it & not meaning it — or they'll be indifferent and not care for you in the least. John wont be respectful; & say its only the Music mistress — you'll have to walk through all sorts of mud physical & moral

You must shut up your dear convictions of faith in your own heart. If you proselytize it's all over with you. With my young ones for instance — no guardian angels, no Saint Ceciliass; — we are of the Clapham Theology.<sup>30</sup> We rather consider Little Henry & his bearer <sup>31</sup> the right kind of thing. You needn't throw a grain of incense on our Altars; but you must, you know, be tolerant to our Idols.

As I think about your course & all its pains & perils I'm rather frightened — I *mustn't* advise. Consult with your own heart & conscience & God Almighty direct you. Mind, my mind is not changed *in the least* & you are heartily welcome.

829.

TO MARY HOLMES

5 MARCH 1852<sup>32</sup>

*Address:* Miss Holmes | Gargrave | Skipton in Craven. *Postmarks:* MR 5 1852, LEEDS MR 5 1852. Hitherto unpublished. *Endorsed:* March 5/52 no 6.

13 Young St Kensington. Friday.

My dear Miss Holmes

The 2 letters are popt into the fire — No 1 in w<sup>h</sup> you were sorry: No 2 in w<sup>h</sup> you are more sorry for having been sorry. It's natural

<sup>30</sup> The Evangelical party in the Church of England was sometimes called the "Clapham Sect."

<sup>31</sup> An Evangelical tale published in 1815 by Mrs. Sherwood (1775-1851).

<sup>32</sup> On Monday, March 15, Miss Holmes had been with Thackeray and his children for three days. This letter was written two Fridays earlier.

that your soul should be disquieted — putting your poor little boat out and going to sea by yourself. Well, you have a couple of pupils pour commencer — I shall recommend that they get up early & work hard. The little rogues are as idle as their father.

There is a very comfortable hotel in this street kept by a respectable family man — The charges are, Beds gratis, Breakfast thank you Dinner and tea ditto, Servants included in the Inn charges. Get a cab from the Station and come straightway to No 13. The children & Miss Trulock will then look out with you for a lodging. Thursday will be the best day to come, that's the soonest. I dine out with the Dean of St Paul's <sup>33</sup> (you have heard of a large meeting house we have between Ludgate Hill & Cheapside with a round roof?) but by the time I come home, you will have made friends of Miss Trulock & Miss Anny Miss Harriet) — And the next day you shall rest, and the day after you shall look about for lodgings — Some night we will have a select T party. but *not* whilst you are staying here — when you are in your lodgings — Why, I will ask Sir Edward George Earl Lytton Bulwer Lytton himself



And in fine we must make the best of matters. The Cardinal <sup>34</sup> might do great things for you I should think: and in a word I hope you will get on well and am

Yours very sincerely

W M Thackeray

Bulwers boots are very fine in the accompanying masterly design  
Remark the traces of emotion on the cheeks of the other author

<sup>33</sup> Dean Milman.

<sup>34</sup> Cardinal Wiseman.

(the notorious W M T) I have caricatured Dr Newman (with an immense nose) & the Cardinal too — you ought to know that.

Going to an Hotel costs you: 3 or 4£ in no time. but nobody can look for lodgings for anybody I think.

830.

TO ALBERT SMITH

10 MARCH 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

Kensington March 10. 1852

My dear Smith I write you a line to say that next Monday I have a dinner at home and by consequence not only I but James my man must be on the premises. So we hope you'll send us tickets <sup>35</sup> for some other evening please dear Sir and are yours very truly W M Thackeray & Co

831.

TO LADY POLLOCK

13 MARCH 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

13 Young Street Kensington

Saturday March 13.

My dear Lady Pollock

Mes demoiselles will be delighted to come, and their Papa thanks you for asking them. But he is engaged to dinner with Lord Carlisle, and fears he will not be able to get away in time for the Juvenile party: and he is

Always yours sincerely

W M Thackeray

<sup>35</sup> To "MR. ALBERT SMITH'S ASCENT of MONT BLANC, Illustrated by Mr. W. Beverley, every evening, at 8 o'clock . . . Egyptian-hall, Piccadilly" (*Times*, March 15, 1852).



My dear Lady Pollock

Our demurettes will be delighted to come, and their Papa thanks you for asking them. But he is engaged to dinner with Lord Carlisle, and fears he will not be able to get away in time for the juvenile party: and he is

Always yours sincerely

Wm Thackeray

832.

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

15 MARCH 1852

Extract published in *Biographical Introductions*, VII, xx-xxi; additions in *Thackeray and his Daughter*, pp. 40-42.

March 15.

My dearest Mammy I was going to write on this very little sheet of paper when your letter came in — M de Wailly<sup>36</sup> is the very man of all France I would like to translate me but is it possible

<sup>36</sup> Armand François Léon de Wailly (1804-1863) was particularly well qualified to translate *Esmond*, for he had prepared the standard French versions of such English classics as *Tom Jones* (1841), *Evelina* (1843), and *Tristram Shandy* (1848), and his best original work was a historical romance called *Stella et Vanessa* (1846). But though Wailly later translated Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon*, he did not try his hand at *Esmond*.



he can give as much as 4000 francs to me? — there must be some mistake I fear. Nevertheless I empower you to act, and get what you can for me. I have given up & only had for a day or two the notion of the book in numbers. Its much too grave & sad for that & the incident not sufficient. You will dislike it very much. It was written at a period of grief and pain so severe that I dont like to think of it, and am ashamed now to be well so soon and rid of my melancholy — The house in the Square has been long since given up. It is delightfully comfortable but would cost 500 £ and I should be no better off — About Sloane St must be my mark when I move. I dont see or suffer by the vulgarity of the great folks I find a great deal of kindness for me and mine. My dearest Nan is very popular and Minny too of course: & as they must have some friends, when they go into the world why not good ones? How much kindness haven't I had from people eager to serve me? It's we who make the haughtiness of the grandees — not they. They're never thinking of it at least my experience goes so far: and coming to know people whom I have thought insolent & air-giving, such as Lord & Lady John for instance, I find 2 as simple folks as you & G P — and no more gêne at their tea-table than your's. What can I do but speak of the world as I find it?

I am very much pained indeed to hear of Morton, and you may say that I say so. He is *shocking* about women. Directly I hear of his being fond of one, I feel sorry for her. He lusts after her and leaves her. You may read this to him if you like. No there's no use nor in speaking to M<sup>rs</sup> S.<sup>37</sup> Women think about *reclaiming* a libertine & then, & then all the fat is in the fire. Did the children tell you about little Streatfield? I wrote to D<sup>r</sup> Saunders<sup>38</sup> begging him to let the boy come to me, stayed at home waiting for him; — no boy, no answer to my note: and I didn't like to write again for a little and haven't had a free Saturday since: but I shall get one soon I hope. I thought his mother charming; and recollect

<sup>37</sup> The wife of Major Sidney Robert Streatfield (b. 1808), one of Thackeray's schoolfellows at Charterhouse. The Streatfields' son, Sidney Richard (b. 1841), was at Charterhouse in 1852 and 1853.

<sup>38</sup> Augustus Page Saunders (1801–1878), Headmaster of Charterhouse from 1832 to 1853.

his father's pretty round face as a boy. I went & sate with poor old Miss Berry <sup>39</sup> last night and amused her with a comic story w<sup>h</sup> I was quite astonished as I told myself as I don't generally perform the wag or talk much. Eyre Crowe is not Elliot's secretary, but mine for the nonce & Professor of drawing to the young ladies, I can quite utilize him, and like dictating to him: and Miss Holmes has arrived and been here 3 days & goes today — There's something very natural and good in her — She seems to me to play very soberly and finely: she says Minny takes to learning the theory of music surprizingly, and that they both may play very well, and have been taught very well by Miss Trulock too — who is mortified at the new professor, but bears her mortification very kindly. She's a good woman. Poor Miss Holmes is not a lovely object to look upon with red hair and nose, the lady of Babylon is scarcely more scarlet. I have told her that she must come & give her lesson and be off without much talking else she will be theologizing but I shall be glad if the gals can be taught music by an *artist* who has the brains and heart as well as the fingers of her art. And so my little page is full, and I am my dearest old Mothers & G P's affte  
W M T.

When W<sup>m</sup> Grey <sup>40</sup> goes to Paris you'll have the use of the bag again.

<sup>39</sup> Miss Mary Berry, whose sister Agnes had died in January, 1852.

<sup>40</sup> William George Grey (1819–1865), eighth son of the second Earl Grey, a diplomatist who had been transferred to Paris on February 20, 1852 (*Foreign Office List*, 1859).

833.

TO RICHARD LEE  
16 MARCH 1852

*Address:* Richard Lee Esq. | 4 Canonbury Terrace | Islington. *Postmark:*  
MR 16 1852. Hitherto unpublished.

13 Young St Kensington.  
March 16.

Sir

I shall be glad to read your play if my so doing can give you any pleasure and to give you the opinion of rather a hard-to-please critic.

But I hope your MS. is plainer than some of the text of the letter w<sup>h</sup> you have kindly written me. We have had a family council over your name; and I have copied it as I best can on the envelope. Whatever the name be, I'm sure it is that of a very obliging and friendly judge of my writing.

Believe me Sir very faithfully yours  
W M Thackeray.

834.

TO MARY HOLMES  
22 MARCH 1852

*Address:* Miss Holmes | 6 Hans Place. *Postmark:* 22 MR 1852. Hitherto unpublished.

My dear Miss Holmes.

Dont you begin to be in want of the enclosed? — You know you are very welcome —

I thought your playing last night very good indeed, and liked the sobriety of the manner. But But BUT —

To be sure I don't know anything about it, and have no more right to judge than to judge of algebra — BUT means, I think there are a thousand brilliant-fingered gentry on the look out for pupils; and I begin to be frightened about you and your quiet performance.

Well, you can but try, and go back to the old slavery. You will have had a peep into *the* great world of London; and seen a character or two pleasant and not — and some kind people who like doing a little service, when it does not put them out of the way. I hope & trust M<sup>rs</sup> Craven <sup>41</sup> will be able to serve you — BUT. — I fear it must be the Governess business over again.

Always yours

W M T.

835.

TO MRS. GORE

APRIL 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Gore I am bound to Glasgow (professionally) on the 14<sup>th</sup> and betwixt this & then every morning's work I hope will bring me 20 lb. I am bound to give in that book I have so long been *enceint* with by the First of May. O that the sweeps were dancing round the Jack in the Green & the book was done. It has taken me as much trouble as 10 volumes, and for no particular good for most of my care and antiquarianism is labor thrown away, and there must be a blunder or two or perhaps 20 w<sup>h</sup> the critics will spy out. I wish very much indeed I could come to you for a holiday but I mustn't leave my work till I go off Northwards.

I send Miss Gore my best compliments — I have got into the confounded old character in spite of the change of costume — it's the same woman over again who has bored you all so: <sup>42</sup> and I am

Yours very sincerely

W M Thackeray.

<sup>41</sup> Probably the widow (d. 1865) of Major-General Henry Augustus Berkeley Craven, second son of the sixth Baron Craven. She was living at 3 Kent Terrace, Regent's Park (*Royal Blue Book*, 1851).

<sup>42</sup> The family resemblance shared by Amelia, Laura Pendennis, and Lady Castlewood is natural enough, for they were all drawn in part from Mrs. Brookfield.

836.

TO MARY HOLMES

9 APRIL 1852

*Address:* Miss Holmes | 6 Hans Place | Knightsbridge | London. *Postmark:*  
10 AP 1852. Hitherto unpublished.

Brighton.

Good Friday.

My dear Miss Holmes

I've not read the Controversial letter yet — all my thoughts pretty near are given to my business for w<sup>h</sup> time presses & w<sup>h</sup> must be done — And when I get to a *hitch* in the narrative, my body gets out of order and I grow nervous & unwell. Hence departure from London. Here I do very well, and worked all day till 7 o'clock yesterday never stopping to read even a newspaper — I hope to go to Church, and do another good day to-day.

When I write to you I mean what I say and nothing else. I wish you to look your difficulties fairly in the face that's all. I'm not in the least *géné*, how do you spell *géné*? and have no hidden desire to say good bye quite the contrary.

And I'm not the melancholy and pitiable person you fancy — my gloom of the last days is simply a literary hobble I am in: I'm always so in writing — but out of it my mind's pretty easy. I've no deep grief. I've had one perhaps but so I had a fever 2 years ago w<sup>h</sup> nearly killed me — I may have another fever before I die.

But I must write for the printer and not for my friends — I'll read your 1<sup>st</sup> some time to day I dare say and am

Yours very sincerely

W M T.

I've read it since. It is very interesting. My pen drops with weariness of writing though and I must go fetch a walk

837.

FROM EDWARD FITZGERALD

APRIL 1852

Extract published in *Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald*, ed. Wright, II, 10. My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Mrs. Fuller.

Boulge,  
Woodbridge,  
April/52.

My dear old Thackeray,

I have been looking over a heap of your letters — from the first in 1831 to the last of some months back — and what do you think I have done with the greater part? — why, burnt them! <sup>43</sup> — with great remorse, I assure you; but I had two reasons — first I am rather *ashamed* (and nothing else) of your repeated, and magnanimously blind over-estimate of myself; and secondly I thought that if I were to die before setting my house in order those letters might fall into unwise hands, and perhaps (now you are become famous) get published according to the vile fashion of the day.

But I have cut out and preserved many parts of these letters, which you shall see when you come to spend those celebrated “two days” here, which I really do want you to come and spend some time in the summer. You laugh at the *time* I specify; but I assure you it is on your account I do so — you would be very weary of more, on many accounts. I will make no Lion of you: you shall see no one but my jolly old neighbour, Crabbe,<sup>44</sup> and perhaps little Tom Churchyard, the painting lawyer.

I have, however, saved a few whole letters from the *auto da fé* which are more about yourself than about me — about your poor wife, etc. — which I will give to *you* if you wish to have them.

Among other settlings of my house I am actually making a *Will*; and I will put your two daughters down for the magnificent

<sup>43</sup> All the letters that survived this holocaust are printed in this edition, either in their proper chronological place or in Appendix II above.

<sup>44</sup> George Crabbe (d. 1857), Vicar of Bredfield, author of the classic biography of his father the poet, *The Life of the Rev. George Crabbe* (1834); Thomas Churchyard, a solicitor at Woodbridge and a talented amateur artist.

sum of £1,000 a mighty legacy! but my property is already, and probably will be yet more diminished greatly; and there are certain channels (which I will one day tell you of) into which most of what remains to me *must* flow, both before my Death and after it. I shall hope however to keep my eye upon your girls in case you should die before me which is not very likely. Annie is verily a chip of the old Block.

You see you can owe me no thanks for giving what I can no longer use when I "go down into the pit."<sup>45</sup> And it would be some satisfaction to me, and some diminution of the shame I felt on reading your letters, if "after many days"<sup>46</sup> your generous and constant friendship bore some sort of fruit, if not to yourself [to those] you are naturally anxious about.

But (N. B.) do not suppose that it is only the reading of these letters has put all this into my head. I have long thought of it: but your letters have certainly made me write to you on the subject, that is all. Please however to say nothing of it to anyone, since it might do me some injury in a quarter where I have already met but shabby usage.

I was for a fortnight with dear old Allen in Shropshire. He wears a shovel Hat it is true: but is as much of a Boy under it (almost) as he used to be twenty-four years ago when I first knew him and just before I knew you. I came suddenly back here to bury poor old Sedley<sup>47</sup> — and cannot yet learn the art of showing the black edges of this letter-paper to the world — which is in the style of Douglas Jerrold's dramatic writings, as you will allow: and very inappropriate: for have I any inward black edge to show? Q. E. D.

<sup>45</sup> *Psalms*, 30, 9.

<sup>46</sup> *Ecclesiastes*, 11, 1.

<sup>47</sup> FitzGerald wrote to Frederick Tennyson on June 8: "I do not think I told you my Father was dead; like poor old Sedley in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, all his Coal schemes at an end. He died in March [on the 18th], after an illness of three weeks, saying 'that engine works well' (meaning one of his Colliery steam engines) as he lay in the stupor of Death. I was in Shropshire at the time, with my old friend Allen; but I went home to Suffolk just to help to lay him the Grave." (*Letters and Literary Remains*, ed. Wright, II, 4)

As I have filled one sheet (why, these surely are Larkbeare days over again?) I must occupy this by telling you that this Xmas, you are certainly to publish your Ballads — the grave ones first — then the Policeman etc. — on this I insist. A Xmas Book which all the world will buy and like.

I shall I believe, be going London way 'ere long perhaps to visit the "Madre" — Goodby my dearest old Thackeray. As I get older I don't get colder, I believe: which is lucky you will think. Yours ever,

E. F. G.

838.

TO DR. JOHN BROWN

14 APRIL 1852

My text is taken from *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, pp. 318-319.

My dear Doctor — I arrived last night and thank you for your remembrance of me. I write off before the commencement of the Campaign, having a strong belief that it will turn out by no means a brilliant expedition. Never mind. A little humble pie is excellent food for a man, and your Edinburgh puffs swelled me out beyond all proportion. What a hideous smoking Babel it is, after the clear London atmosphere quite unbearable. Jeames too is evidently in a state of mental depression, and I look forward with some terror to a stay of 15 days here. But I won't move unless I find the place intolerable, and tolerable I confess it is not. I am well into Vol. III, and did my 6 sides of paper before sallying out like a man. *N'importe*, if we fail we'll fail cheerfully. Stirling of Keir<sup>48</sup> gave me a letter to a large Merchant, I believe, at the Western Club; I went and the large merchant, who was indeed just going out to see a sick relative, told me to call again at one o'clock to-morrow. He thinks I'm a sort of actor, and he's quite right too. I shall go, I think, and be very respectful and humble. It'll be good fun.

<sup>48</sup> William Stirling (1818-1878), later (1865) Sir William Stirling-Maxwell. Stirling, like Thackeray a member of the Athenæum and a familiar figure in London society, was already known as an authority on Spanish art and history through his *Annals of the Artists of Spain* (1848). •



What a fine state Madam would be in! to see the great and illustrious Titmarsh cap in hand to a fat cotton or rum spinner. MOI! well, I think it's good fun, and am laughing, I think, quite sincerely at the joke. We all think too strong beer of ourselves, or our friends for us. *Que diable!* Cotton and rum are as good for a man as Novels; shirts and punch first, and then the luxuries of literature.

What do you mean by having such hot weather? I had a great thick coat and a wrapper yesterday to leave London, and now it's broiling hot in George Square.

I send you and Madam my duty and I daresay shall walk into 23, Rutland Street ere long, where they *do* know who a gentleman is and how to flatter him. I made your brother-in-law's acquaintance at Colnaghi's<sup>49</sup> the other day and should have liked to ask him home, but I rushed away t'other day from 100 engagements to Brighton to be alone, and only was at home a night before I set out on this journey to Glasgow.

But to see things is better than to read books. I've seen a number of queer sights the day. Perhaps the point I don't like about Glasgow is the number of Hirishmen and women; their faces repel me and make me uncomfortable, and I remember having the same sensation in Dublin and not being able to account for it philosophically as at the present writing. — Goodbye, and believe me, yours always,

W. M. T.

839.

TO MRS. BROWN

16 APRIL 1852<sup>50</sup>

My text is taken from *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, p. 319.

Glasgow.

My Dear Mrs. Brown — It mustn't be next Saturday. I am going to dine with the fat merchant — a very kind and worthy old

<sup>49</sup> The shop of Paul and Dominic Colnaghi, print dealers, at 14 Pall Mall East, served during the London season as a sort of club for artists and literary men, politicians and peers.

<sup>50</sup> This note was written two days after Thackeray's letter to Dr. Brown of April 14.

gentleman. He was anxious about a sick brother when I went to him, and never having heard of me from Adam, why should he do anything but beg me to call next day? However he came himself next day, yesterday, puffing up my stairs, when he had read Stirling's introductory letter, and even talked about going to my lecture; but I said, For God's sake don't, my dear Sir; a good bottle of claret and an arm-chair are worth all the lectures in the world, — and so, Madam, they are.

I can't write more than a line now, for my hand is quite tired with scribbling, and I have 1, 2, 3, ever so many business letters to do. So no more at this present from yours and the Doctor's,

W. M. T.

840.

TO HARRIET THACKERAY

16-17 APRIL 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

Queen's Hotel. Glasgow. April 17.

My dearest Minnykins. I am in beautiful rooms that are so awfully noisy that they drive me out of the town and yesterday I ran away to a place called Balloch at the end of Loch Lomond and had a row on the lake for 3 hours with M<sup>r</sup> James in attendance and could not see Ben Lomond for the mist: though I saw plenty of good-looking mountains, and pretty islands, and came home to a snug uncomfortable Inn where I wrote all night and all day today until it was time to come back and lecture the people here. There are not so many as at Edinburgh — only about 300 and I don't think they understand what I say; but they seem to like it very well and are very attentive and if they are pleased, y, I am content. I'm glad you young ladies are not here: the smoke is horrid to those accustomed to the pure London air. It spreads for miles and miles, there are kilns and factory chimnies everywhere, and all the landscape is blackened with Indian Ink. Thank your stars you live at London and not Glasgow; the place is stifling and the heat awful, and luckily I have done a good day's work every day, and

had no time to detest the place as I should have done had I been idle. I think if we travel though, we'll go to the Swiss Highlands not the Scotch. I wish we were there dont you? and could see the rosy snow on the Bernese Alps again. M<sup>rs</sup> Brown wrote me the kindest letter to come to Edinburgh for Saturday & Sunday but there w<sup>d</sup> be no work for me if I went; and tomorrow I am engaged to go & see the Steam engines and cotton factories and dine with a great fat jolly Glasgow merchant. And now I've begun this letter I remember it can't go tomorrow because of the Post, and I've been scribbling or talking since 8 this morning and will go to bed & say my prayers for my dearest children.

Next morning Saturday. The Glasgow papers give puffs of me but I dont send them: for the people who write them are not worth the reading; and we mustn't be elated at the praise of such, though we may take it very gratefully as the good word of any man is always pleasant to have. And now I have got into a quiet little bedroom at the back of the Hoose that's the way they call an Ouse here, and hope I'll sleep better that I have done hitherto in this racketty city.

I had some good news for you though you wont value it much as yet — Somebody <sup>51</sup> has put you down in his or her will I mustn't say the person for 500£ apiece and all for love of your old father. You're not to talk about it; but you may tell Granny if you like for it will please her too. And tomorrow I'll write to Anny and next day & next day and always I'm my dear women's affectionate Father. W M T.

Present my respects to Miss Trulock I read her lecture last night it is capitally written

<sup>51</sup> Edward FitzGerald. See above, No. 837.

841. TO MRS. ELLIOT AND KATE PERRY  
17 APRIL 1852

Facsimile in Broadley's *Chats on Autographs*, p. 218.

MR THACKERAY'S LECTURES.  
MERCHANTS' HALL, GLASGOW.  
SECOND LECTURE — THIS EVENING.

Mr Thackeray proposes to repeat at Glasgow the LECTURES on the ENGLISH HUMOURISTS of the LAST CENTURY — which were delivered in London in June and July last. The Course will embrace notices of —

SWIFT.

CONGREVE — ADDISON.

STEELE, and the Manners of Queen Anne's Time.

PRIOR — GAY — POPE.

HOGARTH — SMOLLETT — FIELDING.

STERNE — GOLDSMITH

The Lectures will be delivered in the Merchants' Hall on the Evenings of the 16th, 19th, 21st, 23d, and 27th of April, commencing at half-past Eight o'clock.

Reserved Seats (numbered and strictly reserved)	4s
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Do Do for the Course	18s.
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Unreserved Seats	3s.
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Back Seats	2s.
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Tickets to be had of Mr Muir Wood, Buchanan Street.

Queens Hotel

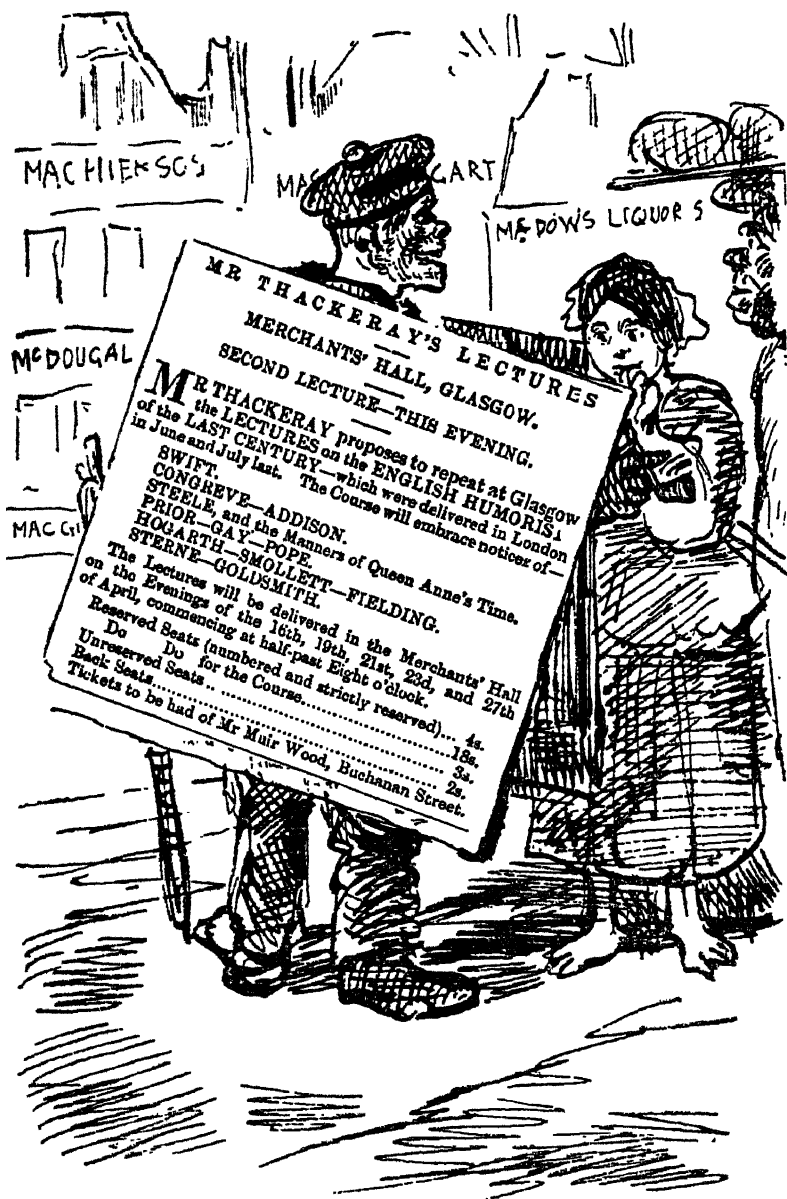
Glasgow Saturday.

17 April.

My dear ladies

This is my address; and when you have read this little note, you may stick the placard on Sawney's back with a wafer, w<sup>h</sup> I haven't got one.

We do a very good business considering. About 250 each night,



THACKERAY'S LETTER OF 17 APRIL 1852

and 150 of the first and genteelest class. They don't seem to understand 1/2. But what then?

I was ill and went away to Brighton at Easter,<sup>52</sup> & got better instanter, and did plenty of work. I have been to Loch Lomond and liked it pretty well: but I couldn't see much for the mist, nor hereabouts for the smoke it is awful and bedirts the whole face of Nature

Have you any news from anywhere? Will you think of the Chicks now that old Cock their father is away? He is always yours and somebodys W M T.

I send (. . .)<sup>53</sup> What a nice fellow Charles Mansfield is: perfectly (. . .) Tell his brother how much I like him and how kind (. . .).

<sup>52</sup> During April Thackeray had also visited Mrs. Irvine in Tunbridge Wells. We learn from John Irvine (*Nineteenth Century*, XXXIV, 585-586), who was staying with his aunt, that "Thackeray made his appearance at breakfast, and on entering put his hands together to indicate that he had seen us through the window at family prayer. He stayed literally the whole day, not leaving until after supper, though he vanished awhile after early dinner for a smoke.

"In the drawing-room during both morning and afternoon he was talking delightfully with my aunt and her sister, Miss Shakespear, occupied most of the time in making pen-and-ink drawings, for which he had brought the requisite materials—a drawing-pad and coloured inks as well as black in a capacious side-pocket. . . .

"He told us, I remember, of his forthcoming work, *Esmond*, and said, 'You'll find it dull, but it's founded upon family papers'—for General Richmond Webb, one of Marlborough's generals, has a place in the Thackeray pedigree. . . .

"I remember also that he spoke of Dickens (no doubt, in answer to some question) and said, 'He can't forgive me for my success with *Vanity Fair*; as if there were not room in the world for both of us!'

"I can never forget that day, which left upon my mind a deep impression of the tenderness of the man, exhibited especially towards his old playmate (still in the thirties) in her widow's weeds, and his charming courtesy to girl and womankind."

<sup>53</sup> This and the following hiatuses are of about five words each.

842.

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

17-19 APRIL 1852

Address: M<sup>rs</sup> Carmichael Smyth. | Rue de l'Union 27. | Paris. Postmark: 20 AP 1852. Published in part, *Biographical Introductions*, VII, xxi-xxiii.

Glasgow. Saturday Sunday Monday.

My dearest Mammy I have had a working fit on me for the last many days; and have slaved away without a days intermission at home at Brighton and regularly since I have been here too. I wish I had 6 months more to put into the novel: now it's nearly done it's scarce more than a sketch and it might have been made a durable history: complete in it's parts and its whole. But at the end of 6 months it would want other 6: it takes as much trouble as Macaulays History almost and he has the vast advantage of remembering everything he has read, whilst everything but impressions I mean facts dates & so forth slip out of my head in w<sup>h</sup> there's some great faculty lacking depend upon it. I came on Tuesday night, what a comfort to journey 400 miles in 12 hours reading a volume of Swift and noting it, all the way; and got up like a man next morning to my work. It's true I couldn't sleep for the infernal noise of the place. On Thursday I went off accompanied by M<sup>r</sup> Jeames, to Balloch on the brink of Loch Lomond and passed 2 days there scribbling away but in quiet and fresh air — I had a boat on the Loch, and its very pretty but not so very very pretty after all — Its nothing to the Swiss lakes or Killarney — And I'm I'm glad I didn't bring the little women as I had half a thought of doing in an Edinburgh smack w<sup>h</sup> would have brought us at 1£ a piece — the air is choky with the smoke of ten thousand furnaces for miles round, and the whole landscape blacked all over with India Ink. The steamers smoke more, & there are more of them than anywhere: the Clyde's more filthy than the dirtiest part of the Pool; and after the pure air of London I cant breathe this — nor sleep in the noisiest Babel of a place I've ever — A man interrupted me in this paragraph yesterday and we went out a lionizing after w<sup>h</sup> no work was done. Now my dearest old Mother

comes in at the fag end of a days writing and thats sure to be a stupid and yawning letter — Indeed when isn't there a days work of some sort in my life as it now is? You would have had many a letter but for that weariness w<sup>h</sup> makes the sight of a pen odious: and sends me to sleep of a night, at home when I don't go into the world. A man must live his life. Circumstances make that for us partly, and independent of ourselves: and instead of sending Anny a letter today as I promised I send her a picture w<sup>h</sup> was relaxation to draw after business was over.

The folks here dont understand in the least what I'm about: but are very cordial and willing to be pleased — one fat old merchant to whom I brought a letter mistook or rather took me for an actor (and so I am) and said 'Have the goodness to call upon me tomorrow at one o'clock Well I should have gone: just for the fun of the thing only the old boy who had never heard of me from Adam heard in the meantime who I was and came puffing up my stairs yesterday and took me out sight-seeing: and to dinner afterwards at his hideous country house, where he dispensed hospitality very kindly to a dozen people and put me in mind of Forrest's good-humour and jollity and want of education. The rich man had his toadies about him too — just as in other places. It was good to watch these — 2 of them were painters anxious for commissions from him.

I looked at Carlisle as we passed through with a queer feeling — I was offered do you remember to be Editor of the Carlisle Patriot, the first year of my marriage: & refused I think because it was too Tory for me (it was in the Lonsdale interest) What queer speculations the 'might have beens' are! I might have gone down there, and my wife might have remained well, & we might have had ten children. My dear old Fitz writes me word that he has just made his will and left Anny & Minny a thousand pound between 'em — Dont write to thank him or speak of it: for he said I wasn't. But I'm very thankful. They are having a pleasant day at Addiscombe to day with Lady Ashburton who is very kind to them. Did they write to you about Blanche Stanley who is Lady Airlie now asking me for a dinner, and walking away to the front



drawing room from the other ladies, and only talking to the children till the gentlemen came in? I called her Lady Giveyourself Airlie and thats the only Air giving I've seen amongst the great ladies. The small ones are just as vulgar sometimes: and quite as overbearing. Do you remember at Blackheath at Captain Isaac's the pretty woman who said when your carriage was called 'Do those people keep a carriage?' She was measuring gentility by a very simple vulgar standard and according to her ignorance — I used to show my want of breeding by being haughty and fancying slights were intended w<sup>h</sup> were never meant — and I think I know the world and the truth better now, and am more natural and better-natured. One does not arrive at simplicity but by experience.<sup>54</sup> I'm sure I was more affected as a boy that I am now: and I try to take down Minny's pertness and desire to shine, by telling her that the best of all qualities in the world is not wit but good-nature. God bless her. She is a charming little dear. My ancient heart gets very soft sitting here alone this Sawbath evening and thinking of her and her pretty ways caresses & cajoleries, and of my own youth and my dearest old Mother. And now its time to dress and go to dinner to Hill Head pronounced Hull Heed here not Hill Heed as I heard it yesterday from another sort I dont know what of Scot.

Monday m<sup>s</sup> Very pleasant dinner yesterday with intensely vulgar people: and now to send letters to the Post and begin work for the day. God bless my dearest Mother & G P. says W M T.

843. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

22 APRIL 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

Glasgow Thursday.

My dearest women. Whenever you don't have a letter for days together you may be sure either that your Papa has a dreadful illness and has tumbled down a well or had his head knocked off by a cannon-ball, or else that he is very busy quill-driving — That's

<sup>54</sup> Compare *Works*, VII, 82.

what is going on at present, and I've nothing to say except that the book is getting on and occupying me almost all day, and at nights I go out a lecturing or a dining and so the day passes quickly off. I finish here on Tuesday, but Monday & Wednesday I go to Grenock and perform a couple of lectures there. I have had no answer from Manchester as yet and don't know when or whether that business will come off. I may take it on my way to London, and Liverpool and Birmingham too and arrange matters for the future, but I think the odds are that I'll come home by the first of May, and see the chimney sweeps<sup>55</sup> and my dear gals. Granny has got a letter by this time: and I have found as usual a score of kind people here who are ready with kindness and hospitality — professors of the College here, soldier-officers merchants and all sorts. And as usual I get too many good dinners and don't take exercise enough. It's my lot *ici bas*: and eating & drinking a part of your poor dear Fathers business in this world. I may go to Edinburgh on Saturday, Sunday — no steamers are allowed to run, no railroads to carry passengers on Sunday: and 400000 people that might have fresh air are kept from it, because the Parsons say that travelling or amusement on Sunday are contrary to the word of God — And if they think so, why shouldn't they say so, and stay at home? Is one of the cards from the Royal Academy? But send everything as Postage is not much, and answers may be required — I've got one or two more little sketches but haven't time for many and so Anny kiss Minny & Minny kiss Anny for

Papa.

<sup>55</sup> A May Day celebration in London in which the chimney sweeps were the sole participants. See W. & R. Chambers, *The Book of Days*, 2 vols., London & Edinburgh, 1869, I, 573.

844. TO THE REV. GRANTHAM YORKE

23 APRIL 1852

*Address:* Hon & Rev<sup>d</sup> Grantham Yorke | Birmingham. *Postmarks:* GLASGOW  
APR 23 1852, BIRMINGHAM AP 24 1852. Hitherto unpublished.

Queens Hotel. Glasgow. Friday.

My dear M<sup>r</sup> Yorke.

Your little boy (Joey) <sup>56</sup> gave me a very kind message from you about lecturing at Birmingham and I think of stopping a few hours there on Friday & Saturday, before going back to my young ones on that day.

Will you & M<sup>rs</sup> Yorke kindly consider whether now is a good or bad season for mountebanks to perform in Birmingham; introduce me possibly to the man (there is always such a librarian) that gets up the concerts and public entertainments, and show me en passant the town where I hope to levy contributions. It's not a proud position certainly to lecture from town to town — but the money — but the children? If by a little posture making I can put money in their little purses shouldn't I. And I will grin at Birmingham and beg the clergy to come and see me.

Ever yours dear M<sup>r</sup> Yorke & M<sup>rs</sup> Yorke's

W M Thackeray

PS. I shall go to Manchester on Thursday to the Queen's Hotel.

845. TO DR. JOHN BROWN

25 APRIL 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

My dear Brown

I am rather ashamed to write to you with the dismal news that I shant be able to come to Edinburgh this trip and shake my old friends by the hand. Im going today to W Stirling of Keir; and on Monday Tuesday Wednesday perform the lecturing business here and at Greenock and on Thursday have to see a man at Man-

<sup>56</sup> Joseph Augustus Yorke (1831-1881), son of the Rev. Grantham Yorke.

chester and on Friday somebody at Birmingham and on Saturday Home sweet home is the word. The 10 days here have passed away as quick as thought and I've done 10 days good work, besides the lecturing business w<sup>h</sup> will be successful but not enormously so — There's only one Edinburgh <sup>57</sup> in the world I daresay however between this and Greenock I may put a couple of hundred pounds into the stocking. My book is very near done and will be a failure but a failure that won't do me any harm I think — And I shall be away when the people are yawning over it here most likely. The Manchester man writes me word that it's now too late in the season for figuring in his city — and the business is very sickening and like quackery that's the truth. Were I to like it, I should be still worse off though — but I get not the slightest elation and whether the people clap or go to sleep I don't mind.

I have dined here at the Mess, in College, with the fat merchant twice, and liked all my company very well — It was better and more amusing than a London dinner party, most of the characters & their habits being new to me. That fat old merchant is a capital piece of fun; and in fine the world is beginning to bear a more cheerful aspect than it wore when we saw the stone-quarries and sunsets in December.<sup>58</sup>

<sup>57</sup> Thackeray wrote *one in Edinburgh*.

<sup>58</sup> "We cannot resist here recalling one Sunday evening in December, when [Thackeray] was walking with two friends along the Dean road, to the west of Edinburgh — one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening, such a sunset as one never forgets; a rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom; between this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of the pure æther, of a tender cowslip colour, lucid, and as if it were the very body of heaven in its clearness; every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The northwest end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance, and there a wooden crane, used in the quarry below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross; there it was, unmistakable, lifted up against the crystalline sky. All three gazed at it silently. As they gazed, he gave utterance in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice, to what all were feeling, in the word 'CALVARY!' The friends walked on in silence, and then turned to other things. All that evening he was very gentle and serious, speaking, as he seldom did, of divine things, — of death, of sin, of eternity, of salvation; expressing his simple faith in God and in his Saviour." (Dr. Brown and Henry Lancaster, *North British Review*, XL, 263) •

I send my very best regards to your wife — I'm ashamed to look her in the face though — but it's fate, and I've not been my own master since I have been here. The rattle of the sitting room is so tremendous that I cant write a coherent letter in it; and Mr James is packing up in the bed room where I've passed every day till 5 o'clock or so since Ive been here Good bye my dear Brown & believe me

Yours

W M T.

846. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

26 APRIL 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

Keir. Dunblane. Monday Apr 26

My dearest women. These last 2 days I have wished for you for the first time since I left home, for I've been staying in a most beautiful house <sup>59</sup> and country and have such a prospect before my eyes now as w<sup>d</sup> do yours good to look at — Mountains as handsome as our Swiss mountains with a little snow on some of 'em; and beautiful rocks and dark pines and larches bursting out into green, and on the prettiest of rocks in an immense great plain covered over with 1000 villages theres Stirling Castle looking as grand as may be, and placed there for the very purpose of making a landscape. Then the Park is full of birds singing and sheep and the most jolly little lambs — Minny w<sup>d</sup> give 2<sup>d</sup> to see the little lambs and I would give 3<sup>d</sup> to see my young muttuns. And I went to a Scotch Church yesterday and heard 5 psawls sung, and a sermon, and an elder of the congregation ordained, and Stirling of Keir who is my host says he hopes (I'll bring you here but I've my doubts) and James says the place looks like a Paradise after Glasgow; and I'm going to Greenock a lecturing and shall be glad when I see old England again. On Saturday is the Royal Academy dinner,<sup>60</sup> and on Sunday I have a party at home so I shant have the pleasure of snoring in your company till Monday evening.

<sup>59</sup> Stirling had remodelled his mansion at Keir between 1849 and 1851.

<sup>60</sup> Which Thackeray duly attended (*Times*, May 3).

Tell the Cook that there will be 8 gentlemen to dinner on Sunday, I would like a clear soup, fish, 2 entrées, and sweets and Macaroni for second course — a nice dinner — and something plain for dessert afterwards. Isn't this an amusing letter? Its one of 10 I'm writing. I cant afford to amuse you but I can always to love my dearest women. God bless you.

W M T.

847.

TO MARY HOLMES

APRIL? 1852

*Address:* Miss Holmes | 11 Cadogan Terrace. Hitherto unpublished.

Saturday.

My dear Miss Holmes.

Please not to come till one o'clock on Monday: as we shall scarce be back from Hampton Court sooner — And what is this new arrangement about the lessons? We shall hear more of this day after tomorrow Heres the carriage to take us.

Always yours

W M T.

Bezzi is the man. I know him.

848.

TO WILLARD L. FELT <sup>61</sup>

21 MAY 1852

My text is taken from Eyre Crowe's *With Thackeray in America*, p. 6.

13, Young Street, Kensington.

May 21st, 1852.

Sir, —

His Excellency the American Minister <sup>62</sup> has forwarded to me your kind letter and proposal, for which I return my best thanks to the directors of the Mercantile Library at New York.

<sup>61</sup> Chairman of the lecture committee of the New York Mercantile Library Association (*New York Tribune*, November 20, 1852).

<sup>62</sup> Abbott Lawrence (1792-1855), Boston merchant and manufacturer, was American Minister to Great Britain from 1849 to 1852.

My wish is to deliver in that city and elsewhere in the United States the six lectures that have been received with great favour in this country. I have no agent in America, and purposed to enter into no arrangements until I arrived myself at New York or Boston, and could determine personally what would be the best course to pursue.

If, as your kind letter suggests, arrangements could be made by which I could deliver my lectures in several cities of the Union, and proposals to that effect were made to me, I should very thankfully entertain them — premising always that no objection would be made to my giving lectures to other public societies, and at such charges as my friends at New York and elsewhere might think advisable.

Etc. Etc.

Willard L. Felt, Esq.,

Corresponding Secretary, Mercantile Library.

849.

TO DR. JOHN BROWN

24 MAY 1852

My text is taken from *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, pp. 319-320.

Kensington, May 24, 1852.

My dear Doctor — All in Kensington salute you kindly, and your little letter was very welcome, but you know we are agreed only to write shortly. Ain't we writing all day? Blackwood the W. S.<sup>63</sup> I saw in the Park yesterday, and was pleased to hear that Aytoun is now a Sheriff and secure of comfortable ease for life. And are they going to make Alison a Bart.? <sup>64</sup> I think if they give honour to English writers they should pick out gentlemen who write English; but the will of the Fates be fulfilled. There's a vigour in Alison's dulness that must succeed with the world.

I have just come away from seeing poor Jack Forster laid up

<sup>63</sup> James Blackwood, brother of Thackeray's friend John, spent the better part of his life as an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet.

<sup>64</sup> Archibald Alison was created a Baronet on June 25, 1852.

with rheumatism, and Elliotson grinned at me coming out of the Court yard (in Lincoln's Inn Fields) in his carriage. But, poor fellow, we shall fight when he is up again from his sick-bed. There's no mingling our two sorts comfortably together.

The book seems as if it never would end though I am daily at work on it. I'm pretty well satisfied myself, but I know who, though she'll praise it and won't hear a word against it, won't secretly like it,<sup>65</sup> nor do I care whether I do or don't. What the deuce! Our twopenny reputations get us at least two pence half-penny, and then comes *nox fabulaeque manes*,<sup>66</sup> and the immortals perish. . . .

My days pass with Vol. 3 and my nights pretty much as usual in the world, though that has begun to have enough of me and *vice versa*. Well, this is a short letter, but I have written 9 to-day besides my day's work, and am tired of the sight of ink and paper. But not of kind friends, and I send my best regards to them — to you and your wife and to Helen of the bonnet and Jock of the kilt.

850. TO THE REV. WILLIAM BROOKFIELD

29 MAY 1852

My text is taken from *The Critic*, New Series, VIII (1887), 179.

Garrick, Saturday.

My dear Brookfield: — I am going to a city-dinner and a soirée afterwards that I must attend, so that the Gibraltar cigars<sup>67</sup> must be smoked some other night. I finished my book yesterday;<sup>68</sup> and,

<sup>65</sup> The following anecdote throws some light on Mrs. Brown's views of *Esmond*: " 'Why did you,' she once rather impetuously said to [Thackeray] — 'Why did you make Esmond marry that old woman?' 'My dear lady,' was his answer, 'it was not I who married them. They married themselves.' " (John Taylor Brown, *Dr. John Brown*, pp. 96-97)

<sup>66</sup> Horace, *Odes*, I, iv, 16.

<sup>67</sup> The Brookfields had returned to England by way of Spain. It is evident from this letter that they reached London by the end of May, rather than by the end of June as is stated in *Mrs. Brookfield*, II, 378.

<sup>68</sup> Eyre Crowe (*With Thackeray in America*, p. 5) notes that *Esmond* was finished on "Saturday [a mistake for Friday], May 28th."



having promised the Infants a tour when it was done, we shall be off pretty soon — and travel very likely over our ground of last year. Then I leave 'em at Paris — and then ingens aequor<sup>69</sup> and America. God bless you all.

W. M. T.

851. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

18-20 JUNE 1852

Extracts published in *Biographical Introductions*, VII, xxv. My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Mrs. Fuller.

Augsburg Friday.

Munich Sunday.

My dearest Nan. The first line I write though it is but a stupid one must be for my daughters and I beg you to kiss each other 6 times for Papa, and I will pay you when we come together again. I set off from Frankfurt that dismal Monday night,<sup>70</sup> so melancholy that I had almost turned back and gone after you to Heidelberg, and was one of six in a carriage travelling all night to Wurtzbourg was it? Well I think it was to Wurtzbourg. There we arrived at 8 in the morning and it must be said that your melancholy father slept uncommonly well on the journey: but not enough not to be stupid all day at Wurtzbourg wh<sup>h</sup> I saw as in a sort of dream, a great old-fashioned city with nobody in it — vast Churches where

<sup>69</sup> Horace, *Odes*, I, vii, 32.

<sup>70</sup> Thackeray and his daughters left London about June 7. They met the Carmichael-Smyths either in Paris or in Belgium and passed some days with them in Brussels. On Monday, June 14, the party split up at Frankfurt. The Carmichael-Smyths took the girls to Heidelberg, Zurich, and Geneva, and then to Paris and Mennecy. (Lady Ritchie's recollections of this trip and of the following autumn are recorded in *Chapters*, pp. 145-167.) Thackeray went from Frankfurt to Würzburg (June 14), Bamberg, and Nuremberg (June 16). He continued to Augsburg on June 17, where he stayed — apart from a brief excursion to Blenheim — till June 19. He was in Munich from June 19 to 21. Then he proceeded by way of Tegernsee, Kreuth, Innsbruck, and Reichenhall to Salzburg, which he reached by June 30. Passing through Ischel, Gmunden, and Linz, he arrived in Vienna on July 6. There he remained for somewhat more than a week. He returned home via Berlin, Hanover, and Brussels, getting to London on August 5.

there used to be Prince Bishops in old times who have gone the way of the deuce with all their court, and enormous palaces and convents now of no use to anybody — Well I hate writing ‘descriptions’ except for money and if ever I do anything with this business it will be for money only. After being stupified all day at Wurzburg, I found towards nightfall that there was no way of getting out of the place except at midnight or midday or that very evening, so I set off and had another evenings ride one of six in a tight carriage with a cursed rheumatism in the waking time, and found myself coming through Bamberg at 4 in the morning and at Nuremberg at about 7.

The first aspect of Nuremberg was ‘Well, this is as fine as Venice’ and I wished for some company I had had at Venice last year. But the stupor of 2 nights in the Diligence I suppose followed me about all day (though I had a warm bath a nap, and every luxury) I have brought away little recollection of the place except as through a dream, and it appears to me now a long long while ago since I was there. I made a drawing in my little metallic book, and almost forget the place now. The fact is I daresay I was thinking of other things all the time and hence didn’t see the place properly.

But yesterday morning after a great big sleep I woke up as fresh as a daisy and came on to Augsbourg w<sup>h</sup> is but an ugly place not old enough to be interesting and yet I like it for the Inn is very comfortable, and I read Grannys & GP’s name in the book in 1841 with numbers more of my friends last night. In the bed there were animals I think called bugs — I look ruefully at it hard by being just about to have another spell at it, having returned from a trip to Blenheim w<sup>h</sup> I wanted to see — an hour by the railroad and 2 hours by a coach farther — What I was pleased with was to find that Blenheim was just exactly the place I had figured to myself except that the village is larger, but I fancy I had actually been there — so like the aspect of it was to what I looked for — and who knows perhaps one *does* go to places in the spirit — I saw the brook w<sup>h</sup> H. Esmond crossed, and almost the spot where he fell wounded <sup>71</sup> and walked down to the Danube and mused mighty

<sup>71</sup> See chapter 9 of the second book of *Esmond*.

thoughts over it. It seems grand to walk down to the Danube: but the Thames at Putney is twice as big and handsome as the river is here — and then I came back to a late dinner here and now I am come to bed and to say God bless my dearest girls and their Granny and GP —

My dearest Min. This morning came a little letter, w<sup>h</sup> they might as well have given to me yesterday (You see I give you my *other hand* <sup>72</sup> — as when we walk together I give one hand to Anny and one to you.) — They might I say have given me the letter when I went to the post for it yesterday, for there it has been lying these 3 days. Yesterday when I arrived it was all rain and melancholy here: and to day, Sunday, it's all Sunshine and pleasure — the great streets thronged with people — such ugly women in such caps! and bands of brass-music blowing beautifully



all about the town. It's full of the most extraordinary churches pictures statues and gimcracks of every sort. I went into many churches yesterday — one something like the splendid S. Ambrogio at Milan you remember; but spick and span new and most byooooo-  
tifully gilt painted and decorated with tableaux representing his life and miracles in w<sup>h</sup> latter anybody may believe who chooses. In one of the confessionals of another church another most byooooo-  
tiful sham-antique church, where I was at dusk I heard whisswhiss-  
whisspiring in the confessional, and then hummumbrum the Priest talking, and all this excited my awe and curiosity and I thought to myself perhaps there is some lovely creature on her knees to a venerable friar confessing some most tremenjuous crime: But presently hopped out of the confessional a little old speckled hunched back frog of a creature in a green shawl, and plopped down on its knees and said some prayers — w<sup>h</sup> it was quite right no doubt to say — but all the romance was gone at the sight of the queer little trot of a woman, who I am sure could have only had the most trumpery little Sins to chatter about and so I came out

<sup>72</sup> This and the following paragraphs are in Thackeray's upright hand; the first part of the letter is in his slanting hand.

of the church not a bit better Catholic than I went in. Dont you see if she had been a lovely Countess who had just killed her Grandmother or smothered her babby, I might have gone on being interested and awe stricken? but Polly the Cook maid who owns to having given a piece of pie to the Policeman, or melted the fat into the grease-pot I can't go for to waste my compassion and wonder upon her. And heres the mistake about these fine churches pictures music and splendid and gracious sights and sounds with w<sup>h</sup> the Catholics entrap many people Their senses are delighted and they fancy they are growing religious: it's a romantic wonder not a religious one. We must set to work to learn the Truth with all our hearts and Soul and Strength and take care not to be juggled by romanticalities and sentimentalities. This church of St<sup>t</sup> Louis is ornamented with the most beautiful dolls you ever saw the size of life and painted and tickled up in the most charming way with pink cheeks fresh gilt glories white eyes wooden lilies and everything that's nice. And the people kneel before them in crowds and worship Madonna and her Sacred Infant and the beautiful Saint Louis of Gonzaga and the beautiful Saint Francis of the Indies — that is to say charming figures representing these holy persons, and acting them in wood. But do I believe that the Souls of the blest go about with gilt cart-wheels round their heads? Fiddledee. These are but childish symbols and play — and theres the dinner bell — and as I love my children on earth I know the Father of us all loves us.

P. S. I send my love to G.P. and my dear old Mother.

852. TO MRS. ELLIOT AND KATE PERRY

21 JUNE 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

Munich. Monday. 21 June

Mes bonnes Amies I will try and write you a letter this morning before breakfast though the fountain of ink is dry & my old pen so tired that it hardly has the courage to go and dip in it. Why

should I trouble friends with my blue devils and ennui? Only, what were friends made for specially such kind soles as you 2, but to come to when one is in trouble and hipped — I have begun 2 or 3 notes in this gloomy strain to you and left off — We've been away a fortnight now, and I am travelling a solitary bachelor: having sent away the children and the elders to Switzerland Zürich from Frankfurt on Monday and coming away with a very sad heart from my dear girls. But being with 'em was like traversing the cart and fitting the halter, an endless leave taking: so suddenly I jumped off at Frankfurt and left them to their good old Granny: who will never own that she was delighted to have them without their Papa, and will now command her little kingdom entirely in her own way. It will be a year nearly before we shall be together again. I don't know whether I shall have the heart to have more leave takings: and so Fate orders and unites and separates and next year it will be the poor mother's turn of sorrow and parting pangs. I have had a charming letter from the children: but writing to them plays the deuce with my lacrymal ducts.

This isn't very good fun, is it? I knew you must go through this glum preface before you could get at any thing decently cheerful. And, now the preface is over, what shall we say in the book? That's not outrageously laughable either. I came from Frankfurt by night one of 6 miserable Jonases in the stomach of a grumbling diligence, and reached Wurtzbourg in due season, where I passed a day not unpleasantly in rambling about the queer old abdicated place, and sate down gravely and made a hideous drawing of some buildings there. I wonder why we do 'em when we do them so badly? This drawing makes me laugh its so bad. Here's a wonderful church ancient and beautiful without, but converted within into a sort of periwig paradise enormous stucco ornaments sprawling everywhere and hiding the delicate proportions and pure lines of the old building — This will be coming into the professional business if I don't mind. Halte la, mon Garçon! on n'écrit pas de ces sotises à ses bonnes amies — on les garde pour ce bon public. It is only acting, our business      We are but quacks and mounte-

banks more or less painted and gay and solemn. Even {Philip Van}<sup>73</sup> Hush again, be quiet Sir! The worst of Wurzburg was that I was obliged to have another night in the belly of the Whale in order to leave it: and so got to Bamberg at early dawn and thence to Nürnberg by railroad — royally in the first class. I like the first class, for one is alone — I did not want a bit to speak to the two dirty women and the commercial gents with whom I had made the journey overnight — So I arrived finely stupefied after a couple of nights coaching to enjoy Nurnberg — w<sup>h</sup> is indeed a beautiful old sight and the quaintest Rücksicht into the past world — I think its as pretty as Venice almost: and here I made a pooty little sketch in my pocket book; and was very decently happy in a kind of moody contentment among the great churches and tall gabled houses and quaint fountains and up in that charming old world castle w<sup>h</sup> I daresay you have been there. I would have stopped on but that the Inn was so noisy that sleep was impossible after 4 o'clock in the morning. Shall I go back again? I don't know in the least where I am going. Why not? One place is pretty much like another to the most blased of men.

Then I went to Augsburg to that famous Trei Mohren where I saw in a pretty little hand writing M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Frederick Elliot and Miss Perry, and shook hands with you there my dear kind friends — and I thought what a capital bit of professional business might be done out of that Album des Voyageurs and its contrasts and history. There was M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Temple West and presently afterwards Sir W<sup>m</sup> Molesworth<sup>74</sup> Bart travelling there in 1815. Viscount Dillon<sup>75</sup> his Viscountess and the Hon Miss Henrietta Maria Dillon &c — There was Earl of Roden<sup>76</sup> Countess of Roden Lady

<sup>73</sup> *Philip van Artevelde*, that is, Henry Taylor.

<sup>74</sup> Thackeray's friend Sir William Molesworth was only five years old in 1815, and his father, Sir Arscott Ourry Molesworth, seventh Baronet, was still alive. It is possible, of course, that he was travelling with his father and that Thackeray anticipates his succession to the title.

<sup>75</sup> Henry Augustus Dillon-Lee (1777-1832), thirteenth Viscount Dillon, who had married Henrietta Browne (d. 1862) in 1807. Their daughter was Thackeray's friend Lady Stanley of Alderley.

<sup>76</sup> Robert Jocelyn (1756-1820), second Earl of Roden, whose second wife was the former Juliana Anne Orde (d. 1856). His older daughter by his

Elizabeth Jocelyn leur filles and with them travelling the Viscount Powerscourt — There was General the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Chas Stuart <sup>77</sup> avec famille et 5 domestiques allant au Congrès de Vienne and so forth — and I think the foreign book is even more amusing than the other — With Napoleon and poor Josephine and Marie Louise presently and their Highnesses the swaggering French Marshals: and the deputations from Paris and Italy to compliment the Emperor & King on his Austrian campaign — and then the Austrians, and the Russians and the English going to Vienna or Verona — In fine it was a good and queer and amusing book to read in — I went from Augsbourg to Blenheim dutifully and was pleased to find how extraordinarily well I had conceived the place in my own mind, and felt quite as if I had been there before. Perhaps I have. Who knows when we travel in the spirit? I saw the place where Lieutenant Henry Esmond was wounded before Blenheim on our left you know, where poor Wade was shot down at the pallisades and where our attack failed as Eugene's did entirely on the right — and there was the little Nebel dividing our 2 armies running peacefully through the great meadow, w<sup>h</sup> I remember swarming with our men and the French before the battle began — Hey Fiddledee! begone absurd images of the fancy. Between you and me it is a confounded lie — I wasn't at the battle of Blenheim at all — I am old enough but I wasn't there and was safe in London the whole time.

Then on Saturday I came on to Munich: and so here I am. I liked Sunday very much on account of the sunshine and the great kindness and happiness of the honest Bavarians; and the brass bands of music blowing about the Streets everywhere — and I walked in the pretty Park and so to a Garden outside the town where there was more Blechmusik; and sate there for an hour not unhappily close by a pretty emblematic tree in the garden. On the emblematic tree there were hanging a parasol & a sabre and a jolly

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first wife married Richard Wingfield (1790–1823), fifth Viscount Powerscourt, in 1815.

<sup>77</sup> Charles Stuart (1779–1845), later (1828) first Baron Stuart de Rothesay, Ambassador at the Court of France from 1815 to 1830.

soldier and a kind prettyish girl were sitting under neath the tree; as happy as might be, and drinking beer out of the same mug. I drink my beer alone God help me. What right have I to envy another man's liquor? Kiss your jolly soldier my pretty lass — Well now haven't I filled the paper? and all before breakfast too! — If you wrote to me at Ems I ordered the letter to Stuttgart and I haven't been to Stuttgart and mayn't go. I dont know not yet I don't care where I'm a going. God bless you my dear kind friends — and the Reverend Frederic Elliot I send him my best regards and glad or sorry you know that I'm always affectionately yours.

W. M. T.

Say a very kind word to Miss Berry & Tom Phillips for me. You know how suddenly I left London and how sorry I was not to see them.

853. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

30 JUNE 1852<sup>78</sup>

Extracts published by Lady Ritchie, *Chapters*, pp. 144–145. My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Mrs. Fuller.

Salzburg

My dearest Childerkins, — I think it is Wednesday. I think it is ten days ago since I wrote to you though it seems a year since we parted, in all which time I have done no good that I know of nor had very much pleasure. I don't seem to care for seeing fine scenes of nature except with 3 pairs of eyes: and I daresay that is why the tour I have been making has appeared rather unsatisfactory to me, though it has carried me through a beautiful country too; from Munich to Tegernsee, Kreuth, Innsbruck, Reichenhall, here. As for the arrival at this place it is like entering into fairyland it is so beautiful: and the Tyrol is delightful too: but not like our Switzerland: and one Swiss Cottage is uncommonly like another and in 5 or 6 days of rocks and pinewoods I felt somehow I have

<sup>78</sup> This letter was written on Wednesday, June 30, ten days after Thackeray completed his letter of June 20 to his children.



had enough. I have been getting up at 4 or 5 most mornings and travelling pretty well through the day with two Scotchmen I picked up on the road from Munich — one who is very clever and one of the best informed men I ever met, modest amiable everything that's good, and the other a young Cub with whom he is travelling as a kind of tutor. Well I like the young Cub's society best. He is gayer and makes me laugh. I suppose there is something in his youth which pleases me. When we were at Wiesbaden I used to enjoy sitting and hearing you children talking to yourselves. So please to be young and to be merry as long as you can.

What have I seen to talk to you about? Well indeed nothing.

We'll talk about things that we have seen together please God some day; but our party was too big for a journey. A Carriage won't hold five people and to travel in two is no fun: and to get up at 5 and to travel all day and to go to bed at 9 is no fun after a certain age — I'm getting too old for it myself — and so you and my dear Mother and G. P. are better at Zurich. I wonder whether I'll come and see you? I will if I am in the mood. But it is like saying good bye for six weeks together. It's best to part at once not but that it is most likely I shall be walking in upon you before very long. Write to me *Poste Restante* at Vienna, I shall not go to the Inn where we were together, but take my time leisurely, hence to Ischle, to Linz, to Vienna by the Danube: and then back to work and get my book out etc. before crossing the water.

I spent two more days finishing those verses,<sup>79</sup> that's all the writing I've done and it's as gloomy as a funeral. But it was necessary to do something for poor Miss Power: and when I begin verse writing I never know whether it is to cost me a day's labor or a week's. In fact with perfect good health, in a lovely country, in lovely weather, I am as dull as ditchwater: and it's lucky that you children have escaped the tour: for I should have been dull anyhow and now the best thing to do would be to burn this letter and write a gay one but I can't. What is the use of humbugging and with my dearest little women surtout, I intend when I am

<sup>79</sup> "The Pen and the Album" was published in *The Keepsake* of 1853, which Miss Power edited.

dismal that you shall console me if you can and I must tell you mustn't I?

I find I have taken a great liking to Munich: and have been once or twice on the point of going back: the people are so friendly and seem so happy and at ease. When we come back from America who knows what we will do? My German gets on wonderfully, I am quite surprized at myself sometimes, at speaking it so well: and you two had best learn: but the most important is French. I vow and protest you must speak French perfectly by the time I come back: you and Minny, for though people may be very happy and very good without it, (so they may be good and happy and put their knives down their throats) French is a part of politeness somehow. Ainsi, Mesdemoiselles, I hope you'll be very polite.

I've made a few more feeble drawings very poor stuff indeed but get a kind of pleasure in fiddling at it. There's a great hill with the Citadel on it before my window: shall I have the courage to ascend it? It is four o'clock and a sky like sapphire and the mountain is deucedly steep to be sure or shall I have a carriage and drive about and see the country?

Well it's lucky you weren't with me for my gloominess is perfectly awful. I hope something is coming of it: and that I am biling up with something that is worth all this melancholy. What a dreadful stupid letter. I knew it would be, that is why I have not written these 3 or 4 days.

Give my love to my dearest Mother and have her to understand that this Blue Devil of whom I complain is only an artistic blue devil and that he comes always before I get to work: and that there is no other reason; and that it would be just as bad or nearly if you were here and I might be sulking in my own room waiting for the Inspiration and as black, mum, stupid and melancholy, as now when I am my dearest women's affectionate father all the same! W. M. T.

What a shame it is to write without a word about the scenery, etc. Well the trout are uncommonly good and as Baron Whatdyoucallem at Brussels said, frying is the word, not biling. What a

breakfast of 'em we had the other day! But for snow covered mountains here — speckled rather than covered — and the smaller hills all rich with dark pines and fiddledee, it's impossible to do the description business. There is bad music here for a wonder at the beer-garden: though I amused myself very well yesterday there, opposite a pretty little child of 3 years who ate three sausages with her fingers and without any bread at all except a little bit which she gave out of her mouth to her Mamma. And I went up a hill to a Capuchin Convent and saw some of my favorite dirty Scoundrels with beards and the town clinks all over with Austrian sabres. The men speak Italian here: they send their Germans to Italy. This writing<sup>80</sup> is much the quickest but the other's much the clearest, and so good night: and God Almighty bless my darlings, W. M. T.

Salzburg, Wednesday.

854.

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

5-6 JULY 1852

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> Carmichael Smyth | Poste Restante | Zürich. *Readdressed to:* Rue d'Angoulême | St Honoré | Paris. *and to* Mennecey seine oise. *Postmarks:* WIEN 6 JUL., ZÜRICH 10 JUIL, PARIS 31 JUIL 52, MENNECEY 1 AOUT 1852. Hitherto unpublished.

Vienna. Tuesday July 6.

My dearest Mammy. I think it is your turn now to have a letter, though it seems doomed that all the letters on this journey shall be of the dismal order. Fancy my having lost my pocket-book with 80£ of circular notes and 70 florins on board! This unfortunate affair came off at Ischl and I waited a couple of days there in hopes to hear something of the lost goods but the deuce a bit. I have telegraphed to London to stop the notes but that's of no use if the rogue who stole the book has forged my name and got the money: and so there goes a pretty round hard-earned sum out of my pocket somehow — the pocket of my coat is made very shallow, and I saw yesterday another book that I had put in

<sup>80</sup> His slanting hand.

3/4 out, so that a rogue sitting near me might easily have fingered it. I think the worst part of the transaction is a suspicion I have or had that one of my travelling companions may have been tempted — a humourous wild young lad of 17 to whom 90£ to spend in larks, and with a small allowance, might have been too strong a lure: but thank God I have no reason to suspect the young fellow — It is a hundred times more likely that I took the book out and laid it down on a public table — and then adieu book and florins. It may be the finder wont have the courage to forge my name to the notes so that I may possibly get these back again. But my mind wasn't at ease until I had left off suspecting my young travelling companion. Bon Dieu think of a young fellow beginning life and staining all his future career with such an action! After falling among the thieves I found plenty of good Samaritans and at Vienna can easily draw for more money. Pest take it. I began instantly to write something to cover the loss: but the suspicion got hold of me and made me so unhappy that I could do nothing when it came: and so went away from that pretty valley of Ischle, and a hundred pretty sights of lakes and mountains round about it w<sup>h</sup> I might have seen in pleasant company. One lake is uncommonly like another though, and one fir-covered hill like its neighbour, and I think I had enough of the Salzkammergut and Tyrolese scenery — at least travelling along the road yesterday from Gmunden to Linz by a horse-railroad it was a comfort to look at a homelier sort of landscape of meadows woods and corn, and hills instead of mountains — perhaps a long life of ease & cities disqualifies one for mountainous pleasures — As I saw the Salzburg Alps glimmering in the distance I felt glad that they were so far — I have picked up a couple of simple young Frenchmen, with whom I get on very well for to day, and shall part with the utmost cheerfulness to night — I don't care much for new acquaintances now, nor very much for old: and am getting fast into the stage of old-gentlemanhood. The landscape round about here is generous looking and broad with none of the Rhine prettinesses (I am writing this in the steamer from Linz to Vienna) and have changed my mind and shall go to the Inn where I was with my women

last year. Whither shall I go next from Vienna — qui le sait? I had a notion of lectures on the 4 Georges <sup>81</sup> and going to Hannover to look at the place whence that race came — but if I hope for preferment hereafter I mean police-magistrateship or what not I had best keep a civil tongue in my head: and I should be sure to say something impudent if I got upon that subject — and as I have no particular Heaven-sent mission to do this job: why perhaps I had best look for another. And the malheur is, that because it is a needless job; and because I might just as well leave it alone it is most likely I shall be at it. Nous verrons. I have one or 2 acquaintances in Vienna, and shall get on for a few days there well enough, then I may go & see the Dresden pictures again — nous verrons — and how you and my dearest girls are, when I get that letter at the Post w<sup>h</sup> I hope is waiting for me this evening.

Hotel Stadt London. Vienna Tuesday. No letter: and the bankers to whom I wrote from Gmunden have not had their letter — Did mine from Munich and Innsbruck reach the children and the circular notes for 50£? I hope so — and that poor Miss Power's poem has not gone astray. I have been trudging to pictures all day and am come home quite tired of 'em but still whenever I see them I want to give up everything and shut myself up for 2 years and turn painter. This feeling was uncommonly strong at Munich: and the best way to cure it would be to set to work for a month — to see that I can't do it, and give it up in disgust!

And so I shut my paper up and send my love to my dear old G P and my dear old Mother, and my own dear little women

W M T.

If you get this within 4 days write back — if not direct Poste Restante Berlin.

<sup>81</sup> This is Thackeray's first reference to *The Four Georges*, which he did not begin to write until 1855.

855.

TO ANNE THACKERAY

14 JULY 1852

*Address:* Miss Thackeray | chez M. le Major Carmichael-Smyth. | Rue de l'Union 27 Champs Élysées. | Paris. *Postmarks:* WIEN 14. JUL., 17 JUIL. Published in part, *Thackeray and his Daughter*, pp. 44-45.

My dearest Fat. At last I get your 6 lines. I was coming to Zürich after Berlin and had hoped to have a weeks quiet there with you all — but now, who nose where I'll go? Write to me at Berlin P. Restante Have you got my letters, Granny her's,<sup>82</sup> G P his from Lubbocks? Answer these queries please. I havent had any news of my poor pocket-book: nor have I been able to write a word and scarce to stir in this heat but I shall travel at night and sleep through it, & not stop at the buggy Prague but go straight to Dresden and see if I can paint a bit — Here it has been like a little London with fine dinners every day only they are over at 7 and I go to the play or the opera. Nothing can be hospitable than L<sup>d</sup> Westmoreland,<sup>83</sup> and today with Revel — that is the last. I am glad I have seen the places, Tyrol & Salzkammergut Munich and the Franconian towns but theres no book to be made about 'em: and we 5 couldnt have made the journey comfortably: you 2 are too big to sit 3 on a side — Ah me I wish I was back from America! My darling women must work hard in my absence and be able to play polkas and waltzes to set me asleep doucement after dinner. Its too hot to move here almost; I read all day, and can't bring myself to write. Last night I was at another open air play quite as good as the first I wrote you about — and I saw the Authoress who admires my works — Mon Dieu qu'elle était laide! but her husband adores her luckily, and what matters so long as he is appy? It seems about a year since I have been on my travels. I suppose it was wholesomest for me not to work: and I must soon get back

<sup>82</sup> Thackeray's letter to his mother of July 5-6 was delayed in transit for nearly a month.

<sup>83</sup> John Fane (1784-1859), eleventh Earl of Westmorland, soldier, diplomat, and composer. After ten years as Minister to Berlin, he had been transferred in 1851 to Vienna, where he remained till his retirement in 1855.

to it and see whats to be done and fill up the hole made by the loss of the 90£ in the pocket-book — A week's work will do that easily.

God bless my dearest Min and my ditto Nan and my dearest old Mammy and G P. this is only to tell you where a letter will find me.

W M T.

Wednesday July 14.

856. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

6 AUGUST 1852

*Address:* For those Young ladies. Hitherto unpublished.

My dearest Gurls. At last you get a letter from your Papa, and Granny knows that that illness she fancies I have been having at Berlin is all in her head not mine I found all your letters there, God bless 'em, and should have written if I had had the heart but &c — I didn't know till I was in the train whether I was going to Paris or coming home, and so back I came yesterday stopping at Hanover & Brussels (for some more good wine) by the way — and found Kensington and Eliza looking so gay and lovely you can't think — so gay that as there was a card for the New Crystal Palace fête <sup>84</sup> yesterday, away I went to it without farther ado, & so could not write to my dearest women that letter I ought to have wrote 'em. They have bought a most charming park at Sydenham where the New Palace is to be: but who will go to it? — not hundreds of thousands of people I doubt very much, for you must go to London Bridge first and then 7 miles by railway so that the 'palace of the People' will be a failure I think.

What shall I tell you about the village where you sometimes live with your Father? the Corner House by the gate, you'll be happy to hear, is let and the Pawnbroker is building his premises anew — There were not above 50 letters when I got home and only one

<sup>84</sup> The ceremony of erecting the first column of the New Crystal Palace took place on Wednesday, August 5 (*Times*, August 6).

from Miss Holmes w<sup>h</sup> I haven't read yet — And who do you think gave us the cups? why JEAMES.<sup>85</sup> He wrote a beautiful letter just before he set off — as well written as man need write, and in that discovers the truth. He didn't take M<sup>rs</sup> Jeames who seems to have led him a sad life by her jealousy and said most unkyind things rullative both to Eliza and Cook. Eliza's brother is my servant for the time being — and O its so dreary!

The Brookfields are here but Ive not seen them yet the Elliots are gone — M<sup>rs</sup> Cole has another little girl Bong Jew is she never going to stop? and I am going to try in the next 6 weeks to write 4 lectures for the great North American Republic, and deliver them after they are tired of the stale old Humourists. Albert Smith tells me he has put away 5000£ with his lecture<sup>86</sup> but then he has re-

<sup>85</sup> Lady Ritchie tells this story in her reminiscences of life in Kensington. "Ours was more or less a bachelor's establishment, and the arrangements of the house varied between a certain fastidiousness, and the roughest simplicity. We had shabby table-cloths, alternating with some of my grandmother's fine linen; we had old Derby china for our dessert of dried figs and dry biscuits, and a silver Flaxman teapot (which always poured oblations of tea upon the cloth) for breakfast, also three cracked cups and saucers of unequal patterns and sizes. One morning, Jeames de la Pluche (so my father's servant and factotum chose to call himself when he wrote to the papers) brought in a hamper which had just arrived. When it was unpacked we found, to our great satisfaction, that it contained a lovely breakfast array. A china bowl for my father's tea, ornamented with his initials in gold amid a trellis of roses; beautiful cups for the young ladies, lovely gilt milk-jugs, and a copy of verses, not written, but put together out of printed letters from the *Times*. I quote it from memory:

Of esteem as a token,—  
Fate preserve it unbroken —  
A friend sends this tea-dish of porcelain rare.  
And with truth and sincerity  
Wishes health and prosperity  
To the famed M. A. Titmarsh of *Vanity Fair*.

"We could not imagine who the friend was from whom the opportune present had come. For many breakfasts we speculated and wondered, guessing one person and another in turn, while we sat at our now elegant board, of which Dr. Oliver Holmes himself might have approved. Years afterwards, when De la Pluche was taking leave of my father and sailing for Australia, where he obtained a responsible position, he said, reproachfully: 'I sent you the breakfast things; you guessed a great many people, but you never guessed they came from me.' " (*Chapters*, pp. 83-84)

<sup>86</sup> See above, p. 22, n. 35.



peated it 180 times w<sup>h</sup> is more than mine will bear. and I think this is all the news as yet w<sup>h</sup> you can give to Granny when you have read it. Yes, there was an invitation from Lady Stanley that we should all go to Alderley w<sup>h</sup> I shall probably go there if I lecture at Manchester. Meanwhile I have begun with the 4 Georges to day: and whether I see my dearest women or dont or write or dont I am their &c &c &c always. Can you fill up that. God bless you my darlings and my dearest old Granny & G P.

W M T.

857.

TO MISS MARTIN

6 AUGUST 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

Kensington.

August 6.

My dear Miss Martin

I receive only now your kind note w<sup>h</sup> is 2 months old. It will give me very great pleasure to make a pilgrimage to Woburn some day, to take advantage of your fathers hospitable offer, and to see my old college acquaintance Matthew.<sup>87</sup>

But when? — When I have done some work after the long holiday I have had and worked up a little of the time I have lost in 2 months pleasuring —

Thanking you very much for your remembrance of me, believe me

Yours most faithfully

W M Thackeray

<sup>87</sup> See above, No. 49, No. 593.

858.

TO WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

6 AUGUST 1852

My text is taken from *Letters to William Allingham*, pp. 281-282.

Kensington,  
Friday.

My dear Allingham, — Were you ever thanked for the salmon which you sent more than two moons ago? Did I write? I think I didn't. The fish came on the very day I was going abroad with my children, and, — and was in that state in which George I. liked fish, and into which men and fish and nations inevitably fall. But the kindness smells sweet still and I am quite as much obliged to you now as if I had eaten the salmon unto satiety, and thank you for thinking of me.

I reached home yesterday after a journey to Vienna, Tyrol, Munich, &c; and if I had not fifty letters on other people's affairs to write, I think I would like to send you some manuscript: but I must do the other letters and shake you by the hand, and am yours very truly, dear Allingham,

W. M. Thackeray.

859.

TO LADY STANLEY

7 AUGUST 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

My dear Lady Stanley I am only just come back from Vienna Berlin &c and find your little present and kind note. But the girls are with their Grandmother: only their Pa is here, and he hopes very soon to pay you a visit at Alderley. I must arrange with the Manchester people about the lectures first: and am being busy here preparing other lectures for America. It was very kind of you to invite the girls that is the way you know to win the gratitude of My dear Lady Stanley your most obedient Servant W M Thackeray 13 Young St Kensington August 7. 1852.<sup>88</sup>

<sup>88</sup> This letter is written in a minute hand in the center of a large sheet of paper.

360.

TO MARY HOLMES  
10 AUGUST 1852

Address: Miss Holmes | 11 Cadogan Terrace. Hitherto unpublished.

10 August. Kensington.

My dear Miss Holmes

I am come back without the children and am going to work hard upon some lectures for the Americans whom I shall visit in 2 months or so probably.

I mustn't wear your medal. You see what is religion with your principles, w<sup>d</sup> be irreligion, under mine. I profess to be quite willing to go or to stay (indeed I cannot help myself for the matter of that) and as one must die sometime or other, why provide one's self with a fetish at all?

I met Lady Georgina Fullerton<sup>89</sup> going to Spa, and talked to her about you — and Herbert yesterday at the Club. I'm pained to think that you are without a place as yet. I shall see a Catholic lady at Richmond and met a clergyman of your's there on Sunday, a pleasant gentleman. We talked about Achilli<sup>90</sup> — a rascal hypocrite no doubt; but, as the law is, the verdict was right — though I think the Judge's behaviour in the trial was most unfair and unworthy. The ladies of Norwood<sup>91</sup> got justice, you see, in that trumpery charge against them — We mean justly enough in England — I'm sure.

<sup>89</sup> Lady Georgiana Charlotte Fullerton (1812–1885), younger daughter of the first Earl Granville, the author of many novels. She was admitted to the Roman Catholic church in 1846.

<sup>90</sup> Giovanni Achilli, an apostate Dominican monk, had been sent about the country to speak against the Roman church by the opponents of the "Papal Aggression." In his *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England* (1851) Newman brought to light some of the more unsavory episodes in Achilli's past, describing more than a few of the *mille e tre* conquests of this ecclesiastical Don Giovanni. Dr. Achilli brought suit for libel, and after a trial in Queen's Bench before Lord Chief Justice Campbell on June 21–24, 1852, the jury decided in his favor. On January 23 of the following year a motion for retrial was denied, and Newman was fined £100.

<sup>91</sup> A Catholic nunnery had recently been established at Norwood.

I have been to Vienna Berlin Munich Hanover — proposing to write a book. But l'homme propose. I found I had nothing worthy to say, and that the book was best left alone.

I think Miss Bronte is unhappy and that makes her unjust. Novel writers should not be in a passion with their characters as I imagine, but describe them, good or bad, with a like calm —

If you are in town I hope I shall come & see you soon. Meanwhile I am always

Yours very sincerely

W M Thackeray.

861.

TO HIS FAMILY

16 AUGUST 1852

Extracts published in *Biographical Introductions*, VII, xx, from which my text is in part taken. The rest of the letter is printed from a transcript supplied by Mrs. Fuller.

Reform Club

Aug. 16,

My dearest Family. As you are to be at Paris for the fetes tomorrow I send you a word and a Good morning there and such a little history of the past week as that time affords. Eliza does for me and her brother runs my errands. I think I have begun writing a new novel in numbers,<sup>92</sup> giving up the idea of the lectures which I had last week. But it is not worth while to write lectures for the Americans to rob them and any I do had best be for London hearers first.

Where have I been? Twice to Richmond where Mrs. Fitzgerald receives me with the greatest graciousness, and announces to all her friends that I am the most agreeable of men — that she looks upon me in the light of a son. At one of these dinners was Mr. B—— and his daughter, and if I had a daughter like that, all I can say is, that I should have a bore for a daughter. She scarce ceased speaking to me the whole of dinner-time; and told me that

<sup>92</sup> *The Newcomes*.

the summer was hot, the mountains were high, and so forth, and next me, on t'other side, was a very nice, natural, ugly girl, that was worth a hundred of her. My favour with Mrs. Fitz is not yet over; last night she sent me a tabinet waistcoat of green and gold <sup>93</sup> such an ugly one. But I shall have it made up and sport it in America and keep the remainder for pincushions.

Yesterday I went on a round of visits, Holland House, Little Holland House,<sup>94</sup> Mrs. Carlyle and dined at the Brookfields. They are launching out in the dinner-giving way and had 12 people; and we all grinned and laughed a great deal.

But before, I went to Miss Holmes who has taken a place of 20*£* a year. She wrote me a letter last night, I hope the last for sometime, poor soul, she is friendless alone but courageous and highminded and I've done no harm in doing her what good I could. Did I tell you how she sent me an immidge of the Virgin? I told her I would not wear it. She says the Queen wears one, to which Her Majesty is very welcome.

There was a card for Mr. and Miss Thackeray from Lady Trevelyan <sup>95</sup> which I was glad of. Don't you remember the nice girl at Dean Milman's? I should like you to have that sort of friend, that is if looks say anything.

Miss Trulock came to pay me a visit in a pooty new gown: and

<sup>93</sup> Thackeray relates the subsequent history of Mrs. FitzGerald's gift in chapter 18 of *Philip*: "To a well-constituted middle-aged gentleman, I rather trust a smart new suit causes a sensation of uneasiness — not from the tightness of the fit, which may be a reason — but from the gloss and splendour. When my late kind friend, Mrs. —, gave me the emerald tabinet waistcoat, with the gold shamrocks, I wore it once to go to Richmond to dine with her; but I buttoned myself so closely in an upper coat, that I am sure nobody in the omnibus saw what a painted vest I had on. Gold sprigs and emerald tabinet, what a gorgeous raiment! It has formed for ten years the chief ornament of my wardrobe; and though I have never dared to wear it since, I always think with a secret pleasure of possessing that treasure." (*Works*, XI, 316)

<sup>94</sup> Where the Prinseps were living.

<sup>95</sup> Macaulay's sister, Hannah More Macaulay (d. 1873), who had married Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan in 1834. The "nice girl" was presumably her daughter, Margaret Jean, who married Henry Thurstan, first Viscount Knutsford, in 1858.

Gray with many tears before going to Devonshire: and Mrs. Bakewell, with very fair accounts of your Mother and this I think is all that I have to say. Once I went to the play with Edwin Landseer:<sup>96</sup> but the piece was so stupid and disgusting that I burst out a hissing and walked off with my hat on. And is this all that has happened in a week? Well, it is pretty much. I dine at Gunnersbury to-day with the Rothschilds, to-morrow at Lord Holland's. He has been giving beautiful garden fêtes — I did not go: but when I have some young ladies with me I will go.

I sent away the first sheets of *Esmond* yesterday. It reads better in print, it is clever but it is also stupid and no mistake. Other parts will be more amusing I hope and think, and the new story I am thinking of opening with something like Fareham and the old people there.<sup>97</sup> The hero will be born in India and have a half-brother and sister and so God bless my dearest children and my dear old Mother and G. P. says Your Father and Son W. M. T.

I do not now know the no — isn't it odd?

862.

TO LADY STANLEY

16 AUGUST 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

Kensington.

August 16, 1852.

My dear Lady Stanley

I have delayed writing hoping I could make out a visit to Alderley before my professional trip to Manchester but I must not go away I find having constant occasion of the British Museum or the Athenæum Library for some work I am about. When I come to Manchester you will be in Wales, wont you? I wish you a happy time there: and wish I could make one for myself here but the

<sup>96</sup> Sir Edwin Henry Landseer (1802-1873), R. A., whose animal paintings had made him the most popular artist of his time. A bachelor very popular in society, he was one of the close friends of Thackeray's later life.

<sup>97</sup> See *Memoranda*, Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth.

dreariness of Kensington is intolerable, and I think of a lodging in town or going to a boarding house — anything to escape that abominable dismal Young Street.

My neighbours at Holland House keep open feasts though, and perhaps I shall go there sometimes — I have only had the courage to go once as yet: though had I known Milnes & Lady Davy were to dance together I think I should have gone to the ball. Is Fleming<sup>98</sup> stopping at your house? He has disappeared, and nobody knows where he is hidden — Some ladies are very anxious. Nobody cares where I am who am so much bigger than Fleming. My daughters are seeing the Paris fêtes. I shan't see them again for months very likely and am entirely dismal unconsoleable and lonely; odious to myself and my friends, and avoiding them generally.

Edwin Landseer & I went to a play last week and saw a young lady on the stage so astonishingly like a young lady *du monde* that even her Mamma would have laughed to behold — The Lady I mean is the second daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley and married to a Scots nobleman — I send my best regards to all your other daughters and (though I am miserable) am

Yours dear Lady Stanley very truly

W M Thackeray

w<sup>h</sup> of my hands do you like best? <sup>99</sup>

<sup>98</sup> A well-known diner-out, particularly in Whig houses. "He was very small and lively," writes Mrs. Mary C. M. S. Simpson (*Many Memories of Many People*, 4th ed., London, 1898, p. 115), "and Mrs. Grote called him the Flea. He was introduced to society by Charles Buller, whose great friend he was, and made his way by his pleasant manners and amusing gossip. It was said that when Lady Palmerston wanted to know which way the political wind blew, she sent him out on a horse in the Park. He was very good-looking, and we were all much exercised to guess his age. He wore an undeniable brown wig, and had a lovely complexion and brilliant teeth, how much due to art no one could tell." Sir Algernon West (*Recollections, 1832 to 1886*, 2 vols., London, 1899, 2nd ed., I, 86-87) adds that Fleming was Secretary of the Poor Law Board.

<sup>99</sup> The body of the letter is written in Thackeray's slanting hand, the postscript in his upright hand.

863.

TO LADY HOLLAND

20 AUGUST 1852

*Address:* The Lady Holland | Holland House | Kensington. *Postmark:* AU 20 1852. Hitherto unpublished.

13 Young St Kensington. Friday. August 20, 1852.

Dear Lady Holland I have writ your ladyships message to Fleming, but alas! I am engaged myself tomorrow though always

most faithfully yours

W M Thackeray.

864.

TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

28 AUGUST 1852

*Address:* Miss Thackerays | chez M. Carmichael-Smyth. | Mennecy. Seine et Oise | France. *Postmarks:* AU 28 1852, MENNECY 29 AOUT 1852. Hitherto unpublished.

Saturday.

Y—g Street K—ns—ngt—n.

My dearest Women. If I don't write I wonder will anybody think I am ill? Well, I'm not ill but stupid dawdling on in town and doing no good: not writing not reading much not nothing. Why, here's a long letter from Miss Holmes before me that I haven't the courage to read. Its about a medal of the Virgin Mary that she wants me to wear for the voyage to America: and I told her I would have no such rubbish. 'Take care' writes she back 'that you don't offend the B Virgin's Son by neglect of his Mother' — and so by the same argument she might order me to wear a nose ring or a harlequin's breeches: if she took a fancy that these articles were patronized by a Saint — I'm tired of poor Miss Holmes that's the fact — I dont think my daughters will ever tire me by writing be it ever so much.

Have I got anything to say to fill these pages? I have been to M<sup>rs</sup> FitzGerald's dinner in the green waistcoat and it was so fine with its emerald and gold that I blushed to wear it: and last Wed-



nesday, as you will hear from your second cousins we all went to see our second cousin Wilhelmina Rodd married to her first cousin Rashleigh Rodd <sup>100</sup> — we went to church by 11 1/2 & then to a grand breakfast and before that grand breakfast Oh Gods! Think what a rapture was in store for me! Lady Rodd held up her once lovely features, and signified that I was to kiss her, which I did nobly. Little Mary Thackeray <sup>101</sup> looked so like a little girl I used to see sometimes by the name of Minny that I wanted to kiss her too — w<sup>h</sup> Anny will please do on the spot: and I have been and got them tickets for Albert Smith merely I think because that Mary is so like that Minny — I have been to Albert Smiths Entertainment too and most amusing it was so amusing that you don't feel a moment's ennui during the whole performance — a thousand times more amusing than certain lectures and certain novels I know of. (There's that confounded organ-grinder driving me mad) — Esmond looks very stately & handsome in print: and, bore as he is, I think will do me credit: but the printers only send me 100 pages a week and at this rate will be 3 months getting through the novel. Lady Ashburton has come back to town looking very handsome. Did I tell you her carriage was burned on the railroad? And it was by the merest chance she was not in it. If she had she would have been a roasted lady to a dead certainty. And at Strasbourg t'other day, they were too late for the train w<sup>h</sup> went off the rail and killed and wounded ever so many people. So much for Lady Ashburton. The Brookfields are away: and some day I'd have you two young ones write her a letter and M<sup>rs</sup> Fan wants one too who loves you: and so does somebody w<sup>h</sup> his name begins with a Tea and ends with a why.

I am writing this nonsense with my bag in the all jest before going to M<sup>rs</sup> Bates <sup>102</sup> at Richmond: where I shall see M<sup>rs</sup> Tennyson's

<sup>100</sup> Wilhelmina Rodd, *Genealogy* (25), married her cousin John Rashleigh Rodd, *Genealogy* (26), later a Rear Admiral, on August 25 (*Memorials*, p. 260).

<sup>101</sup> Probably Mary Elizabeth Thackeray, *Genealogy* (18), the youngest child of General and Lady Thackeray.

<sup>102</sup> The former Lucretia Augusta Sturgis, wife of Joshua Bates (1788–1864). Her husband was for many years senior partner of Baring Brothers.

babby <sup>103</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Taylor and M<sup>rs</sup> Cameron: and I shall have 2 grand dinners I daresay and on Monday I dine at Holland House. It looked like a Fairy Palace t'other day I went to call there: and M<sup>rs</sup> Leech sends you her love and M<sup>rs</sup> White from the Isle of Wight and her girl is getting quite well in the summer time: But poor Wilhelmina Rodd is very unwell indeed Think of James <sup>104</sup> putting his Mother to bed for 3 months after her accident! Wasn't that a good James? I hope Lady R will let him marry for being so good, and ask him to bring home his nice little Wify pify. O Fiddlesticks end what nonsense I am talking! Because I have no sense to talk only that I'm always my darling girls'

Father.

Of course I send a love to Granny & G P — and my best respects to M le Maire.

865.

TO MRS. GORE  
SEPTEMBER? 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Gore

What you have been saying of me these 6 days is perhaps true: but there's some excuse for me. I don't belong to myself at this present moment: but to the printers here, and to the entrepreneurs of lectures at Birmingham Manchester & Liverpool — I can't in fact accept an invitation from any body at any given day — Birmingham especially hanging over me like fate, and competent to fetch me at any moment. And there's 5 houses in Hampshire w<sup>h</sup> I want to go to them and can't — I'm living alone here with a housemaid — My girls are with their grandmother at Mennecy in France — I shan't see them till my return from America, and find my gloomy little hole at Kensington doubly gloomy now they are away — I

<sup>103</sup> Hallam, later (1892) second Baron Tennyson (d. 1928), was born on August 11.

<sup>104</sup> Major James Rennell Rodd, *Genealogy* (20), who married Elizabeth Anne Thompson, *Genealogy* (21), on August 25, 1853 (*Memorials*, p. 259).

have bought your ladyships book <sup>105</sup> and think the first part is good fun — Mine isn't — It is about as cheerful as the Pantheon Oxford Street or Vauxhall on a rainy night. How you will yawn over it when you read it! but you'll come to some pages let us hope that you will like: and when you read it you will remark Bon Dieu (you know you often speak French) —in what a state of mind this man must have been when he wrote these thousand dismal pages!

I wish I could come and grumble at Hamble Cliff: but this is denied me for the present — perhaps for a year to come. I wish I was back from America, with more money in my pocket than now is the property of

Yours always

Fitzroy Yellowplush.

866.

TO MRS. GORE  
SEPTEMBER? 1852

Published in part, *Notes and Queries*, Eleventh Series, VII (1913), 427.

You got Sporus's <sup>106</sup> letter from the Reform Club last night? He received your gilded volume <sup>107</sup> this morning. He has 2 on 'em now. I also think I perceive likenesses of myself in the Standard Footman, in Sir Oswald Moody, in the Plausible Man, in Felix Flutter, and the Linkboy. Cruel woman! Why do you take off our likenesses in that way? Reddicule you know I can't abear — except at other peoples' expense. Them books are like meddicle whirks You can't read 'em but you fancy you have every one of the maladies written about.

<sup>105</sup> I have not succeeded in identifying this book, though several of its characters are mentioned in the next letter.

<sup>106</sup> The point of Thackeray's applying to himself Pope's name for Lord Hervey (in *The Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, ll. 305-333) appears to depend on some unrecorded private joke between him and Mrs. Gore.

<sup>107</sup> The bibliography of Mrs. Gore in the *Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature*, III, 397-398, lists no work published by her in 1852; and in the absence of a complete run of her novels it is impossible to know in what forgotten book the characters listed by Thackeray appear.

I know what every letter you get of this and the next 2 days date will contain but I will not allude to that subject. Awful Powers! Two Dukes dead in a month <sup>108</sup> One embalmed by Pettigrew <sup>109</sup> and the other by a Nation's gratitude! What must be the feelings of their Sons, the present Dukes? I can fancy the debth of that profound affliction! — no I cant — nor yet pretend to any myself when men of four score and four retire below.

I should have discoursed more eloquently on the subject last night; but a man came in from Apsley House, and said the news was not true.

I wish I was at Hamble Cliff, but I am at Kensington *Ill* (notez la plaisanterie) and ill or well

Yours with a considerable sincerity.

W M T.

867.

TO HARRIET THACKERAY

10 SEPTEMBER 1852

*Address:* Miss Harriet Thackeray | with Major Carmichael Smyth | Menecy Seine et Oise | France. Published in part, *Chapters*, pp. 161-162; additions in *Thackeray and his Daughter*, pp. 42-44. Mrs. Fuller owns the first and last pages of the original; my text of the rest of the letter follows a transcript that she has supplied.

Brighting. Friday.

My dearest Minikin You see here is the stuck up hand as you like it best. I have not a great deal to say in the stuck-up hand. Kensington is so gloomy without certain young ladies that I cant stand it. How dismal it must be for poor Eliza who has no friends to go to: who must stop in the kitchen all day — as I think of her I feel a mind to go back and sit in the kitchen with Eliza but I daresay I shouldn't amuse her much and after she had told me

<sup>108</sup> Alexander Hamilton Douglas (1767-1852), tenth Duke of Hamilton, died on August 18; the Duke of Wellington survived till 14 September. See below, No. 899.

<sup>109</sup> William Vesalius Pettigrew, M. D., 7 Chester Street, Grosvenor Place (*Royal Blue Book*, 1851).

about the cat and how her father was we should have nothing more to say to one another. Last week I was away at Manchester: and I thought what a state my dear little women would have been in when I broke down in a speech before 3000 ladies and gentlemen — I felt very foolish but I tried again at night and did better; <sup>110</sup> and as there's nothing more wicked in breaking down in a speech than in slipping on a piece of orange peel and breaking one's nose, why I got up again and made another speech at night without breaking down. It's all custom and most people can no more do it than they can play the piano without learning — I hope you and Anny are learning hard to play me to sleep when I come back from America.

I believe I am going to Birmingham next week with the lectures and then to Manchester and Liverpool and then Steward! bring a basin! Well that will be over soon and my dearest children back to me please God. Meanwhile young women you are in luck to have two homes and to be happy in one while tother is being painted and made more comfortable, for I shall be immensely more comfortable when I have some money to leave you; and so will you

<sup>110</sup> "Many years afterwards," Lady Ritchie (*Chapters*, pp. 169-170) writes, ". . . I sat next Mr. [John] Bright [at dinner], and he began speaking to me of my father, and of this very time. 'I remember,' he said, 'taking him to a meeting at Manchester, just before he went to America with his lectures. He broke down, and he was very much annoyed, and he said to me: "Who will ever come and hear me lecture if I break down like this before such a number of people?" And I said to him: "Never you mind; very few people don't break down at one time or another. You come along with me this evening; I'm going to another meeting; I'm not going to speak to fine fal-lal folks, but to a set of good, honest working-men, and you must try again." And he spoke,' said Mr. Bright in his downright way, 'and I never heard a better speech in all my life; it was a capital speech, and they were all delighted with him.' And then and there Mr. Bright told me another little anecdote of my father, whom he had met a short while before his death at the Reform Club. He said that as he was passing through the hall, he met him standing in his way and he stepped back, took off his hat, and stood with it in his outstretched hand. 'What is that for?' said Mr. Bright. 'Why do you hold your hat like that?' 'Because I see the most consistent politician I know going by,' said my father, 'and I take off my hat to him.'" Fields (*Yesterdays with Authors*, pp. 18-19) describes another occasion, evidently in 1859, on which Thackeray had equally bad luck while speaking in Manchester.

too some day when you get it. I wish you may. Have you read — never mind: I won't go on with that sentence.

This place always makes me better you know and I'm quite a different man to the individdiwidyouall who came down on Monday and yesterday what do you think I goes to see? another marriage, William Hankey Esqre. to Cecile Charlotte d'Estampes,<sup>111</sup> daughter of etc. Fanny was there looking very pretty and happy and she sent her love to you and talked of both of you very kindly indeed and seemed to be as pleased with her father's marriage as he was almost. Well I think I shall marry Tishy Cole if she will have me, and say Tishia my daughters are so anxious for me not to be alone no more that just to please them I appoint you Mrs. T., then we will have the fly (the large one not the brougham) from Ottways and we will have whitebait and fiddledididdlidydid-dledydie — there's enough of that.

Mrs. Yorke was so kind at Birmingham: almost everybody is: so was the Mayor of Manchester with whom I went to stay. It seems about a year ago: but it was only this day week: I spose the time that passes idly passes slowly and I have not been able to settle anything since I came back and I can't go out of the reach of London till my novel is through the press. I like it better in print than in writing and hope the public will like it too.

I think the Fanshawes are very likely coming to Kensington in my absence. Mr. F. is ill again and London air does good to his *hashma*. I had written a long letter to Anny but it is in my pocket and I don't think I shall send it. And O I forgot! theres one from the Thackerays on my table at home — And Major Bob <sup>112</sup> is here and what do you think? He has written a pamphletet and sent it to the President who has acknowledged it very kindly — there's news! and so God bless & keep you my darlings & God bless Granny & GP says you know who. I shall be back home on Monday.

<sup>111</sup> "MARRIAGES. SEPTEMBER . . . 9. At St. Nicholas Church, Brighton, William Hankey, esq., of Middleton Hall, Linlithgowshire, to Cecile Charlotte Trelawney d'Estampes, eldest daughter of the Vicomte d'Estampes" (*Annual Register*, 1852).

<sup>112</sup> Major Robert Stewart Carmichael-Smyth of the Ninety-third Highlanders, a younger brother of Thackeray's step-father.

868.

TO RICHARD LEE  
15 SEPTEMBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

13 Young St. Kensington.  
Sep<sup>r</sup> 15. 1852.

Dear Sir

I have read your play <sup>113</sup> through as I should think most people will who begin it. It is most interesting: and has that merit, very rare with plays.

There is so much action and the characters are so numerous that they scarce have elbow-room for their passions. Amy is seduced, Marion converted, and Percy dead and detected: at Greenwich Fair pace — not quicker than Lady Ann's Courtship in Richard III <sup>114</sup> but too quick for my taste who would have a great deal more time spent over these transactions — Some years hence I think you might work this play out into a very good novel. I say years hence when you are older and a little calmer than now. But I'm sure its most interesting meanwhile, and more for people than for critics — I mean certain roughnesses and grandiloquences w<sup>h</sup> must strike the latter, would very likely please the former for the authors purpose and pluck are unmistakeable though his thoughts are somewhat too loudly uttered to my mind.

I like the miser and his son a benjonsonian pair out of the old drama: and I dont like the comic servants — and Percy must not say Ventrebieu sacristi &c as a high-bred aristocrat, and I think there are very sweet touches of pathos here and there. And I think as you see the world you'll change your views. Be sure there are not more rascals among the nobility than in any other class: and how do you reward your middle-class hero? you marry him to a fine lady with 400 000*l*. You own rank & power are good, you see, by endowing your hero with them — and you make him eminent by writing a poem. Why, one has as good a right to be angry

<sup>113</sup> See above, No. 833.

— <sup>114</sup> Act I, scene ii.

with a man for writing a good poem, as for having a good estate. — but this is a long story and I cant go into the argument. I dont like the scene in w<sup>h</sup> Arthur Grey bullies the swell at the soirée — and you wont when you are older.

But I have had a great deal of pleasure in reading your play and return it with every wish for its authors success.

Will you send for your book, or like to trust it to the Parcels Delivery?

869.

TO EYRE CROWE  
SEPTEMBER 1852 <sup>115</sup>

*Address:* Eyre Crowe Esq<sup>e</sup>, J<sup>r</sup> | Devonshire Place | Hampstead. *Postmark:* 1852. Hitherto unpublished.

Sunday.

My dear Eyre

I hope your resignation was not sent in under the idea that as I did not write to you I might be thinking of dropping you. But you know I never write if I can help it or unless I want something, and so having nothing for the nonce w<sup>h</sup> you could do for me I left you alone to enjoy your holyday at Bronywendon.

Now in this matter I can't of course decide for you. If to be near your dear mother is such a duty with you that you think you should fulfil it — amen in God's name I mustn't ask you for my sake to break through such a sacred obligation. And there is this to be said that with this grief hanging over your mind always, you'd make but a melancholy journey.

As for me: though I dont think you'd make the best and cutest Secretary that a man could find anywhere: yet to me you would be valuable as you know from old affection and entire confidence w<sup>h</sup> I couldn't give to a stranger who might be a hundred times more spry than you. And there are very few to whom I could have the face to dictate as I could to you — I don't know such a person at

<sup>115</sup> This letter was written shortly before September 21, when Crowe had definitely made up his mind to accompany Thackeray to America. See below, No. 872.



all except, my dear Nanny: — and then consider your powers of silence. These are invaluable.

But you must suit your own conscience & inclination — Think over the business once more & let us have the issue — If you thought anything of my not writing — indeed it was but hatred of penmanship (and how the deuce shall I get on without an amanuensis?) and because I thought the matter was settled between us. It's still open, and you must be the judge, and believe me always afftly your friend

W M Thackeray

870.

TO MRS. FANSHAWE  
19 SEPTEMBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

Kensington. Sep<sup>r</sup> 19

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Fanshawe. If I dont write you a word of news I ought at least to write about the House — You can come whenever you like and welcome: I can keep my room and there are plenty for you and I leave an Ousemaid who is a good willing Girl and suffers awfully I'm sure from the loneliness and the having nothing to do. I am going a lecturing soon and at the end of next month to America and O how I wish I was back again with my dear little women —

Yours always afftly  
W M Thack.

Are you at Nursting? You never *will* date your letters.

871.

TO ANNE THACKERAY

21 SEPTEMBER 1852

*Address:* Miss Thackeray | care of Major C. Smyth. | 19 Rue d'Angoulême.  
*Fbg St Honore* | Paris. *Readdressed to:* Mennecy Sine & Oise. *Postmarks:*  
 21 SP 1852, PARIS 23 SEPT. 52, MENNECY 24 SEPT. 1852. Hitherto  
 unpublished.

Sep<sup>r</sup> 21.

If I do not write to my dearest Nanny now you'll be imagining all sorts of ill — and nothing has happened except that I am always very dull and mopish and uncomfortable without my children. But we can't have all we want in life: its my clear duty to go fetch this money w<sup>h</sup> is waiting for me; and your's my darlings to work your *very* best whilst I'm away. Mind this Nan and dont be lazy Dont fancy because your dancing-mistress we will say maynt know some things better than you, therefore she can't dance — Learn dancing or whatever it may be with all your heart & soul: and play me some good music when I see you again. Ah its dreary being without you but what of that? The months will pass over, and the duty will be done.

You'll see the Elliots Perrys and all at Paris when you arrive — they left this morning and my heart went with them to my dearest girls. You'll be better able to keep house for your father than Flora will — or your father better able to live with you — knowing you better, than poor Perry <sup>116</sup> can know his daughters — for men haven't time to make acquaintances by letter and I always used to tremble lest my children shouldn't suit me when I shouldn't have been intimate with them to the end of my days. Thank God you do suit me — meanwhile as you are not here I look rather wistfully at other fellows who have children: and walked and bought toys for A. Montgomery's girls the other day; and on Sunday with Peter Cunningham's daughters a pretty little pair & so on — As

<sup>116</sup> Sir Thomas Erskine Perry (1806–1882), second son of James Perry and brother of Mrs. Elliot and of Kate Perry, who had given up his Indian judgeship and returned to England earlier in 1852.

for little Magdalene Brookfield she really grows prettier & prettier and is the most fascinating little creature i's ever looked on.

I have no news. I have just recovered from a fine panic my 3<sup>d</sup> volume was lost at the Publishers — What on earth was I to do? Thinks I that will keep me 6 weeks more at home and that will enable me to have the children — But the missing volume cast up again an hour ago and so I shall not see my darlings. I have been ailing rather for 10 days since I came back from Brighton: and wonder I have been a teetotaller all that time. But I doubt whether I am right. I am sure I have been wrong in drinking too much and keeping too late hours: let us try and mend these evils.

Eyre Crowe had declared off at one time doubting his capacity to be of service to me: nor is he near so serviceable as an agent as James would have been: but pleasant as a companion, and always agreeable gentlemanlike and trustworthy. He & Jo keep house at Hampstead dismally together — poor affectionate Eyre flying away from my dismal house to his brother very naturally — Eugenie is going to have another baby: and Lady Airlie is coming to London presently for the same event. I am going to Alderly after lecturing at Manchester & Liverpool next week, Lady Stanley good-naturedly asked Eyre too: but he would be bored and so a bore and I shan't bring him. There's a letter for Granny from M<sup>rs</sup> Scott, and one for you: that I ought to send — I wonder whether they are worth the three shillings. And ask G P with my love shall I send him a cheque, or pay into his acct at Lubbocks? And tell my dearest Mother, that I of all people have a right to speak to you on religious subjects: that I must tell you the truth as I believe it in opposition to what I consider to be erroneous: and that when I was going to die as I thought I was one night when I had my illness, I was as easy in mind and as trustful of God and as confident in his wisdom & mercy, as S<sup>t</sup> Augustin or S<sup>t</sup> Theresa or Lady Huntingdon or the Rev<sup>d</sup> Cesar Malan <sup>117</sup> I mean any Church man high or low — and so no more about it.

<sup>117</sup> The Rev. César Jean Salomon Malan (1812–1894), linguist, biblical scholar, and opponent of the "Higher Criticism." He held the living of Broadwindsor in Dorset from 1845 to 1885.

God bless my darlings and all who love them prays ever your  
Affectionate Father.

14 Sep<sup>r</sup> is 12 years since your mothers illness was declared.

872. TO THE REV. ALEXANDER SCOTT  
21 SEPTEMBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

13 Young St Kensington  
Sept 21.

My dear Scott.

The friendly thing to do will be to come & dine with me at the Queens Hotel Manchester on Tuesday 27<sup>th</sup> <sup>118</sup> at 5 o'clock say: and go down thence to the speaking Stump — I am always in a panic at each succeeding representation, even with a book before me. I daresay you have heard how lamentably I broke down at that Free Library meeting <sup>119</sup> the first platform I had ever stood on —

How are you & D<sup>r</sup> Vaughan? He came to my rescue very good-naturedly on occasion of my downfall, and I should like to ask him to dinner too if you & he are friends — But who knows what feuds they're may or mayn't be in a country town? Wednesday I go to Lpool Thursday back to Mchester again Friday Lpool Saturday to Alderley to Lord Stanley — till Monday

I think I shall bring with me a young friend of mine, the son of M<sup>r</sup> Crowe the late Editor of the Daily News who will go with me to America as amanuensis &c — so I can't accept invitations except to dinner w<sup>h</sup> I shall be very glad if you & M<sup>rs</sup> Scott will

<sup>118</sup> September 27 fell on a Monday in 1852. Eyre Crowe (*With Thackeray in America*, p. 9) gives the following schedule for Thackeray's lectures in the Midlands:

MANCHESTER		LIVERPOOL	
<i>Tuesdays</i>	<i>Thursdays</i>	<i>Wednesdays</i>	<i>Fridays</i>
28th Sept.	30th Sept.	29th Sept.	1st Oct.
5th Oct.	7th Oct.	6th Oct.	8th "
12th "	14th "	13th "	15th " .

<sup>119</sup> See above, No. 867.

give me. I have sent her letter but only just now I own to my Mother. I have no resource but the Post now, my Whig friends being out of the Embassy at Paris. My children are at Mennecy with my Mother. I shant see them again before my departure: & have been dawdling through the past 2 months as miserably as may be alone in this dismal Kensington.

I should have written when I came to Mchester but for the oratoric break down, w<sup>h</sup> made me so ashamed of myself that I was glad to run away as quick as I could. I send my best regards to M<sup>rs</sup> Scott and am Yours dear Scott

Sincerely always

W M Thackeray.

873. TO LADY ELIZABETH THACKERAY

SEPTEMBER 1852 <sup>120</sup>

*Address:* The Lady Elizabeth Thackeray — | 4 Devonshire Terrace | Hyde Park Gardens. *Postmark:* illegible. Hitherto unpublished.

My dear Lady Elizabeth

I am going out of town tomorrow if I am well enough and next week with my show to Mchester & Liverpool: so that I very much fear I cant dine with you until I come back from America — How I wish that day was come and I and my young ones were once more together! — With best regards to your's, & the General Believe me

Yours always

W M Thackeray

<sup>120</sup> Thackeray's lectures in Manchester and Liverpool began on Tuesday, September 28. This letter was written during the previous week.

874. FROM MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH  
TO THACKERAY  
26 SEPTEMBER 1852-20 JANUARY 1853

Hitherto unpublished.

Menecy Sunday

My dearest old Man, 15 is not subject to much anxiety but 60 is & I beg you to give a word in addition to y<sup>r</sup> melancholy letter of last week <sup>121</sup> to say that the teetotalism has been good & that you are in good trim for Manchester — M<sup>rs</sup> Scotts letter was full of kind things about you & how happy they w<sup>d</sup> be to see you in their little home for as long as you w<sup>d</sup> find it convenient — only she felt that you ought to have a more distinguished reception &c — Her sisters are living at a pleasant farm house at Alderley where it seems you are going & I shall be heartily glad when you are away f<sup>rm</sup> Kensington —

And now to come to the painful difference that alas! & alas is come between us — If the dear children were not with me, I would shut it up & only refer to it in my prayers — but they are here, they are under my teaching & that teaching must be f<sup>rm</sup> what I believe it to be the “word of GOD” — I must dwell upon every passage that more particularly assures the believer of the promises made to him — As for instance in our reading yesterday we left off at the 36<sup>th</sup> v. of 10 c of John, & at the 35<sup>th</sup> v: I said “remember children & write it in y<sup>r</sup> hearts & may God keep it there — that it is the word of God & that “the Scripture cannot be broken” — it is our Lord himself who speaks” <sup>122</sup> — My conscience says I can do no other, but it also says you are condemning their Father, & it is an infinite pain to me — It seems to me that the difference between us is just this, you put them to sea without a compass & pointing to a star, tell them they are to keep it before them & that

<sup>121</sup> Thackeray's letter to Annie of Tuesday, September 21.

<sup>122</sup> “Jesus answered them, Is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are gods? If he called them gods, unto whom the word of God came, and the scripture cannot be broken . . .” (*St. John*, 10, 34-35).

they will arrive at it — however I am not going into the subject — My honest purpose is to show you that I cannot have them with me, without teaching them, that “all Scripture is given by inspiration fr<sup>m</sup> GOD, & that as “children they must know the Holy Scriptures, that “are able to make them wise unto salvation” <sup>123</sup> — I would rather take St Paul’s authority in this last quotation than anything you or any Man can say — the conflict is a very severe one between the two duties — not fr<sup>m</sup> a moments doubt in my own mind, but fr<sup>m</sup> the great pain of implying to them ever that you are wrong — The work will not be mine if they are brought to recognise the truth of God’s word — poor Nanny’s is a stiff heart of unbelief, & it came upon me like a thunderbolt when I heard her declare that she “did not care for the old Testament & considered the New only historical” — it was tremendous to hear such words, & my only consolation is that she can give no reason for her unbelief, —

I dont think you would place them with any one who would encourage infidelity, but I am perplexed as to whether I sh<sup>d</sup> retain my charge & submit to the pain or whether they should be placed in y<sup>r</sup> absence under any other care that you may select — but beside every idea of gratification — there is a higher duty to be fulfilled, & I desire to do it in the best way. We go to Paris on Wednesday, & before we make arrangements for the winter, it will be better to decide upon this — & [so may] we have right judgment & my dearest old Man find the comfort in his children w<sup>h</sup> he has been deprived of in their Mother — GP. thinks I do right in sending you this

Y<sup>r</sup> Ever affect<sup>e</sup> old Mother

Jan<sup>ry</sup> 20<sup>th</sup>

It is 4 months since this was written & you may find some assurance of the children’s faith in you when I tell you that they w<sup>d</sup> think it a crime to think otherwise than as you have told them — & so firmly am I convinced that *I can* do nothing, that I have ceased for some time to read the Scriptures with them, they taking them

<sup>123</sup> “And that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus” (II Timothy, 3, 15).

as the word of Man & upon Man's word called to believe the most stupendous of mysteries, *I firmly* believing them to be the word of GOD, read with so different a spirit that nothing good could arise from the communion. I have begged them to read the Bible daily

875.

TO LADY STANLEY

29 SEPTEMBER 1852 <sup>124</sup>

Hitherto unpublished.

85 Renshaw St<sup>t</sup> Liverpool.

My dear Lady Stanley

It was very kind of you to ask the Secretary and now I am quite vexed at being obliged to write, and say the Secretary's Employer is so unwell, that neither can come to Alderley. I was kept to my bed the greater part of last week in London, and hoped to be better and was but the travelling and movement has made me worse again and I'm now unfit for any house or lodging but my own and to do any thing but lie on a sofa and grin at my fate and bear it. Young Crowe is a great comfort to me in these straits and without him I think I should have gone from the bed to the bed-post and hung myself. This expedition to Mchester & Liverpool is an ignominious failure — no not ignominious for the people who come are evidently delighted with the lectures but then there are so very few who do come — not above 200 and the Philharmonic Hall at Liverpool the most beautiful room I've seen is made for 2500 so that the little audience shudders in the middle and the lecturer stands in a vast empty orchestra where there is a place for 150 musicians. It is like a dinner for 20, and 3 people to eat it. They go away and say unto each other what a good dinner & so forth but I dont think they'll have the courage to come again Who would like to be one of 6 in a theatre with a good actor performing? A good *douche* for a man's vanity. Let him who doth not think small

<sup>124</sup> Written just after Thackeray's first lecture in Liverpool on September 29. See Crowe's *With Thackeray in America*, pp. 9-10.



beer of himself think small beer of himself henceforth. And the worst of it is I can't go to see the places, port, factories & so forth being pretty well laid up — but this enables me too to decline civic hospitalities w<sup>h</sup> is a comfort: though I was amused by a man at Manchester, who was telling me his soon ad joost been ordained and preached his first sermon. And John was at a good place at Clewer and Lord Dirby came to ear him every Soonda' — So you see the boy had only preached once and here was his father building air-palaces for him in the midst of visionary sees.

There is a Boston boat sails on the 30 October and I think that will be the Steamer will carry Titmarsh and his Lectures. If I see anything characteristical I'll perhaps write it to you if I may. And you mustn't think I am telling you anything but the downright truth about the cause of my staying away I wish with all my heart I were well and could come.

Yours always dear Lady Stanley

W M Thackeray

876.

TO LADY STANLEY  
30 SEPTEMBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

D<sup>r</sup> Bell's Manchester.  
Thursday.

My dear Lady Stanley.

I am no longer so invalid as I was and if me and my sec: may come on Saturday and Sunday we shall be very glad indeed of being your guests and I very sorry indeed to shake hands and say Farewell before my departure for Yankee land.

Kind friends have already sent me over a furious attack on me in a New York Paper <sup>125</sup> only think! I am called a Cockney Snob. Was there ever such language?

<sup>125</sup> The paragraphs to which Thackeray refers appeared in James Gordon Bennett's *New York Herald* on September 18, 1852. They are given in facsimile on the opposite page.

ANOTHER COCKNEY CHARACTER COMING OVER — We are informed, with a great flourish, by some of the journals of this city, that we are on the eve of being honored with the society of another distinguished stranger. The newspapers, the *litterateurs*, the ballad writers, and all the *gens d'esprit* of this metropolis, who are ever ready to abnegate their own pretensions to wit, literature, originality, or common sense, by the toadyism which they exhibit to every foreign celebrity, are on this occasion also making great fuss and manifesting considerable nervous excitement for the advent of the new comer, who is neither less nor more than Mr. Thackeray, author of *Pendennis*, and "the natural history of Lores." With respect to the latter work, we may say, *en passant*, that it will not be complete until its author has sketched and added to it the "Jecunes Plush" characteristics of those self same literary toadies. Mr. Thackeray, we understand, comes in the train of Mr. Abbott Lawrence, and it is said he has been engaged to deliver a series of lectures before the Mercantile Library Association of this city. Several other similar old womanish societies throughout the States, are also prepared to solicit him to lecture in their respective cities and towns. Thus puffs are heaped on puffs to swell the importance and magnify the literary accomplishments of this cockney author, who no doubt will chuckle in his sleeve at the adulations paid by a set of nincompoops to genius such as his.

It is very strange that certain people on this side of the Atlantic are so ready on all occasions to depreciate native talent, by paying mean flattery to any kind of clap-trap humbug that comes to them with the stamp of the Old World upon it. Mr. Thackeray is an amusing, comical, cockney writer. A literary snob himself, he felt quite competent to write the history of snobs in general. But into any of the higher regions of literature he has never ventured, confining himself solely to such writings as grace the classic columns of the *Pick*. There might be some excuse for our giving flattering receptions to such writers as Macaulay, Bulwer, Dickens, or even James, of the "solitary horseman" school; but as for *fixing* Thackeray, it is just about as ridiculous as if the authors of that hoax dived down into the oyster cellars frequented by our musical critics, and seized upon one of that confraternity to be the subject of their buzzes and congratulations.

THACKERAY'S WELCOME TO THE UNITED STATES

From "The New York Herald," September 18, 1852



THACKERAY IN OCTOBER, 1852

*From a sketch by Samuel Laurence*

Liverpool is beginning to be much fonder of literature: and the people multiply very handsomely at the lectures. But one of [the] newspapers says that I don't bow low enough and that my manners have not the refined elegance of whom do you think? — Well, of Albert Smith. I shall send him the paper and I am yours always dear Lady Stanley

W M Thackeray.

P.S. I have given up Teatotalism so please on Saturday &c &c.

877.

TO SAMUEL LAURENCE <sup>126</sup>

OCTOBER 1852?

Hitherto unpublished.



I hereby appoint Samivel Laurence Esquire, my Portrait-painter in Ordinary, & forbid all Hartists to attempt to paint my Mug save and excepting the said Samivel & the undersigned

Thackeray.

But (P S) I've not heard a word about the project to w<sup>h</sup> you allude.

<sup>126</sup> Thackeray appears to have met Samuel Laurence (1812-1884), the portrait painter, through their common friend James Spedding. He helped the artist to many commissions — Lord and Lady Ashburton, the Pollocks, and Henry Cole, among others —, and he was himself Laurence's most challenging subject. The best known of Laurence's several portraits of Thackeray is the crayon drawing commissioned by George Smith (see below, No. 883), possibly the project to which he has alluded.

878.

TO SAMUEL LAURENCE  
OCTOBER 1852?

Hitherto unpublished.

My dear Laurence

This <sup>127</sup> has just come in and I should recommend your worship to go by the 1 o'clock train on *Friday* to the Grange. I shall come from Botley early on that or the following morning: and shall now go off to Hants, and have my holyday instead of showing myself in the fog in your painting room

Yours ever

W M T.

They'll send a carriage to Andover Road.

879.

TO DR. JOHN BROWN  
6 OCTOBER 1852

My text is taken from *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, pp. 320-321, where the date is also given.

85, Renshaw Street, Liverpool.  
Wednesday.

My dear Brown, — Your constant kindness deserves not mere good-will on my part, for that you have, but better marks of friendship than my laziness is inclined to show. My time is drawing near for the *ingens aequor*; <sup>128</sup> I have taken places for self and Crowe Jr. by the *Canada*, which departs on the 30th. of this month, a Saturday, and all you who pray for travellers by land and water <sup>129</sup> (if you do pray in your Scotch church) are entreated to offer up supplications for me. I don't like going at all, have dismal pre-

<sup>127</sup> Thackeray's letter is written overleaf from a note from Lady Ashburton asking him to bring Laurence to the Grange so that she may sit to him.

<sup>128</sup> Horace, *Odes*, I, vii, 32.

<sup>129</sup> "That it may please thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water" (The Litany, *Book of Common Prayer*).

sentiments sometimes, but the right thing is to go; and the pleasant one will be to come back again, with a little money for those young ladies. I hope to send you "Esmond" before I sail; if not it will follow me as a legacy. I doubt whether it will be popular although it has cost me so much trouble, but it has been written as you know with a weight of griefs and cares on my back, which diminish daily, however, and now are all but cured. That's to say the wound's healed but the weakness is not over quite; a little change of air and scene will end that, and who knows when I come back I may tell you I'm in love with somebody else, and have begun Act I. of another tragedy or farce, which is it? . . .

I wish this place were like Edinburgh; but I get only a small audience, say 300, in a hall capable of holding 3000 at least, and all the papers will cry out at the smallness of the attendance. At Manchester the audience isn't greater but looks greater for the room is small. And though pecuniarily the affair is a failure it is not so really. I air my reputation and the people who come seem to like what they hear hugely.

Have I written to you since I came from abroad? It was a dreary, lonely journey. My mother wanted the children so much that I gave them up, nor was it possible that we could travel together, and the girls have two powers over them. So I had a dismal holiday alone, in place of a pleasant one with them. . .

Carlyle is away in Germany looking after *Frederick the Great*. I don't know what Literature is about. I heard Jas. Martineau (the Unitarian)<sup>130</sup> on Sunday and was struck with his lofty devotional spirit, and afterwards an old schoolfellow on the Evangelical dodge. Ah what rubbish!

And so is this which I'm writing. I think it's partly owing to an uncomfortable pen, but with bad pen or good I am always yours and your wife's sincerely, W. M. T.

Let me have another line here if you have time; the last was but a lazy scrap.

<sup>130</sup> James Martineau (1805-1900) was Pastor of Paradise Street Chapel in Liverpool from 1832 to 1848, and of Hope Street Church, Liverpool, 1849 to 1857.

880.

TO WILLARD L. FELT

14 OCTOBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished. Original in the hand of Eyre Crowe.

85. Renshaw St Liverpool

October 14<sup>th</sup> 1852.

Dear Sir

I reply to your letter of the 25<sup>th</sup> of September & regret sincerely that it is not now in my power to make New York my first lecturing place, as your Association would wish.

I have no copy of my letter of the 21<sup>st</sup> August; but on referring to that of the 21<sup>st</sup> of May, I perceive, that I specially reserve to myself the right of reading my Lectures to other Societies; & indeed never supposed for a moment, that my first appearance at this place or that, could be an object of any importance to my hearers across the Atlantic. I have been detained in England, seeing a book through the press & thought it likely that I should not be able to quit home till the period fixed for going to New-York. My work has advanced more quickly than I supposed & a fortnight since I wrote to a friend at Boston saying that I should be enabled to leave England on the 30<sup>th</sup> inst. by the Canada; & having engaged with you for December, should have about three weeks on my hands w<sup>h</sup> had best be spent at Boston: & I empowered them to make arrangements, w<sup>h</sup> he would think fit & by w<sup>h</sup> I would abide on my arrival. I assure you that the idea never once entered my mind that my first appearance at New-York or any other place was a matter of the least moment to any one. And had I not pre-engaged myself to my friend M<sup>r</sup> Fields,<sup>131</sup> at Boston, I would most willingly have complied with the wish of your Association. M<sup>r</sup> Lawrence never, to the best of my memory, mentioned to me your desire regarding this first appearance. And, on my word I never gave it a thought until now, when I am sorry to receive any request from your Society w<sup>h</sup> I c<sup>an</sup>t comply with. May I ask the favor of a line ad-

<sup>131</sup> See *Memoranda*.

dressed to me, care of Mess<sup>rs</sup> Ticknor & Fields, Boston; & beg you to believe that I am

very faithfully yours  
W. M. Thackeray.

To Millard L S Felt Esq<sup>re</sup>  
&c, &c,

881.

TO ANNE THACKERAY

OCTOBER 1852 <sup>132</sup>

*Address:* Miss Thackeray | with Major Carmichael-Smyth. | Mennecy | Seine-et-Oise. | France. Hitherto unpublished.

My dearest Nannykin. I must and will go to America not because I like it, but because it is right I should secure some money against my death for your poor mother and you 2 girls — And I think if I have luck I may secure nearly a third of the sum that I think I ought to have behind me by a six month's tour in the States. And you children during that time must consider yourselves as at College; and work work with all your heart. You'll never have such another opportunity; when I come back please God your studies will be interrupted as I shall want a secretary — So now please to learn French very well and to play the piano if you can. It will be a comfort to me in future days: when we shall be in some quieter place and manner of life than here in London and I shall like my women to make music for me —

I should read all the books that Granny wishes, if I were you: and you must come to your own deductions about them as every honest man and woman must and does. When I was of your age I was accustomed to hear and read a great deal of the Evangelical (so called) doctrine and got an extreme distaste <sup>133</sup> for that sort of composition — for Newton,<sup>134</sup> for Scott, for the preachers I heard

<sup>132</sup> Written shortly before Thackeray's letter of October 14-18.

<sup>133</sup> Thackeray has crossed out *and contempt*.

<sup>134</sup> John Newton (1725-1807), the Evangelical minister and friend of Cowper; Thomas Scott (1747-1821), an Evangelical minister and scholar, best known for his annotated edition of the Bible (1788-1792).



& the prayer-meetings I attended. I have not looked into a half dozen books of the French modern reformed churchmen: but those I have seen are odious to me. Daubigne <sup>135</sup> I believe is the best man of the modern French Reformers: and a worse guide to historical truth (for one who has a reputation) I dont know — if M. Gossaint argues that because Our Lord quotes the Hebrew Scriptures therefore the Scriptures are of direct divine composition: you may make yourself quite easy; and the works of a reasoner who would maintain an argument so monstrous need not I should think occupy a great portion of your time. Our Lord not only quoted the Hebrew writings (drawing illustrations from everything familiar to the people among whom He taught, from their books poetic and historic, from the landscape round about, from the flowers the children the beautiful works of God) but he contradicted the Old Scriptures flatly; told the people that he brought them a new commandment — and that new commandment was not a complement but a contradiction of the Old — a repeal of a bad unjust law on their Statute books w<sup>h</sup> he would suffer to remain there no more. It has been said an eye for an eye <sup>136</sup> &c But *I* say to you no such thing *Love* your enemies &c It could not have been right to hate your enemies on Tuesday and to love them on Wednesday. What is right must always have been right: before it was practised as well as after. And if such and such a Commandment delivered by Moses was wrong — depend on it, it was not delivered by God: and the whole question of complete inspiration goes at once.

And the misfortune of dogmatic belief is that the first principle granted that the Book called the Bible is written under the direct dictation of God for instance — that the Catholic Church is under the direct dictation of God and solely communicates with him — that Quashimaboo is the direct appointed priest of God & so forth — pain, cruelty, persecution, separation of dear relatives, follow as a matter of course. What person possessing the secret of Divine

<sup>135</sup> Jean Henri Merle d'Aubigné (1794–1872), for a time Pastor of the French Protestant Church in Hamburg, whose *Histoire de la Réformation au XVI<sup>e</sup> siècle* was published in 1835.

<sup>136</sup> *Exodus*, 21, 24; Christ's words occur many times in the New Testament.

Truth by w<sup>h</sup> she or he is assured of Heaven and w<sup>h</sup> idea she or he worships as if it was God, but must pass nights of tears and days of grief and lamentation if persons naturally dear cannot be got to see this necessary truth? Smith's truth being established in Smiths mind as the Divine one, persecution follows as a matter of course — Martyrs have roasted all over Europe — all over Gods world — upon this dogma — Granted that you possess the real truth; it is just that you extirpate heretics, and lies that might poison the minds of yet unborn generations: and you have as good a right to hang a man for breaking the law and doubting the 39 Articles the Romish religion the Turkish or any you like, as you have to destroy him for any other public treason. A man who steals my purse steals trash,<sup>137</sup> but a man who takes away from my children their Koran, their Jewel, their trust in Mahomet the Prophet takes what is infinitely more precious, their faith and their chances of Paradise hereafter — away with him — impale him Allah il Ullah and Mahomet is the Prophet of God — Did you hear the Chapter of the Sunday before last about Jehu murdering the Priests of Baal? <sup>138</sup> The Lord says Cut away Jehu, the Lord says Murder them Jehu Smite smash run them through the body Kill 'em old and young — Do you believe the Lord directly gave any such orders: or that a chief of an Eastern race, devout, alone, worshipping one God, and finding his people perverted by idolators his neighbours determined to make an end of his enemy by slaughtering the priests who led them. The Lord ordered Robespierre to set the guillotine up a Jehu Napoleon to slaughter the people before S<sup>t</sup> Roch just in the same way — And you may read the Hebrew scriptures rationally or literally as you like. To my mind Scripture only means a writing and Bible means a Book. It contains Divine Truths: and the history of a Divine Character: but imperfect but not containing a thousandth part of Him — and it would be an untruth before God were I to hide my feelings from my dearest children: as it would be a sin, if having other opinions and believing literally in the Mosaic writings, in the 6 days cosmogony, in the serpent and apple

<sup>137</sup> *Othello*, III, iii, 157.

<sup>138</sup> See *II Kings*, II, 17–20, and *II Chronicles*, 23, 16–21.

and consequent damnation of the human race, I should hide them; and not try to make those I loved best adopt opinions of such immense importance to them. And so God bless my darlings and teach us the Truth. Every one of us in every fact, book, circumstance of life sees a different meaning & moral and so it must be about religion. But we can all love each other and say Our Father.<sup>139</sup>

## 882. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

14-18 OCTOBER 1852

*Address:* Miss Thackerays | chez Major Carmichael Smyth | 19 Rue d'Angoulême St Honoré | Paris. *Postmark:* OC 18 1852. Hitherto unpublished.

Manchester, Liverpool, Alderley, Kensington  
Covent Garden. Monday

My dearest women. Will you believe I had been so busy since last Saturday that I've not had time to write you a letter? It has actually been so: though there's half a one written and lying at Liverpool now: and I am writing this at the Station having missed the quick train, and not sorry to have half an hour to myself and my dearest girls. I have just said good bye to Manchester, and stopped this morning to hear M<sup>r</sup> Scott address his college of w<sup>h</sup> he is Principal <sup>140</sup> — a gentleman a M<sup>r</sup> Owen left 100000£ to found an institution for educating his townsfolks and Scott is the first head of the college: and a very noble speech I thought he made to his boys and young men — and I wished I was a boy myself that I might learn something: but I am too old a boy to learn much now I fear. You two must try & do so — and when you are at work work with all your heart and don't play with learning remember you have to earn your own bread some day should Fate put an end

<sup>139</sup> With this letter should be compared that of August 2, 1845, which contains the gist of a chapter on the Old and New Testament omitted from *Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*, at Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth's request.

<sup>140</sup> From 1851 to 1857 Scott was first Principal of Owens College, an institution founded by John Owens (d. 1851), a Manchester merchant.

to my powers of working — and who knows what may happen? Before going on this journey I feel very grave, and commend myself and my darlings to Gods good protection I long to see you as I write — but it's best not. To stay a week and think of parting every day would only be more pain than absence — Work as my women with all your hearts and do your duty and love your Granny and GP and your old Father.

I have not made a fortune at Manchester, and when all expenses &c are paid will scarcely have 100£ out of the 2 places: but that will help a little and 40 or 50 such helps would make a good heap. and please God I shall be able to make a few such — I dined with the Scotts yesterday — Didn't I tell you what a great girl Susy <sup>141</sup> has grown and Johnny is greater than ever for his age: and I have been staying these last 2 days here with Mr Reid <sup>142</sup> who was an officer on board the Prince Regent and brought me to my Aunt Ritchie from the ship — a kind old affectionate gentleman with the curiousest love of children, and faithful memory of old times. We went to the Dean's <sup>143</sup> to tea, a good old Dean too who knew my family and has been delighted with my sermons and talked till all sorts of hours this morning about old days — On Sunday & Saturday Eyre & I were at Alderley where the children sent you very kind remembrances, & we go there again for one night tomorrow after taking leave of Liverpool — I have an admirer there with a wife & sister likewise disciples, and they pushed their enthusiasm so far as to come to Manchester last night, so they will have 2 adieus. It is a great bore going to tea & supper parties after the lectures but people put themselves out of their way for me very kindly and I must do the same for them — That article in the Guardian was written by W. Scott — there's one of Lpool papers

<sup>141</sup> Susan F. Scott and John Alexander Scott (1846–1894).

<sup>142</sup> I have not been able to identify Mr. Reid, but *The Times* of June 18, 1817, records the arrival of the ship that brought Thackeray to England: "PENZANCE . . . The ships *Regent*, *Fort William*, and *Lord Keith*, arrived off Weymouth the 15th instant, sailed from St. Helena the 19th April last. The *Regent* and *Fort William* left China the 25th January."

<sup>143</sup> Dr. George Hull Bowers (1794–1872), Dean of Manchester from 1847 to 1872.

that says my manners are not good and prefers Albert Smith's elegance — So you see how tastes differ and ding ding ding there goes the bell! — God bless my women I think & pray day & night and all day.

Four more days gone, and again this is the very first minute for writing. I have been to Alderley for a day since: said adieu to Liverpool and had plenty of audience came to London by the night mail train and arrived at poor dreary old Kensington yesterday Sunday morning. And all to day has been busy till now. I found at home my women's letters and my dearest old Mothers postscript I am glad to have such good accounts of you all, and have just sent off positively the last sentence of Esmond dedication: and if I had had 3 hours more on Saturday I would have been off by that boat I think, so beautiful the weather is and so tempting the Sunshine.

I hope I'll send you over Esmond next week — Please G. P draw on me for 100 £ I will tell Lubbock to honour the bill — and God bless my children and kiss everybody all round for the sake of Son & father.

W M T.

Now I am going to work for 3 hours and reread Vanity Fair for a cheap edition.

883.

TO EDWARD FITZGERALD

27 OCTOBER 1852

Published in part, *Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald*, II, 8-9.

October 27.

My dearest old friend

I mustn't go away without shaking your hand and saying Farewell and God bless you — If anything happens to me you by these presents must get ready the Book of Ballads w<sup>h</sup> you like and w<sup>h</sup> I had not time to prepare before embarking on this voyage. And I should like my daughters to remember that you are the best and -oldest friend their Father ever had; and that you would act as

such: as my literary executor and so forth — My books would yield a something as copyright — and should anything occur I have commissioned friends in good place to get a pension for my poor little wife — I should have insured my life but for my complaint (a stricture) w<sup>h</sup> I am told increases the annual payment so much that it is not worth the premium. Does not this read gloomily? — Well, who knows what Fate is in store; and I feel not at all downcast but very grave and solemn just on the brink of a great voyage —

I shall send you a copy of Esmond tomorrow or so w<sup>h</sup> you shall yawn over when you are inclined — But the great comfort I have in thinking about my dear old boy is that recollection of our youth when we loved each other as I do now while I write Farewell.

Lawrence has done a capital head of me ordered by Smith the Publisher and I have ordered a copy & Lord Ashburton another — If Smith gives me this one: I shall send the copy to you — I care for you as you know and always like to think that I am fondly & affectionately yours

W M T.

I sail from Lpool on Saturday M<sup>g</sup> by the Canada for Boston.

884.

TO LADY POLLOCK

27 OCTOBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

October 27.

My dear Lady Pollock

I wish I could come to Hatton to shake some kind hands there: but all my business is as usual put off to the last and I have but one more day, and then Liverpool, and then on Saturday the Canada, and then for a day or two the Steward & the basin, and then let us hope calm weather & Boston. I wish as I look back that the world had not grown so big for me so that I might have seen my friends oftener but my circle has got to be so large that those I

like come round but seldom. Will you get ready another marriage against the Summer and let me drink the bride's health? I wish it were summer, and I were back again. This peripatetic lecturing doesn't at all suit me, and it's only for the money's sake that I pursue it. But it is more profitable than book-writing and serves even to aid that — let us hope I shall bring back something amusing from America — my book just out is as dreary and dull as if it were true: the Author was not very cheerful when he wrote it. I wouldn't send it to you, but I have nothing better, and I send it (to Queen Square) with my best regards to many kind and dear friends there with whom I shake hands with a very melancholy heart. Believe me yours and the Chief Barons gratefully and sincerely

W M Thackeray.

Next Sunday.

For all travellers by water: — for all sick persons &c.<sup>144</sup>

885.

TO MISS TRULOCK

27<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

My dear Miss Trulock

I mustn't go away without sending you a word of Farewell and God bless you — I would have come but that parting is always most irksome to me — So I shake you here gratefully by the hand and hope to see you before many months are over when the girls will be a little richer and their Father a great deal happier than now. I hear the very best accounts of them — It did my heart good to hear from the young Perrys how fondly they spoke about home and how happy they were at Paris — Will you go and see poor Eliza sometimes? all alone in that dreary Young St<sup>a</sup> a well known face will comfort her — I left other sad ones yesterday when I came away.

I hope Eyre Crowe will bring back your purse loaded with

<sup>144</sup> See above, No. 879.

money: and that I shall read many a comedy out of your Shakespeare — I intended to travel with it but have set off without a single book at all: and must write 'em if I would read them — How I wish I was back with a couple of what? — of volumes or thousand pounds or both?

Good bye my dear M<sup>rs</sup> Trulock and believe me

Always gratefully yours

W M Thackeray.

886.

TO MARY HOLMES

29 OCTOBER 1852

*Address:* Miss Holmes | 2 Rue St Jean. | Boulogne sur Mer. *Postmarks:* LIVERPOOL OC 30 1852, 2 NOV. 52 BOULOGNE. Hitherto unpublished.

Liverpool. October 29. 1852.

My dear Miss Holmes.

You should have had the promised letter before this the last day at home: but I have never been still in the last 6 weeks and my mind and body in such a ceaseless bother that I have scarce written 3 scraps to my children and none except about business to others. And I hear the wind whistling and tomorrow shall see the waves jumping. It's good for some reasons that I should leave home for a few months — good for the purse and mind too let us hope. I hope for pleasure and profit too in seeing a new country, and to forget or overcome a number of selfish annoyances w<sup>h</sup> have been dogging me about Europe for the last year. I have the most delightful accounts of my children at Paris — it made me cry yesterday to hear from a friend how they had spoken to other children their companions of their Father — Amen. And I have a pleasure in thinking that I am going on this journey for their good.

Since you wrote to me 5 weeks ago criticisms about the Manchester Free Library & my speech there I've not had any time for you or anybody — As for that speech I was so frightened that I



don't know two words of what I said and daren't look so assured I was of its folly. And now — and now the speech is forgotten and nobody cares <sup>2d</sup> whether it was a success or a failure. Nobody will care about Esmond in a fortnight hence. The publisher has done very well with it, but I dont and cant expect it will be popular. I wish I had a copy to give you but I've not one for myself, unless Smith sends me one to the boat to morrow — And you must wait the Circulating Library I fear. So, some more of our people are gone over to you. I met Mr Pollen <sup>145</sup> and know Lord Baths <sup>146</sup> family. I wish you could convert him: but brandy & water I fear is that young nobleman's religion and he pursues it with the very greatest ardour. I met lately other converts a M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Law the lady a sweet pleasant woman.

<sup>145</sup> John Hungerford Pollen, who matriculated at Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1838. He was a Fellow of Merton College from 1842 until 1852, when he seceded to Rome.

<sup>146</sup> John Alexander Thynne (1831-1896), fourth Marquess of Bath. Maunsell B. Field (*Memories of Many Men*, New York, 1874, pp. 132-133) relates that Thackeray was walking with him on the Champs Élysées one day in the summer of 1855, "when he recognized a young gentleman on the other side of the street. The stranger, a tall and uncommonly handsome person, immediately crossed over to meet him, and I stepped aside. I overheard THACKERAY ask him what had brought him to Paris. He answered that he had come for pleasure. 'And have you found it?' drawled THACKERAY, with a slight sneer in his voice, as if pleasure, as a pursuit, was an unworthy object for any man's ambition. When they parted, and THACKERAY again took my arm, he said to me, 'Of course you know the young man with whom I was just speaking?' I answered that I did not. 'You don't mean to tell me,' he continued, 'that you, who have been so much in London, don't know him?' I assured him that I had no recollection that I had ever before met the gentleman. 'Why,' he said, 'that is the MARQUIS OF FARINTOSH.' 'And *who* is the MARQUIS OF FARINTOSH?' I pursued. 'Why, the MARQUIS OF BATH, of course,' he replied." To another American, William D. Lewis, Thackeray remarked of this portrait in *The Newcomes* that he had "studied the type of the high bred, high fed, petted and not over-wise young-man-about-town with unusual care, and thought he had made a good picture of the class, but that the restrictions now put on the English novelists, wise and proper, no doubt, made it impossible for him to give the young fellow, as he actually is, as Fielding painted 'Tom Jones,' Smollett, 'Roderick Random' or Paul de Kock, the 'French Student,' and therefore the picture must be incomplete." (Morton McMichael, Jr., "Thackeray's Visit," *Philadelphia Press*, June 12, 1887)

What could I write to you about? — If about my life it would be a whirl — I rush from place to place with a great deal of seeming business — I know my mind will get calmer with the help of Time the Philosopher & Consoler and I hope still some day to enjoy quiet and home with my dearest children

Good bye dear Miss Holmes believe me always however neglectful I seem and am

Very sincerely yours  
W M Thackeray

887. TO RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES  
29 OCTOBER 1852

My text is taken from Reid's *Life of Lord Houghton*, II, 112.

Liverpool,<sup>147</sup> October 29th.

My dear Milnes, — A word and a God bless you and yours at parting. I was thinking of our acquaintance the other day, and how it has been marked on your part by constant kindnesses, along which I can trace it. Thank you for them, and let me shake your hand and say *Vale* and *Salve*.

Yours,  
W. M. Thackeray.

Give 1£ for me to Hood's Tomb,<sup>148</sup> please.

<sup>147</sup> The farewell banquet given to Thackeray in Liverpool is described by Crowe (*With Thackeray in America*, pp. 12-13).

<sup>148</sup> This monument, erected over Hood's burial place in Kensal Green Cemetery, was unveiled by Milnes on July 18, 1854 (Walter Jerrold, *Thomas Hood*, London, 1907, pp. 401-402).

888.

TO MRS. PROCTER

29 OCTOBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript given Lady Ritchie by George Murray Smith.

October 29, 1852.

Liverpool.

My dear Friend,

I should have called on you last night: but after two or three farewell visits I had not the heart to say more good byes and went and dined alone at a club and sat an hour with people for whom I did not care at parting. You know that could never be with you; and though I mightn't see you, I never could cease to regard you; and remember affectionately old times and intercourse. When I come back from America how very gladly I come to shake your hand. I wish the time was come. I feel very solemn at parting and think about my friends with a God bless them. Kiss Adelaide for me, and give my love to my dear old friend your husband, and drink my health tomorrow please and all on board the Canada. Of course I think of poor Warburton going.<sup>149</sup> Amen. We are in God's hands on sea or shore: and I can't be wrong in trying to earn a little money for my children. I haven't seen them. I hate parting, and on such occasions behave like a baby very often.

I've written your name in a copy of *Esmond*, which you will get tomorrow and won't like much I doubt. It's awfully melancholy. I could not be otherwise for the past year. How much some people were wrong who fancied I was always hunting after great folks. I took what came to me and cared but for one or two. Ah, we must try and lose as few friends as we can. God bless you, my dear Mrs Procter, and believe that I am always,

Affectionately yours,

W. M. Thackeray.

<sup>149</sup> See above, p. 18, n. 28.

## 889. TO LADY ELIZABETH THACKERAY

29 OCTOBER 1852

*Address:* The Lady Elizabeth Thackeray. | Devonshire Place | Hyde Park.  
London. *Postmarks:* LIVERPOOL OC 30 1852, 1 NO 1852. Hitherto unpublished.

Liverpool

October 29.

My dear Lady Elizabeth.

I had not time at the last to come and bid you farewell and write a line here of God bless you to you & yours — and good luck to all Thackerays by land or by water <sup>150</sup> — I hear the very best accounts of my young ones; a happy day for their Father it will be when he sees their honest faces again. I could not bear to go to Paris though — and they did not wish it as they told friends of mine. Farewell — Prosper all of you. I send you a hearty greeting and a hurried shake of the hand

Ever yours dear Lady Elizabeth

W M Thackeray.

## 890. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

29-30 OCTOBER 1852

*Address:* Miss Thackerays | chez Major Carmichael Smyth | 19 Rue d'Angoulême St Honoré | Paris. *Postmarks:* LIVERPOOL OC 30 1852, CALAIS 2 NOV. 52. Hitherto unpublished.

The accounts brought back of my darlings from Paris did my heart good. Blessed be God Almighty that they are so good and that they love me so. What a happiness it will be to come back to them! What a comfort that they are so happy with the dearest parents that watched my own youth with such immense tenderness! I dont think I have the heart to write a long letter — it would be like a long parting and that you know I cant abear — Its beautiful

<sup>150</sup> See above, No. 879.

calm weather I'm to have a cabin to myself in consequence of my illustrious character and so poor Eyre will go puke in private — I am not at all melancholy but in famous health and spirits. Why shouldn't a man be who is going to see a new pleasant scene to make money for his children and do his duty? God our Father keep them and me — Kiss my dear Aunt and Cousins for me and my dearest dearest old parents. The belt has arrived and I'll hang it up tell Granny.<sup>151</sup> God bless you my own dear children.

11 o'clock Saturday The most delicious day. The little steamer just coming to take us to the big one. God Almighty bless & keep my dearest children & mother

[For a fragment of a letter to Mrs. Brookfield, October, 1852, see letter 33, Appendix XXVI.]

# 891. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

4-11 NOVEMBER 1852

*Address:* Miss Thackerays | Major Carmichael-Smyth. | Rue d'Angoulême St Honoré. 19. | Paris. | via Liverpool by Steamer from Halifax. N. S. Nov<sup>r</sup> 12. *Postmarks:* HALIFAX-NOVA-SCOTIA NO 12 1852, 23 NO 1852, NOV. CALAIS. Published in part, *Biographical Introductions*, VII, xxxvii-xxxviii.

Thursday. 6 November. I try and write a little with a pencil to my dearest women. now the troubles of sea sickness are over, the appetite come back, & the sky bright overhead, the sea of a wonderful purple except in the wake of the ship where there quivers a long line of emerald six sea gulls still following after the ship, twelve hundred miles think of that; when they are tired they ride & sleep like Barry Cornwall in the Sea the Sea.<sup>152</sup> Lord how sick he would have been! and how absurd it is to write about the

<sup>151</sup> Thackeray's allusion is explained by Lady Ritchie (*Chapters*, p. 146): "My grandmother was very miserable and nervous. She had brought him a life-belt for his cabin as a farewell gift, and thoroughly frightened herself by so doing." Other presents included a new despatch-box from George Smith and several copies, fresh from the press, of *Esmond*.

<sup>152</sup> Thackeray has in mind the second stanza of Procter's "The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!" (*English Songs*):

Ocean in Upper Harley Street, and say you would 'ever be' there. Nobody really likes it. They go through with it with a brave heart but the Captain & all like the fireside & home 1000 times better. . . I find the wessel pitches so I can't write, and my sentences lurch about and grasp hold of anything to support themselves — so I'll stop; but you see I thought I would like to kiss my darlings this morning and say God bless my children — In that horrid little cabin below where we are tumbling & rolling and bumping and creaking in the roaring black midnight you may be sure I'm often thinking of you. I know you look at the sky, & GP at the glass, (I don't mean the looking glass) — & speculate how the Canada makes way. Well, we have had the wind dead against us, and got on well in spite of it and are now some 1100 miles out at sea. Lat 50.32 Lon 27.36 I was trying as I lay awake last night to see if I could at last understand the difference between latitude & longitude and now I really think I do. Poor Eyre has been very puky he is the worst secretary and the best creature in — where are we now? —

Sunday 7. Lon 44.37. Lat 48.18 — For Thursday was the 4<sup>th</sup> & not the 6<sup>th</sup> as I wrote comme un donkey — We have got a good wind at last and are slapping along at 13 miles an hour, and to-morrow night shall see land Cape Race and are all almost on our legs again: Even the Presbyterian Doctor Rev<sup>d</sup> D<sup>r</sup> Cooke of Quebec <sup>153</sup> who preached a jolly sermon to us just now; and has

---

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!  
I am where I would ever be;  
With the blue above, and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go;  
If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

<sup>153</sup> John Cook (1805–1892), a Scotch clergyman who had emigrated to Canada in 1838, was for many years minister of St. Andrew's Church in Quebec. Other companions of Thackeray on the *Canada* were Arthur Hugh Clough, James Russell Lowell (1819–1891), and Mrs. Lowell (d. 1853), a daughter of Ambassador Lawrence. Their voyage is described by Crowe (*With Thackeray in America*, pp. 13–18) and by Clough in his diary (*Letters and Remains*, London, 1865, pp. 231–233). See also the excerpts from Thackeray's letter of November 8–10 to Mrs. Elliot and Kate Perry, which are printed in Appendix XXVI.

since partaken of his comfortable meal and a pint of champagne. We have all been brought round by pints of Champagne: though nobody is really well thats my belief, and as for writing letters thats out of all question — But as I've been saying my prayers and I know some as has too, I thought I would say good day to two young ladies: who are no doubt in their best bonnets walking in the Shomdeleesy: for, Law bless you, its 4 o'clock where you are and its only 1 where I am. It's wonderful what knowledge of geography one picks up a travelling! the postman brought me a letter from you 2 days ago: that is I did not like to read it till then — Well, I shall be glad to be back and see the lady who brought me the swimming belt: and I hope I never shall have to swim in it: and what a smell it du make in the cabin to be sure! The rest of this valuable sheet I shall keep to send from Halifax, and here is just room for God bless my dearest children, Granny, G P.

Wednesday 11. Lat 44.55 Lon. 60.56. Is it really 6 days since I began to write and 11 since we left England? It seems years — Its awfully stupid the life aboard — I'm weary of guzzling and gorging and bumping in bed all night and being 1/2 sick all day: — not quite I've not been ill since the 2 first days — but O it will be comfortable to be in a bed that doesnt jolt, and on a floor that doesn't give way under you — We are to be at Halifax tonight; we had a gale of wind on Sunday & Monday just after I wrote and if all goes well at Boston on Friday. We have had a tolerable bad passage wind against us all the way: even against that except in the very bad weather running 10 miles an hour — Isn't it wonderful? Instead of going over yonder thundering wave why don't we go right down and disappear? — Looking at the little life-belt and then at the ocean makes me laugh — The waves are immense: about 4 of them go to the horizon — but I'm disappointed in the grandeur of the prospect. It looks small somehow — not near so extensive as 1000 landscapes we have seen. Ah where shall we pass next November? Shall we go to Rome? Shall I make a good bit of money for you in America and write a book about it? — I think not. It seems impudent to write a book; and mere sketches now are

somehow below my rank in the world — I mean a grave old gentleman, father of young ladies, mustn't be comic and grinning too much

I wonder are the critics praising or abusing Esmond? I have forgotten all about him and he seems like everything else to have happened 100 years ago — And now I shan't write any more: but give a kiss and a blessing to my darling children and to the dear G P and Granny who are so kind to them as they were and are to W M T.

[For fragments of a letter to Mrs. Elliot and Kate Perry, 8-10 November, 1852, see letter 34, Appendix XXVI.]

892. TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH  
11-12 NOVEMBER 1852

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> Carmichael-Smyth. | Rue d'Angoulême St Honoré | Paris.  
*Postmarks:* 30 NO 1852, 1 Dec. 52 CALAIS. Published in part, *Biographical Introductions*, VII, xxxviii-xxxix.

My dearest Mammy. They say we may be at Boston time enough to save the New York Post, and then the packet from N. Y. on Saturday will carry you an account of the rest of the voyage from Halifax about 36 hours of rough weather: but we don't mind rough weather any more. All the Halifax passengers whom we took on board on Wednesday night are wofully sick and we wonder what it is that ails 'em. We have had a very kindly companionable pleasant voyage plenty of good fellows and merry dinners and pleasant cigars in the fiddle, and we are all sorry to part with each other and glad that the voyage is over; and last night being the last dinner of the voyage we had speeches and songs: and I gave the Captain's <sup>154</sup> health with small eloquence and great ap-

<sup>154</sup> Captain Lang. Clough noted in his diary (*Letters and Remains*, p. 233) on November 11, "There was speechifying and toasting at dinner yesterday in the usual approved style. All our healths were drunk at the lunch-dinner. Thackeray, of course, was drunk; then Mr. Degen proposed Lowell, the American poet; and Lowell, in returning thanks, proposed the English poet — me! — and all the people stared at this extraordinary piece of information."



plause: and somebody else gave mine and we were all very hearty kindly and friendly. How wonderful the thing is that we should be here at all: why ain't we below those enormous Atlantic waves? — On Tuesday ev<sup>g</sup> at about 5 1/2 the Captain goes on deck from dinner and sends a sailor aloft to look out — Sailor comes down and says he can see nothing. Ten minutes after Captain sends him up again — again Sailor sees nothing — Captain sends him up a 3<sup>d</sup> time and he sees Beaver Island light so that we come 3000 miles over this enormous pathless ocean through storm and darkness with many a day no Sun to take observations by, and the Captain knows within 15 minutes when we shall see a particular little rock with a light on it. Seven hours afterwards the ship came close up to the quay at Halifax, as if there had been a rope pulling us all the way from Liverpool and we must come there. And so the voyage ends with a *Laus Deo* and a God bless you to all on board — This morning as I was full in a dream about Anny and Minny eating a pot of bear's grease mistaking it for jam — the Admiralty Agent wakes me to come see the sunrise — such a sunrise! such a royal apparition! To see such sights with the eyes is to pray with the heart. Last night the great ocean was gleaming with phosphorescent waves all round about the ship, and a northern light in the sky and a million of keen stars that did the eyes good to look on, and sent me to my little bed for the last time full of awe and happiness and love for my dear dear ones at home — Please God this journey and absence will do my health and my purse good — They are all chattering round about, about hotels and Custom-Houses — The ship is all in a bustle and honest dear faithful Eyre is blundering away at the baggage: he is the best most attached tender-hearted creature: and its the greatest comfort to me to have him. I don't know whether we shall arrive at Boston in time: if so I shant be able to write from there: but I shall take the letter on shore myself and you'll know I am landed: <sup>155</sup> and safe and

<sup>155</sup> Thackeray's first evening in the United States is described by Fields (*Yesterdays with Authors*, pp. 20-21) with his accustomed liveliness. "Thackeray . . . went directly to the Tremont House, where rooms had been engaged for him. I remember his delight in getting off the sea, and the

well and thankful to God: and full of love for my dear old Mother and GP. and children:

W M T.

Mr Smith has given me none but thick paper in the beautiful desk.

Address to me care of Millard S. Felt Esq<sup>re</sup> Mercantile Library. New York.<sup>156</sup>

Friday. 12 November.

Just close upon Boston — though theres no land in sight because the weather is aisy.

enthusiasm with which he hailed the announcement that dinner would be ready shortly. A few friends were ready to sit down with him, and he seemed greatly to enjoy the novelty of an American repast. In London he had been very curious in his inquiries about American oysters, as marvellous stories, which he did not believe, had been told him of their great size. We apologized — although we had taken care that the largest specimens to be procured should startle his unwonted vision when he came to the table — for what we called the extreme *smallness* of the oysters, promising that we would do better next time. Six bloated Falstaffian bivalves lay before him in their shells. I noticed that he gazed at them anxiously with fork upraised; then he whispered to me, with a look of anguish, 'How shall I do it?' I described to him the simple process by which the free-born citizens of America were accustomed to accomplish such a task. He seemed satisfied that the thing was feasible, selected the smallest one in the half-dozen (rejecting a large one, 'because,' he said, 'it resembled the High Priest's servant's ear that Peter cut off'), and then bowed his head as if he were saying grace. All eyes were upon him to watch the effect of a new sensation in the person of a great British author. Opening his mouth very wide, he struggled for a moment, and then all was over. I shall never forget the comic look of despair he cast upon the other five over-occupied shells. I broke the perfect stillness by asking him how he felt. 'Profoundly grateful,' he gasped, 'and as if I had swallowed a little baby.' It was many years ago since we gathered about him on that occasion, but, if my memory serves me, we had what might be called a *pleasant evening*. Indeed, I remember much hilarity and sounds as of men laughing and singing far into midnight."

<sup>156</sup> A mistake for *Willard* L. Felt (see No. 845); the same error occurs in No. 880 above.

892a. TO WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT <sup>157</sup>

13 NOVEMBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished. *Endorsed*: M<sup>r</sup> Thackeray | Nov. 13 '52.

Saturday. 13 Nov<sup>r</sup> <sup>158</sup>

My dear M<sup>r</sup> Prescott.

Bis dat qui cito dat.<sup>159</sup> It is very kind of you to ask me so soon: and I shall come with the greatest pleasure. Davis <sup>160</sup> introduced

<sup>157</sup> Prescott (1796-1859) had enjoyed an international reputation as a historian since the publication of his *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic* in 1837, and his visit to England in 1850, during which Thackeray no doubt met him, was a brilliant social success. When Thackeray dined at Prescott's home on Beacon Street, his attention was caught by two crossed swords on the cornice of the library. He learned that one of these had belonged to his host's grandfather, Colonel William Prescott, the other to Captain Linzee, the grandfather of Mrs. Prescott. The two officers had fought on opposite sides during the Revolutionary War. On one occasion they had been engaged directly against each other, "Colonel Prescott having commanded on Bunker Hill, while Captain Linzee, of the sloop-of-war Falcon cannonaded him and his redoubt from the waters of Charles River" (George Ticknor, *Life of William Hickling Prescott*, Boston, 1864, p. 54). Five years later Thackeray began *The Virginians* with an allusion to this trophy, remarking that its possessor "has earned for himself a name alike honoured in his ancestor's country and his own" (*Works*, X, 1). Prescott thought the compliment "very prettily done." "I could not have wished anything better," he wrote to Thackeray, "nor certainly have preferred any other pen to write it, among all the golden pens of history and romance." (*Biographical Introductions*, X, xxxiv)

<sup>158</sup> Thackeray went this evening to hear Madame Sontag sing at the Melodeon (*Boston Courier*, November 13). Fields, who accompanied him, relates that he amused himself before the concert by attempting to guess the history of each person who passed before their seats. His surmises were surprisingly accurate. "There is one man," writes Fields (*Yesterdays with Authors*, pp. 28-29), "still living and moving about the streets I walk in occasionally, whom I never encounter without almost a shudder, remembering as I do the unerring shaft which Thackeray sent that night into the unknown man's character."

<sup>159</sup> From the *Emblems* (1522) of Andrea Alciati (1492-1550).

<sup>160</sup> John Chandler Bancroft Davis (1822-1907), who from 1849 to 1852 had been secretary of the American legation in Great Britain. From 1854 to 1861 he was American correspondent of *The Times*, and in later life he served as American minister to Germany.

me to a young gentleman of your name <sup>161</sup> the other day in London, and I shall tell the young fellow's father how much I liked his son.

Believe me yours most truly

W M Thackeray.

893.

TO WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

13 NOVEMBER 1852

*Address:* W. H. Prescott Esq<sup>r</sup> Hitherto unpublished.

My dear M<sup>r</sup> Prescott.

A second word — I brought away from London the first copy of a new novel by one Thackeray who is going to dine with you tomorrow: and just as your messenger went away bethought me that I would like to present the book to you.<sup>162</sup> One or two people read it on the voyage; and the leaves are cut therefore. As for the writing I don't speak: but the printing I am sure you will say is beautiful.

Yours always most faithfully

W M Thackeray.

P. S. By the bye — This is my *other* hand-writing.<sup>163</sup>

<sup>161</sup> Probably the historian's older son William Gardner Prescott (1826–1895), who passed several years in Europe after receiving his LL. B. degree from Harvard in 1847 (*Class of 1844, Harvard College*, p. 185).

<sup>162</sup> "One day, in the snowy winter of 1852, I met Thackeray sturdily ploughing his way down Beacon Street with a copy of 'Henry Esmond' (the English edition, then just issued) under his arm. Seeing me some way off, he held aloft the volumes and began to shout in great glee. When I came up to him he cried out, 'Here is the *very* best I can do, and I am carrying it to Prescott as a reward of merit for having given me my first dinner in America. I stand by this book and am willing to leave it, when I go, as my card.' " (*Fields, Yesterdays with Authors*, p. 17) An unidentified guest at Prescott's dinner, who became friendly with Thackeray and saw him often in Boston and London, contributed over the initials "A. Z." an interesting article called "Some Recollections of Thackeray" to *Lippincott's Magazine*, VII (1871), 106–110.

<sup>163</sup> The body of this note is in Thackeray's upright hand, the postscript in his slanting hand.

894. FROM EDWARD FITZGERALD  
15 NOVEMBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

Novr: 15/52.

My dearest old Thackeray

I had your note <sup>164</sup> — I dare scarce read it as it lies in my desk. It affects me partly as those old foolscap letters did, of which I told you I burned so many this spring: & why: — I was really ashamed of their kindness! If ever we get to another world, you will perhaps know why all this is so — I must not talk anymore of what I have so often tried to explain to you — Meanwhile, I truly believe there is no Man alive loves you (in his own way of love) more than I do — Now you are gone out England, I can feel something of what I sh<sup>d</sup> feel if you were dead: I sit in this seedy place & read over Bouillabaisse <sup>165</sup> till I cry again — This really is so: & is poor work: were you back again, I should see no more of you than before. But this is not from want of love on my part: it is because we live in such different worlds: & it is almost painful to me to tease anybody with my seedy dullness, which is just beareable by myself — Life every day seems a more total failure & mess to me: but it is yet bearable: & I am become a sad Epicurean — just desirous to keep on the windy side of bother & pain — I have a kind of sublime letter from dear old Fred: Tennyson about Morton: <sup>166</sup> — a kind of sublime sorrow & pity — The old fellow really believes that the better men will meet in another world under their own vine & figtree, <sup>167</sup> in an atmosphere pure of Cloud, & talk over the joys & sorrows of this anterior life, as of a journey past, in cheerful converse, over moderate cups — Morton, he thinks, c<sup>d</sup> only grow a more gigantic Rebel against

<sup>164</sup> Of October 27, printed above.

<sup>165</sup> Thackeray's "Ballad of Bouillabaisse."

<sup>166</sup> Saville Morton was killed in Paris on October 1 by the husband of one of his mistresses. See *Memoranda*.

<sup>167</sup> *Micah*, 4, 4.

Good Morals if he grew immortal, & he wishes him Eternal Rest! — What a thing it would be if we c<sup>d</sup> be sure, or even have a good hope, that we could, by striving, meet again — you & I — I am sure I could endure all conflict — with myself & the world — if I c<sup>d</sup> but have such a hope as any poor old woman hereabout has. As it is I can see only such Rest as Fred: wishes Morton: — & some think we will be lucky if we get that — But I believe we have that consolation —

This is all very gloomy & stupid. I could tell you of the very few things I have seen & done since I saw you: they w<sup>d</sup> take but little room to write. But this first letter must be as it is. I was relieved to have a note from you: for I had begun to think you were disgusted with me. Donne told me you *couldn't* write. I dreamt so of you the other night. I wish you would tell me your girls' address in Paris: I should like to write to them, & hear from them — I must send this letter to Donne to get him to forward it somehow to you.

I never dare God Bless people scarcely — for the words have little meaning in my mouth. He is now blessing L. Buonaparte —

But Goodbye, goodbye, my dear old Thackeray: & believe (for I can assert) that I am while I live yrs ever E. F.G.

Do let me know about the *Portrait*: I sh<sup>d</sup> be so glad to *buy* one.

And yet I must write you some more — leaving half-smoked a Cigar I was burning to your Memory — while the wind howls away out of doors — In the old days I used to send you lots of my own wretched verses, I think: — now I will send you some scraps — of no great power — of no pretension at all — but yet with a spangle of pure stuff in them, I think: made years ago by the little Suffolk woman <sup>168</sup> you visited at Oxford — who would

<sup>168</sup> Elizabeth Charlesworth, who had married Edward Byles Cowell (1826–1903), the Sanskrit scholar, in 1847. Thackeray's visit to the Cowells occurred while they were living on Park Street in Oxford and may probably be assigned to November, 1851. The "scraps" which FitzGerald sends were no doubt copied from Mrs. Cowell's *Historical Reveries* (1839). I have been unable to find a copy of this rare book or of the enlarged edition, *Leaves of Memory*, which was published in 1891. See George Cowell, *Life and Letters of Edward Byles Cowell* (London, 1904), pp. 40–41 and 103–104.

have been my Poetry if I had had wit enough — you will think them no great things: — but yet they will run in your head, I know they will, on the other side of the Atlantic, at some big dinner, where they are toasting the Author of *Vanity Fair* &c 3 times three — & the “grizzled grim old fogey”<sup>169</sup> sh<sup>d</sup> be thinking of what he has to say in return —

Opington, Opington,  
Never again  
Shall I wander a Child  
Down your long summer lane;  
Nor ride the hay-waggon  
Beneath the green boughs:  
Nor go with the Milkmaid  
To fetch up the Cows.

## II

My bow has been broken  
For many a long day:  
My fast-flying Arrows  
Are all shot away:  
My hoop runs no longer  
The garden across:  
The Roses I train'd  
Are all cover'd with Moss.

## III

The old Parsonage too —  
All it's gay days are oer;  
The chambers are empty,  
And silent the floor;  
No smoke from the Chimnies;  
The front door is barr'd;

<sup>169</sup> From “The Ballad of Bouillabaisse”:

When first I saw ye, *cari luoghi*,  
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,  
And now a grizzled, grim old fogy,  
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

The Chestnut drops down  
In the silent Court yard.

## IV

And you, my old playmates,  
Who laugh'd & who sung,  
Your steps have grown grave,  
And your Wedding Bells rung:  
And, drifted by Time  
To a far other shore,  
I myself am so chang'd,  
You would know me no more.

---

O calm & pleasant Parsonage,  
I seem to see you bright as then;  
As if tw'ere but to pass the hedge,  
And thread your endless lawns again!  
I wonder if the Thrushes still  
At early morning haunt the green;  
I wonder if the Daffodil  
Is peeping still those pales between.

---

(And here lastly is the view from their little old Cottage at Bramford — when she was a Bachelor —)

The Winter sky is ting'd with crimson still,  
Where Thorn-bush lies upon the quiet hill;  
And the live amber round the setting sun,  
Lighting the labourer home whose task is done,  
Weaves a bright glory while it fades above  
The solitary home of Peace & Love —

We went on a farm near this 2 months ago — when the farmers showed us a great Suffolk Stallion that had just got the Prize of all England — what E. C.<sup>170</sup> calls “the Great Horse” without “*arrière pensée*” — After the great horse was seen, we went in —

<sup>170</sup> Presumably Elizabeth Cowell.



had tea & Beer — & before we went to Bed, the three lusty Farmers brought out a flute, a horn, & a Bassoon, & played an oldfashioned hymn that made me hide my head — My good Thackeray, I wonder if this sentimentality bores you! — No — because you are on the other side of the Atlantic — which also is why I write it all to you.

895.

TO COLONEL LAWRENCE

NOVEMBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

My dear Colonel Lawrence

Two or three fellow-passengers dine with me at the table d'hôte<sup>171</sup> to day so that I cant accept your pleasant proposal. But I shall meet you this evening and am always

Yours most faithfully

W M Thackeray.

896. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

23 NOVEMBER 1852

*Address:* Miss Thackerays | with Major Carmichael Smyth | Rue d'Angoulême St Honoré | Paris. | per Canada from Boston. *Postmarks:* NEW YORK NOV 23, PARIS 8 DEC. 52. Extracts published in *Biographical Introductions*, VII, xxxix.

Tuesday 23. August.<sup>172</sup> Clarendon Hotel

4<sup>th</sup> Avenue corner of 18<sup>th</sup> Street. New York

My dearest young women. Now that I am here and comfortably settled, with a hundred kind people to make your Papa welcome, and 2000 every night to come and hear his lectures; <sup>173</sup> doesn't it

<sup>171</sup> At the Tremont House, where Thackeray was staying. This note was written between Thackeray's arrival in Boston on November 12 and his departure for New York on November 16.

<sup>172</sup> A mistake for November.

<sup>173</sup> At the invitation of the Mercantile Library Association, Thackeray gave his initial series of lectures in America at the first Unitarian Church of New

seem absurd that we should all have been so gloomy and foreboding so many evils at my going away? The fortnight's voyage is as easy and certain as any voyage can be: you are sick on board the boat more or less: and can't walk well on the rolling deck but you are as safe to all intents and purposes as at Kensington or the Boulevard — The first day we landed Eyre saw a poor Boston lad thrown out of a runaway cart and killed on the road: he hadn't thought about any danger, poor boy, as he got on his cart after breakfast: and in a word we have not been trustful enough, and fancying a great deal of gloom and danger out of a very ordinary matter. Going home, coming to New York! Law bless us — it's nothing. I hope I shall go home and come back again too — if they continue to like lectures by the Powers they shall have more and you young ladies will have a little fortune comfortable and assured when my jaws have ceased to wag. We are up 3 pair of stairs in very snug rooms at a very good hotel. the people have not turned out with flags & drums to receive me like Dickens: <sup>174</sup> but the welcome is a most pleasant one because there is no speechifying nor ceremony in it — Everybody has read Somebody's books — the rich and the poor I drove into the country with M<sup>r</sup> Bancroft <sup>175</sup>

York, located at 548 Broadway, on November 19, 22, 26, 29, December 3, and 6. He was taken somewhat aback at the prospect of lecturing in a church. "I shall not easily forget the author's expression of wonder," writes Crowe (*With Thackeray in America*, pp. 45-46), "when he looked athwart the long, dark, wainscoted benches, and saw the pillared nave and the oak pulpit. He seemed fascinated by the idea of his lay-sermonising in this place. Then looking at the communion table, and appealing to Secretary Felt, he asked — 'Would not the sacred emblems be removed from the altar?' followed by the query: 'Will the organ strike up when I enter?' Then, peering into the side room, he further inquired — 'I suppose I shall have to enter by the sacristy?'" The dates on which Thackeray lectured in New York and elsewhere during his first visit to America are entered in his appointment books for 1852 and 1853 (Appendices XIII and XIV).

<sup>174</sup> See Forster's *Life of Dickens*, Book III, chapter 2.

<sup>175</sup> Thackeray may have met George Bancroft (1800-1891) while he was Minister to England between 1846 and 1849, for the two men had many common friends, among them Milnes, Macaulay, and Henry Hallam. In any event, Bancroft, who had retired from public life to work on his *History of the United States* (1834-1874), was the second New Yorker to call on Thackeray (Crowe, *With Thackeray in America*, pp. 37-38).

on Sunday and to the house of jolly lady M<sup>rs</sup> Lawrence almost the only fat woman I have seen in America, and we sate down at 6 o'clock to a great tea table covered with all sorts of good things and served by a real negro and surrounded by a jolly fat family. I sate between my fat hostess and such a pooty gall and M<sup>rs</sup> Lawrence said with a capital roguish twinkle in her eyes 'Make yourself at home that's right Bless you, we know you *all to pieces* — She is famous, full of nature and fun, and does all the talking w<sup>h</sup> I like; and tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day and I am going to junket there. They don't keep Xmas here, they keep Thanksgiving Day instead. Every State appoints a day for this and they thank God for the harvest. In a neat speech on board ship on the last day there being a very good & pleasant parson on board — your esteemed Father proposed that as this was the last meal of a happy voyage D<sup>r</sup> Cook should be asked to give thanks for the journey and say a Grace for the meat — and we all said Amen with thankful hearts you may be sure — And I wonder of whom I think the first thing at morning & the last at night? Can you guess?

I lecture in a (Unitarian) Church — it seemed very queer at first a scaffold is put up before the pulpit and a block on w<sup>h</sup> I lay my papers. The lectures are liked hugely: so much so that I think we shall repeat them: and make the £300 into 6. They will do in all probability as well at Boston and I have agreed to deliver 3 at Providence (look out Providence) for 180£ a pound a minute! think of that! O for 10000 minutes at that rate, 11000 for travelling and hotels are very expensive — not quite so dear as first rate hotels in England. Almost all the papers praise me hugely — one, & that is the most read confound him abuses me abuses me & says I am a Snob and a second rate &c <sup>176</sup> — This morning at breakfast

<sup>176</sup> It was observed of Thackeray's first lecture in *The New York Herald* of November 20: "The poor defunct author of 'Gulliver's Travels' and the 'Draper's Letters' if he could have heard the character given him by the 'snob biographer' of modern days would have felt far from complimented by that individual. The Dean's public and private character was held up to scorn and contumely by the lecturer — 'all his faults observed, learned and conned by rote' for the edification of the audience, and the principle of *nil mortuis nisi bonum* entirely repudiated." Accounts of Thackeray's later lectures in

as I came in I saw 6 or 7 people with the New York Herald in their hands — The man opposite me put his under the table cloth — but who cares? Eyre is the very greatest comfort to me: I couldn't do without him. He is the kindest fondest best-humoured affectionate fellow please Granny write to his Mother, & say what I have said: it will comfort her too. Altogether I feel quite certain that I have made a good move in coming hither; and barring accidents and ill-health we shall all profit by this venture, in many long days and nights, please God to come. Writing is impossible: its difficult to write a letter almost, the door knocks are so incessant and visitors perpetually on the stair — Well, I daresay it will do me good not to write any more for a little: and the next book will be livelier than the last. I wonder what they say about it in England? I dont seem to care. I saw the Athenæum<sup>177</sup> wh<sup>h</sup> is pretty fair I think — for the Athenæum; & the Leader wh<sup>h</sup> ought to satisfy Granny herself. A publisher<sup>178</sup> gives me 100£ to edit a couple of volumes out of Punch of my contributions — so you see here is the harvest and let us reap it against the winter comes. The air is so

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the *Herald* were quite free of the animus evident here and in the salvo (see above, No. 876 and note) with which the paper greeted the announcement of Thackeray's tour. The other New York journals were very friendly, though the critic of *The New York Times* (November 20) permitted himself to be facetious: "We were never more thoroughly impressed with the extreme utility of *pockets*, than after witnessing the infinite service to which [Mr. Thackeray] put them. If, on commencing his lecture, he had suddenly discovered that they had vanished from his coat-skirts and vest, he would unquestionably have postponed his discourses until another evening. Both hands in his coat-skirts — one in and the other out — one in his coat and the other in his vest — one upon the desk, and the other pocketed — these various movements constituted the *gamut* of his gesticulation."

<sup>177</sup> The reviewer of *Esmond* in *The Athenæum* of November 6 (pp. 1199–1201) holds that the novel sustains but does not extend the reputation Thackeray gained by *Vanity Fair*.

<sup>178</sup> William Henry Appleton (1814–1899), whom Thackeray had known as a young man in Paris. Appleton introduced Thackeray to the Century Association in Clinton Place, which remained his favorite New York club, and secured from him a preface containing some interesting reflections on his early magazine writings (reprinted in Hotten's *Thackeray*, pp. 132–137) for the Appleton edition of *Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town* (New York, 1853). See *Thackeray in the United States*, I, 66–71.

very dry that I gasp for breath in it — yesterday & to day it has rained and I'm quite well again. I don't know where I am going after Boston — Write to me there care of Mess<sup>rs</sup> Ticknor & Fields — the Canada that brought me out takes this back again. Many a long hour I thought of my darlings as I lay in the Cabin there — Why, you'll get this in a fortnight: and you'll kiss Granny & G P won't you? and say your prayers for your Father to Our's.

W M T.

897.

TO MRS. BROOKFIELD

23 NOVEMBER 1852

Published in part, *Collection of Letters*, pp. 158–161. The passage enclosed between daggers was overscored by Mrs. Brookfield.

Clarendon Hotel. Tuesday. 23 Decr <sup>179</sup>

My dear Lady. I send you a little line, and shake your hand across the water; † and am sure ⟨. . .⟩ <sup>180</sup> God bless you and your's. ⟨. . .⟩ day along with my dearest children at home.† The passage is nothing now it is over — I am rather ashamed of gloom and disquietude about such a trifling journey: I have made scores of new acquaintances and lighted on my legs as usual. I did not expect to like people as I do but am agreeably disappointed and find many most pleasant companions natural & good. natural and well-read and well-bred too — and I suppose am none the worse pleased because everybody has read all my books and praises my lectures — I preach in a (Unitarian) Church and the Parson comes to hear me. His name is M<sup>r</sup> Bellows.<sup>181</sup> It isn't a pooty name. And there are 2000 people, nearly, who come and the lectures are so well liked that it's probable I shall do them over again — so really there is

<sup>179</sup> A mistake for November.

<sup>180</sup> This and the following hiatus are respectively of about nineteen and fourteen words.

<sup>181</sup> The Rev. Henry Whitney Bellows (1814–1882), Pastor of the First Unitarian Church of New York since 1839.

a chance of making a pretty little sum of money for old age imbecillity and those young ladies afterwards. Has Lady Ashburton told you of the moving tables? <sup>182</sup> Try 6 or 7 of you — a wooden table (without brass castors, sit round it, lay your hands flat on it not touching each other and in 1/2 an hour or so perhaps it will begin to turn round & round. It's the most wonderful thing but I have tried twice in vain since I saw it and did it at M<sup>r</sup> Bancroft's. I have not been in the Fashnabble Society yet what they call the Upper Ten Thousand here but have met many very likeable of the lower sort — On Sunday I went into the Country and there was a great rosy jolly family of 16 or 18 people round a great tea-table and the lady of the house told me to make myself at home (remarking my bashfulness, you know,) and said with a jolly face and twinkle of her little eyes 'Law bless you! We know you *all to pieces*.' — and there was sitting by me O such a pretty girl! — the very picture of Rubens's second wife in face and figyur — Most of the ladies, all except this family are as lean as greyhounds — they dress prodigiously fine taking for their models the French Actresses I think of the Boulevard Theatres. Broadway is miles upon miles long a rush of life such as I never have seen — not so full as the Strand but so rapid. The houses are always being torn down and built up again. the railroad cars drive slap into the midst of the city. There are barricades and scaffoldings banging everywhere — I've not been into a house (except the Fat country one) but something new is being done to it and the hammers are clattering in the passage, or a wall or steps are down: or the family is going to move — nobody is quiet here — No no more am I — the rush and restlessness please me, and I like (for a little) the dash of the stream — I am not received as a God w<sup>h</sup> I like too — there's one paper w<sup>h</sup> goes on every morning saying I am a Snob and I don't say no — 6 people were reading it at breakfast this morning & the man opposite me popped it under the table cloth. But the other

<sup>182</sup> The medium who officiated at these *séances* was Daniel Dunglas Home (1833–1886), Browning's "Mr. Sludge," who at this time had considerable popularity in New York. See his *Incidents in my Life* (London, 1863), chapters 2 and 3.

papers roar with approbation. Criez beuglez O journaux! They dont understand French though — that bit of Béranger will hang fire. Do you remember Jeté sur cette boule <sup>183</sup> &c? Yes my dear Sister remembers. God Almighty bless her and all she loves.

I may write next Saturday to Chesham place, you will go and carry my love to those ladies wont you? . . . Here comes in a man with a paper I had not seen — I must cut out a bit <sup>184</sup> just as the actors do but then I think you'll like it & thats why I do it. There was a very rich biography <sup>185</sup> in one of the papers the other day with an account of a servant maintained in the splendor

<sup>183</sup> Thackeray quotes "Jeté sur cette boule," another song by Béranger, in his lecture on Sterne and Goldsmith (*Works*, VII, 601). For his translation of it as "The Castaway," see *Centenary Works*, XV, 193.

<sup>184</sup> Thackeray enclosed in his letter an account of his first lecture from the New York *Evening Post* of November 20 (reproduced in facsimile on the opposite page), omitting the first and the last four paragraphs. According to General Wilson (*Thackeray in the United States*, I, 23), this review was written by William Cullen Bryant.

<sup>185</sup> "A Sketch of Thackeray" by "P. G." in the New York *Evening Post* of November 12. The author's somewhat florid style is exemplified in his account of the loss of Thackeray's fortune. We are told that Thackeray inherited nearly £1,000 a year, "which enabled him to rush into the 'fast' fashionable life of young men about town. . . . He exhausted the pleasures which London opens to everybody's golden wand, and then passed to the continent to give the zest of variety to his satiated faculties." Soon his property was altogether dissipated. "Thackeray, the man of pleasure, was shipwrecked forever; but Thackeray, the wit, the satirist, the philosopher, was about to lay the foundations of his enduring fame." Even in poverty, moreover, he exhibited a certain *grandeur d'âme*, for "after the decay of his prosperity, and all through the subsequent years of trial and struggle, he regularly maintained an old liveried servant of the family, not merely supplying his wants from a feeling of attachment, but keeping up the splendor of his menial decorations as a memento of the ancient glories faded."

Thackeray began but never finished a letter to the writer of this sketch. I give this fragment from the original owned by Mr. Wells: "I thank you for your paper and the obliging notice w<sup>h</sup> it contained of myself. I am sure the Author meant nothing but what was friendly and told nothing but what he believed to be true — Nor is the narrative otherwise in the main though the details are inaccurate — Some of the latter are very amusing — the 'splendid menial' among others. It is quite true I had an old servant in an old drab Coat — but my struggles have never been other than those w<sup>h</sup> a man could easily bear; and though I was poor I have always earned enough to pay everybody, and to keep a decent house for me and mine. Nor was I personally

## CITY INTELLIGENCE.

### Mr. Thackeray's Lecture.

It was remarked, by a gentleman in attendance at Mr. Thackeray's lecture last evening, that if the building were to fall and crush its inmates, the loss would put New York back intellectually half a century. This, though somewhat exaggerating, was not a very unfair mode of expressing the quality of the audience whom the fame of the lecturer and of his lectures had drawn together at Dr. Bellows' church.

The building was crowded to its utmost capacity with the celebrities of literature and fashion in this metropolis, all of whom, we believe, left, perfectly united in the opinion that they never remembered to have spent an hour more delightfully in their lives, and that the room in which they had been receiving so much enjoyment, was very badly lighted. We fear, also, that it was the impression of the many who were disappointed in getting tickets, that the room was not spacious enough for the purpose to which it has been appropriated.

Every one who saw Mr. Thackeray last evening for the first, seemed to have had their impressions of his appearance and manner of speech, corrected. Few expected to see so large a man; he is gigantic, six feet four at least; few expected to see so old a person; his hair appears to have kept its silvery record over fifty years; and then there was a notion in the minds of many that there must be something dashing and "fast" in his appearance, whereas his costume was perfectly plain; the expression of his face grave and earnest; his address perfectly unaffected, and such as we might expect to meet with, in a well bred man somewhat advanced in years. His elocution, also, surprised those who had derived their impressions from the English journals. His voice is a superb tenor, and possesses that pathetic tremble which is so effective in what is called emotive eloquence, while his delivery was as well suited to the communication he had to make as could well have been imagined.

His enunciation is perfect. Every word he uttered might have been heard in the remotest quarters of the room, yet he scarcely lifted his voice above a colloquial tone. The most striking feature in his whole manner was the utter absence of affectation of any kind. He did not permit himself to appear conscious

### THACKERAY'S FIRST AMERICAN LECTURE

*From the New York "Evening Post," November 20, 1852*



that he was an object of peculiar interest to the audience, neither was he guilty of the greater error of not appearing to care whether they were interested in him or not. In other words, he inspired his audience with a respect for him, as a man proportioned to the admiration, which his books have inspired for him as an author.

Of the lecture itself, as a work of art, it would be difficult to speak too strongly. Though written with the utmost simplicity and apparent inattention to effects, it overflowed with every characteristic of the author's happiest vein. There has been nothing written about Swift so clever, and if we except Lord Ossery's silly letters, we suspect we might add nothing so unjust.

Though suitable credit was given to Swift's talents, all of which were admirably characterized, yet when he came to speak of the moral side of the dean's nature he saw nothing but darkness.

The character he drew had a certain historical likeness to Swift's—the kind of likeness which a game cock, with its feathers picked, its head cut off, its legs trussed down, its body transfixed with a skewer, revolving before a hot fire, has to chanticlear in all his pride and glory as monarch of the poultry yard.

No proper tribute was paid to Swift's purity as a politician; to his freedom from cant and sham of every kind; to his freedom from the licentiousness, which was the vice of his age, and indeed then of his profession; to his kindness to his dependents; to the poor everywhere, and to his provision for the insane by his will.

None of these things were alluded to, and yet they are the aspects of character which we have never been able to contemplate without feeling that Swift's name and fame were worthy of being carefully cherished.

Mr. Thackeray lectures again on Monday evening, on Congreve and Addison.

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THACKERAY'S FIRST AMERICAN LECTURE (*cont.*)

*From the New York "Evening Post," November 20, 1852*

of his menial decorations' — Poor old John <sup>186</sup> whose picture is in Pendennis. And I have filled my paper, and I shake my dear lady's hand across the roaring sea and I know you'll be glad to know that I prosper and that I am well, and that I am yours

W M T.

898.

TO MRS. BANCROFT

23 NOVEMBER? 1852 <sup>187</sup>

Hitherto unpublished.

Clarendon. Tuesday.

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Bancroft

You asked for my handwriting and behold here is the respectful autograph of your grateful Serv<sup>t</sup>

W M Thackeray

899.

FROM MRS. PROCTER

25 NOVEMBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

My dear M<sup>r</sup> Thackeray

I send my best thanks for your kind little note — It gave me a great deal of pleasure — and I look at it very often — and hope for your return —

You know already what a success Esmond has had — Every one likes it — Milnes talks of nothing else, but the beauty of the style — and says the book is too delicately written to be popular — but he is wrong. — I have already read it twice and am taking a little snatch at it as it travels from one friend to another — Kinglake is

extravagant, though curiously *green* and unfortunate in early life losing a great deal of money by failures &c for w<sup>h</sup> there was no help."

In "Mr. Thackeray in the United States" (*Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1853, pp. 100-103; reprinted in *Works*, XIII, 634-639) Thackeray wrote an amusing parody of this and similar articles about him in American newspapers.

<sup>186</sup> John Goldsworthy, whose portrait forms the initial letter to chapter 3 of *Pendennis*.

<sup>187</sup> It seems likely that this note was written on Tuesday, November 23, shortly after Thackeray attended a *séance* at the Bancrofts'.

at present in the second Volume. — Mudie <sup>188</sup> says. 400 Copies of Esmond not being sufficient 100 more are added” —

I find in it as in all your writings little touches that bring the tears into my Eyes — The Spectator paper <sup>189</sup> is charming — Do not think this small praise of mine impertinent. I can no more help thanking you for so much pleasure than I can help telling the owner of a lovely picture how charming it is which he knows better than I do. —

We have only just recovered from the fatigue & excitement of The Lying in State — and the Funeral <sup>190</sup> — I wish you had seen it — What a charming account some one would have written of it — and how he would have painted in ‘words never to be forgotten,’ the most pathetic part of the procession — The Old horse led by the Groom — You can imagine the whole of this large City, but with one idea (except Carlyle who is entirely without sympathy and thinks all enthusiasm wrong, except what is felt for himself) I thought. The Lying in State very grand — It looked as if he were to be there until the last day — perpetually watched — and guarded — We were all up at four the Morning of the Funeral — and when at that early hour I heard the *roar* of Carriages I was quite frightened — Mr Kinglake came the night before & slept on a sofa — he being our squire to the Oxford & Cambridge Club — My three other Girls had seats at the Athenaeum, but were afraid to go. — The patience and feeling of the people was very great — altho’ gathered together in such large masses there was no laughing or gossiping — They were met together for a grave and sad purpose. You may imagine how we women cried — and the Man in the Streets — The Gentlemen of course felt nothing — “The intellectual destroys the pathetic” — At 12 the night before Julian Pauncefote saw many persons who had taken their place in the Streets to remain until Morning. —

I hear from R. Doyle that he has written to you. — I have but

<sup>188</sup> Mudie’s Lending Library, established in 1842.

<sup>189</sup> In chapter 3 of Book III.

<sup>190</sup> The Duke of Wellington had died on September 14. His body lay in state at Chelsea Hospital from November 10 to 17, and his magnificent funeral, witnessed by 1,500,000 people, took place on November 18.

little news to give you — The Sartoris's are gone to Rome & the house has a bill in the Window — M<sup>rs</sup> Fanny Kemble is there living in the parlour — she will join her Sister in Rome in February accompanied by Lady Manson — Tom Taylor has made a great hit with his piece Peg Woffington being the heroine *Masks & Faces* <sup>191</sup>

You knew of the death of M<sup>rs</sup> Macready <sup>192</sup> — Willie the eldest boy is obliged to leave Hayleybury and go to Madeira — Katie his Sister will accompany him — poor Macready I hear he looks very old & grey. — Milnes dined here on Sunday to celebrate B. C. birthday <sup>193</sup> — and he tells me that D<sup>r</sup> Elliotson is entirely ruined — That he has lost all his savings in some *Mine*. Forster knows nothing of this — and I do not think we any of us dare suffer a loss without his knowing of it. — I have not seen the Brookfields lately — but I hear that a baby is expected in March —

We have nothing but rain — and I have only a faint recollection of what a fair day was like — The last Miss Berry is dead — and Hayward has no doubt already written as judicious a paper upon her as he did upon the death of his last friend — or acquaintance.

We are anxiously looking for the safe arrival of the Canada. — Poor John Hamilton Reynolds is dead — He had been long very poorly — and died very quietly conscious that [he] was leaving this world — I looked at a little Copy of Grays Letters he gave me — in 1821 — when he was so merry — so good — working so hard for his Mother & Sisters — and I was —

much more worthy than I am now to say

very gratefully & affectionately yours

Anne B. Procter

Nov. 25<sup>th</sup> 1852.

13 Upper Harley Street

Cavendish Sq<sup>f</sup>

<sup>191</sup> This drama, in the writing of which Charles Reade also had a hand, was first produced at the Haymarket Theatre on November 20, 1852.

<sup>192</sup> The details of Mrs. Procter's mortuary chronicle are as follows: Mrs. Macready died on September 18, Miss Mary Berry on November 20, and John Hamilton Reynolds on November 15.

<sup>193</sup> Procter's birthday was November 21, 1787. Arthur Montagu Brookfield was born on March 18, 1853.

I have been to see your picture at Lawrences — It is like but it looks rather stern — and did not hold out his hand as some one did at Brighton.—

Adelaide has never ceased comenting that you did not come & say good bye — you will see in *Esmond* a little repetition <sup>194</sup> Vol III page 133 line 9 — and page 143 line 16 — In 1<sup>st</sup> Vol you give an account of the same departure of M<sup>r</sup> Holt twice, at an interval of a few pages — once making *Esmond* miss him very much, and the 2<sup>d</sup> time feel relieved at his departure — I have not the 1st Vol at home. so cannot refer you to the pages —

You will see copious extracts from Tennysons ode <sup>195</sup> — Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the few lines is, that Moxon has given £200 for it — It sells for 1/. —

900.

TO ?

25 NOVEMBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

N. Y. Clarendon Hotel.

Nov<sup>r</sup> 25<sup>th</sup> '52.

Sir

I am about to make arrangements for repeating my Lectures at New-York, where I am happy to say very many persons are anxious to hear them, who have not been able to obtain places at the first course, & I shall be glad to Lecture at New-Haven <sup>196</sup> twice a week, during the delivery of the second set of lectures here.

I must ask 250\$. , per Lecture, for four or six Lectures, w<sup>h</sup> latter

<sup>194</sup> In the first edition of *Esmond* Thackeray writes of Swift that the "Lord Treasurer and St. John used to call him Jonathan" (III, 133), and later that the "Lord Treasurer and the Secretary . . . indulged all his freaks and called him Jonathan" (III, 143). There is nothing incompatible between the two references to Father Holt's departure. Henry sheds tears when his friend leaves (I, 83), yet finds his solitude not an unmixed evil, for there is now "no Father Holt to whip him" (I, 95).

<sup>195</sup> "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," published by Edward Moxon (1801-1858).

<sup>196</sup> Thackeray did not lecture in New Haven until 1855.

1852

TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

129

I would prefer to give, as forming the entire course, & would beg a line to know whether you can entertain the terms, by w<sup>h</sup> time, my arrangements at New-York will be made, when I can specify the days I can attend at New-Haven

Yours very faithfully

W M Thackeray.

I only received your letter dated the 22<sup>nd</sup> this morning.

901.

TO WILLIAM HENRY APPLETON

26<sup>th</sup> NOVEMBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

Clarendon. Friday.

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Appleton.

Some friends have made a supper in my honour to night, and I regret that I can't have the pleasure of joining your party.

I hope you will like Crowe's drawing w<sup>h</sup> seems to me very pretty: and hear that you have received from Smith the likeness of another lovely countenance w<sup>h</sup> people are admiring in your windows. I hope to see it there myself in the course of the day and am meanwhile

Yours very truly

W M Thackeray.

902.

TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

26-27 NOVEMBER 1852

*Address:* Miss Thackerays | at Major Carmichael Smyth's. | 19 Rue d'Angoulême St Honoré | Paris. *Postmarks:* NEW YORK NOV 27, 12 DEC. 52. Hitherto unpublished.

Clarendon. Hotel

New-York Nov<sup>r</sup> 26<sup>th</sup> '52.

M<sup>r</sup> Secretary Crowe has the honor to inform the Miss Thackeray's that their Papa's Lectures are wonderfully successful: & that he is going to repeat the series at New-York. That gentleman

is now lying in bed, very tired after the Lecture, but as the Packet goes to England to-morrow, he thinks, you young ladies would be glad to hear that it actually rains dollars at New-York & that he hopes to make almost a little fortune before he comes home in summer time. He hopes Granny has read the Spectator newspaper <sup>197</sup> ere this. The publishers here are giving him money for his past & future books; he intends to save it all for the benefit of himself, when he is old, & of his children after him; & he thinks they will like a little letter by the Steamer to-morrow, & prays God to bless them & sends them a good night.<sup>198</sup>

I was tired and very sleepy last night and now send one little line more of my own hand writing just to say God bless you over again — Someday or other I shall bring you all here, who knows? Its a wonderful country and money grows here, and tell G P the universal rate of interest is 7 per cent — So I have already in a month saved 70£ a year. God bless you my dearest old Mother & G P.

903.

TO THE BROTHERS HARPER <sup>199</sup>

27 NOVEMBER 1852

My text is taken from J. Henry Harper's *The House of Harper* (New York, 1912), p. 125.

November 27, 1852.

Gentlemen, — In reply to your proposal of yesterday, I shall be happy to part with my interest in the United States in my forthcoming volume, *Lectures on the Humourous Writers of the Last*

<sup>197</sup> Thackeray is referring to the article on *Esmond* in *The Spectator* of November 6, pp. 1066–1067. This sensitive and clairvoyant review was written by George Brimley (1819–1857), Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, and is reprinted in his *Essays* (Cambridge, 1858), pp. 258–269.

<sup>198</sup> Crowe's writing ends here.

<sup>199</sup> Crowe (*With Thackeray in America*, pp. 65–67) describes Thackeray's interview with James Harper (1795–1869), a former Mayor of New York: "The other brother-partners we did not see . . . Presently a lithe little girl came in, and was formally introduced by the father to Thackeray. He shook hands with her, and, smiling, said, 'So this is a "pirate's" daughter, is

*Century*, to be published simultaneously with the London Edition. The sum of One Thousand Dollars offered by you to be paid to my order, on my sending to you the last sheets of the English edition of the work.

Your very faithful servant,  
W. M. Thackeray.

904. TO GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM <sup>200</sup>  
27 NOVEMBER 1852

My text is taken from Putnam's "Leaves from a Publisher's Letter-Book," *Putnam's Magazine*, New Series, IV (1869), 681.

Clarendon Hotel, New York,  
November 27, 1852.

Dear Sir: —

Messrs. [Harper], who have published my larger books and have paid my London publisher for my last work, have offered me a sum of money for the republication of my lectures; and all things considered, I think it is best that I should accept their liberal proposal. I thank you very much for your very generous offer; and for my own sake, as well as that of my literary brethren in England, I am sincerely rejoiced to find how very kindly the American publishers are disposed towards us.

Believe me most faithfully yours,

W. M. Thackeray.

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it?' an appellation which tickled the enterprising publisher's sense of humour into an approving grin. Thackeray ventured to ask him whose name stood foremost in popularity in book sales in the United States. He good-naturedly took down a ponderous ledger, turned up the leaves at letter J, and said, 'George Payne Rainsford James heads the list, far ahead of any other author, as you can judge for yourself . . . !' "

<sup>200</sup> The publisher (1814-1872).



905. TO MRS. ELLIOT AND KATE PERRY  
28 NOVEMBER-1 DECEMBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished. The passage enclosed between daggers has been over-scored.

Sunday but the end  
Wednesday Dec<sup>r</sup> 1.

I have half an hour to myself this morning; let me employ it in writing two ladies a part of a letter. I suppose I needn't tell you that I am making a good hit with the lectures — They are to be preached over again at New York before I go to Boston: I shall carry away near 1000£ from here alone 70 £ a year think of that! If you have any money to put away remember it. The rate of interest on the best security is 7 per cent here: every body receives it and will be paid when the Emperor Napoleon III may be playing all sorts of tricks with your funds. You see I am beginning to think and tremble like a money-saver already. The sensation is so new to me! and you wont be angry at my talking about it. I know you will be glad to hear of my good luck present & prospective and that there is a chance at last for my little women. Even the publishers are liberal one gives me a thousand dollars and another 500 or perhaps 1000 more for books to be republished. It is a little rain of dollars pray Heaven to send plenty of the rain. What were those terrors that some people had including myself? — why the country is California and it's as easy to come to New York as to Boulogne.

I have not had time or courage to see anything though, except here and there a little sight on my way. The queerest was one of the Albany Steamers — called the Francis Skiddy. Fancy Vauxhall glorified fresh gilt decorated carpeted and afloat and theres this wonderful ark. It's an immense moving saloon 200 feet long with little state-rooms in each side furnished some of them in such a way that the Duchess of Sutherland herself <sup>201</sup> never had any thing

<sup>201</sup> The Duke of Sutherland was one of the wealthiest of English magnates; his rent-roll in 1883 totalled £141,667 annually (Bateman, *Great Landowners*, p. 431).

so grand to sleep in — white brocade silk curtains and gold bullion hangings and velvet carpets and porcelain ye Gods such porcelain! — this is what they call the bridal chamber — Fancy a lean yellow tobacco chewing youth, with a gold ring on his dirty hands and a *goatee* on his chin, leading a pretty little frail (I mean in stature only) overdressed bride into this! and their going to settle in a New York boarding house till he can get money enough to set up housekeeping. He may be an omnibus driver or a millionaire in the next 5 or 10 years. Every chance is open to everybody. Everybody seems his neighbour's equal. They begin without a dollar and make fortunes in 5 years — a young lawyer of 26 just married to a beautiful young wife told me he had made 100000 dollars and begun without a cent at 21. Then his sons will very likely spend or lose the money and his grandson be rich again — The wheel is always whirring and turning — the pace is awful. No man lives in his fathers house — A house 20 years old is worn out & used up. Broadway is never without barricades houses are always being torn down there it makes you tipsy to walk in the place — it gives my brain a whirl as I think of it — I feel as if this was getting like a sentence for a book: & I'm not a going to write one. Stop Penny-liner! Wo-o-o!

Last night at Bancrofts was a first chop 'Upper Ten' party of 16 or 18 in my honour. What I am pleased to find is that the people are a hundred times pleasanter and more refined here than when with us imitating our manners and sulking or pushing in our world. I have met very many very pleasant and clever men and women natural witty and extremely good natured among one another. There's nothing to sneer at — some usages different to ours, but a manliness and fairness that puts our society to shame often. I like to see the equality, I wince a little at first when a Shopman doesn't say 'Sir' or a coachman says 'Help that man with his luggage' — but y not? I'm sure its right that Society sh<sup>d</sup> be as it here is, that no harm should attach to a man for any honest way of working for his bread, and that a man should be allowed to be poor. We allow *certain* men to be poor at home, but not every one.

Washington Irving was at dinner <sup>202</sup> — a very nice bonhomious old gentleman in a brown wig with arch rather staring blue eyes and a pleasant chirping voice quite natural and unaffected — speaking English however not American: He would not talk to me — and there was a fine clever lady one of the leaders of the world here a certain M<sup>rs</sup> Jones who wouldn't talk to me too — She was very clever keen and sensible, but very bitter against England. The houses are beautiful in a fashion of their own between French and — Wednesday. Here the sentence was broken off three days ago I haven't had leisure for a word since somehow and done nothing in particular that I know of, though I seem to be busy all day. Yes I have seen the Rappers, and the table moving, and heard the Spirits. The moving of tables is undoubted, the noises & knocks (continual raps following the person who has the gift of eliciting them some natural unexplained phenomenon but the Spirits is of course dire humbug & imposture. They try to guess at something, and hit or miss as may be. 1000 misses for one hit — It is a most dreary & foolish superstition. I dodged the Spirit by asking questions in Latin & German. Dic mihi says I O Spiritus nomen carissime anne valet, anne viva anne mortua? The Spirit after a while told me its own name was *Carrisima* — then that its name was Anna Maria Makepeace my dear Aunt — only I never had one, and so on. (Somebody calls or points to the Alphabet and the right letter is indicated by knocks) — What pained me was to see kind good people believing — to find what folly satisfied them what childish ideas of God they have. They call for their relations and Franklin and Washington, and that sort of thing — But the physical manifestations are undoubted — Tables moving lifted up & men even lifted off the ground to the ceiling so some are ready to swear — but though I do not believe in this until I see it; I wouldn't have believed in a table turning 3 weeks ago — and that I have seen and swear to. Tell me if you succeed in England. I writ about it to J O B <sup>203</sup> — a deal table is the best.

<sup>202</sup> During his two trips to America Thackeray became very friendly with Irving (1783–1859), whose writings he had long admired. He records his impressions of this good old man in his memorial *Roundabout Paper*, “Nil Nisi Bonum.”

<sup>203</sup> Mrs. Brookfield.

I have now every night engaged here for three weeks, and shall probably take 1000£ off with me besides 300 for my books. I may make 4000 whilst I'm out here, and that will set me easy about dying at any rate: & with the scraps at home, copyrights, houses &c provide decently for my young ones. Smith the Publisher writes me word he has sold the whole edition of the novel, & is preparing a new edition — so that the public will bear grave books and histories from me — now that the laughter springs are dry. The review in the Spectator brought tears into my eyes — I think it will into some folks at home — a few a few — and who would have many? We must go on liking each other till we are quite old; — till you have a Salon, and I come pottering in from the Club of a night — So Blanche has brought a daughter to the house of Ogilvie; <sup>204</sup> and † I suppose my dear lady is trimming up little caps and long clothes — making her preparations sadly, to live as well as she may after the ship-wreck. Poor dear poor dear. Kiss her for me & love her and tend her — I know what she thinks of in the long silent nights and † yearns after. God bless her and you my dear kind friends and you my dear Fred and the young ones; says your affte

W M T.

Address care of Mess<sup>rs</sup> Ticknor & Fields Boston.

906.

TO ?

29 NOVEMBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

Clarendon. Nov<sup>r</sup> 29.

My dear Sir

Your kind note of the 26 only reached me at 10 last night, with the card of invitation from the Ph<sup>s</sup> S<sup>t</sup> Andrews Society. I am

<sup>204</sup> The husband of the Countess of Airlie (formerly Blanche Stanley) was head of the old Scottish family of Ogilvy. The first child of their marriage, Henrietta Blanche Drummond, was born on November 8, 1852.

engaged to give a lecture in the country tomorrow and regret that I cannot accept your hospitality. I hope soon to see you in Philadelphia & am

Most faithfully yours my dear Sir  
W M Thackeray.

Will you kindly convey my regrets to the Secretary of your Society? I have previously had to refuse that of New York.

907.

TO ?

29 NOVEMBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished. Original in the hand of Eyre Crowe. *Endorsed:*  
W M Thackeray Nov. 29.

New-York. Nov<sup>r</sup> 29<sup>th</sup> '52.  
Clarendon Hotel

Dear Sir

I thank you for your letter of the 27<sup>th</sup> & can assure you that I have only asked you the terms w<sup>h</sup> other Societies have given me. I prefer generally to give my Lectures on my own account; though of course I must reply when I am favored with such proposals as that w<sup>h</sup> you were kind enough to send to me.

I am about, I believe, to give my Lectures at Brooklyn, in w<sup>h</sup> case, my whole time, during my residence at New-York will be filled up, I go hence about the 18<sup>th</sup> ins<sup>t</sup> to Boston, from w<sup>h</sup> city I have also engagements for Providence, at the price w<sup>h</sup> I stated to you.

Under these circumstances, I do not see how I can hope to visit New-Haven for the present; but shall hope at some future season to have that pleasure.

Believe me your very faithful servant  
W. M. Thackeray.

908.

FROM ANNE THACKERAY  
30 NOVEMBER 1852

My text is taken from *Thackeray and his Daughter*, pp. 46-47.

## Paris

As usual, I have nothing to tell to my dearest of Fathers except that on Wednesday (to-morrow) his Imperial Highness will arrive from St. Cloud and be received at the Tuileries by the Senators, who will acknowledge him their Emperor,<sup>205</sup> and the Tuileries are all gilt and furbished up for him. Mrs. Corkran says it will be called "République Française No. 3 Emp." and Pauline says she read in an old book his name isn't Louis Napoleon but Louis Charles! Grannie had rather relented after Abd-el-Kader,<sup>206</sup> but now he has spoilt all by reducing the Protestant Conclave to half its number, and by the Bishop of St. Denis.

To-day we have been to M. Monod's Cours<sup>207</sup> and presented

<sup>205</sup> This ceremony occurred on December 1, 1852.

<sup>206</sup> One of Louis Napoléon's most popular acts in 1852 was the release of the Arab leader Abd el-Kader, who had been treacherously imprisoned by Louis Philippe's government in 1847.

<sup>207</sup> Lady Ritchie writes that during the winter of 1852-1853 she and her sister "used to attend the classes of . . . Adolphe Monod, who remains to me one of the most striking and noble figures I have ever met; his face, his dark eyes, all spoke as well as his eloquent voice, and above all his earnest life and ways. To me he seemed the St. Paul of my own time; and those classes which cost so many tears, and which gave rise to so much agitated discussion, are still among the most touching and heart-reaching experiences of my life. I can see the girls' faces now, as they listened to their beloved *pasteur*. Our hearts were in our lessons, as his was in his teaching, undoubtedly; we were all in earnest and ready to follow; only, though I longed to be convinced, I could only admire and love the lesson and the teacher as well. He warned, encouraged, explained in his earnest, gentle voice. 'Ah, mes enfants,' I can hear him saying, 'fuyez, fuyez ce monde!' Fly the world! If ever the world was delightful and full of interest it was then — the daily task, the hour and its incidents eventful and absorbing; if ever our hearts were open to receive, not to reject, it was then. . . . I still remember the strange thrill we felt, and which ran in a whisper along the class, when we heard that Henrietta P. had been refused her first communion for going to a ball within a week of the event. She came no more to the meetings. The girls sat in their places on rows of straw chairs, and many of the parents ac-

our "analyses" tied with red ribbon, but next week we shall get purple for the Empire.

There are about twenty girls and twenty mothers all round the room. There is Blanche Girod, the beauty, beautifully dressed, and Miss Stumff, the stupid one — isn't it a good name? — and Zélie de Marville (Oh! if I had been called Zélie de Marville) and Marie Petit, the tall one, and Lucie de Latouche, and a great many more.

We were half as happy at your letter, as when you came back, dear Papa. It came just as I was reading out the most dreary passages of *Iphigénie*, and the maid came in with "Connaissez vous cette écriture-là, Mademoiselle?" Mrs. Collemache sent us the *Globe* with some verses of yours<sup>208</sup> which Grannie said were like Lord Byron and which I thought were like you, as melancholy as Agamemnon in *Iphigénie*, and Grannie and I both burst out laughing at seeing ourselves both crying a little. I wonder what makes people cry when they are unhappy, and when they are happy too, and when they are neither the one nor the other?

To-day is the first cold day; it was so delightful out, with a nice brisk fog, and the little school-boys running to school, that Laure

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accompanied them. Sometimes in a corner by the window holding up a small Bible, in which he followed the references with attention, there sat an oldish gentleman, who was (so we were told) the great Prime Minister, M. Guizot." (*Chapters*, pp. 151-152) Lady Ritchie draws on her recollections of this little French Protestant world in her first novel, *The Story of Elizabeth* (1863).

Adolphe Frédéric Théodore Monod (1802-1856) studied at Paris and Geneva and was Pastor at Naples and at Lyon before joining the Protestant faculty of Montauban. From 1847 until his death he was Pastor of the Reformed Church of Paris, where he attained a wide reputation as a preacher. Among his many books may be mentioned *Saint Paul* (1851) and four volumes of *Sermons* (1860).

<sup>208</sup> According to Professor Gulliver (*Thackeray's Literary Apprenticeship*, pp. 164-167), who has searched *The Globe* for this period, the only verses which match Annie's description are lines on the Duke of Wellington's death beginning "Weep, Albion! weep!". The Duke died on September 14, and "Weep, Albion! weep!" appeared in *The Globe* on November 18, the day of the funeral. It is possible, as Professor Gulliver suggests, that Thackeray wrote the verses before leaving for America and that they were held by the newspaper for publication on the appropriate day.

and I could hardly help dancing, and we bought some chestnuts which made us perfectly happy. The dandies have got most elegant cloaks over one shoulder, all braided and arranged with hoods and tassels, and I don't know what, and we meet splendid ladies in velvets driving, negros giving placards, and such quantities of dirty priests. Yesterday we had a race with the little Corkrans<sup>209</sup> in the Tuileries. "I will fall down and break my nose," said little Mary so prettily, and fancy Minnie bursting out into German with their maid. Now it is eight-thirty and I must go and drink my tea and go to bed presently. Good-night, my dearest Papa.

A. Thackeray.

909.

TO ?

2 DECEMBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished. Original in the hand of Eyre Crowe.

Dec 2<sup>nd</sup> '52.

Clarendon. N. Y

Gentlemen

In reply to your letter received per telegraph, I beg to say that it is my intention to Lecture at Cincinnati;<sup>210</sup> but I cannot as yet fix the period, nor state the sum w<sup>h</sup> I think I ought to ask for my Lectures. I prefer generally to give them on my own account, or to give a third of the gross receipts to a Society, w<sup>h</sup> provides the rooms &c., for the Lectures.

I am your obedient servant

W. M. Thackeray.

<sup>209</sup> Presumably Corkran's three daughters, Alice, Henriette, and Mary.

<sup>210</sup> Thackeray did not lecture in Cincinnati until 1856.



910.

FROM ANNE THACKERAY

5 DECEMBER 1852

My text is taken from *Thackeray and his Daughter*, pp. 48-49.

Paris

My dearest Father, — To-day at church we had to pray for His Majesty the Emperor and all the Royal Family, and on Thursday we had a holiday to go and look at His Majesty riding into Paris.<sup>211</sup> Minnie prepared a purple cockade, which she put upon G. P., and you may guess how disgusted Grannie was. There were soldiers all down the Champs Elysées and splendid aides-de-camps with feathers galloping about. Generals with their staffs trotting off to St. Cloud, regiments dashing by, all in the drizzling rain, and opposite a whole regiment of Dragoons, there was sitting one of Mr. Doyle's little dogs<sup>212</sup> looking up at them, and nothing would induce him to move. After waiting about four hours (we were in an entresol) there came more regiments and elegant aides-de-camps, and I determined that that is what I should like to have been born. And Jerome<sup>213</sup> on horseback very unsteady and fat, and then all alone in front of a Regiment his Royal Highness, who was too far off for me to see plainly, on a prancing horse with a red velvet saddle and golden bridles, and I forget what coat Louis Napoleon wore, but he had a fine red ribbon across his body. They cried "Vive l'Empereur" a little, not very much. Grannie says she counted twelve, but I assure you there were more. The only way the Champs Elysées were adorned, was by a piece of calico stretched across the Rond Point, which was not half long enough to reach from one side to the other.

I think I am a Napoleonist, for he has done so many good-

<sup>211</sup> On Thursday, December 2. This letter was written the following Sunday.

<sup>212</sup> Doyle liked to introduce small dogs into his drawings. See, for example, "King Richard in a Musical Mood," one of his illustrations to *Rebecca and Rowena* (*Works*, IX, 120). *Thackeray and his Daughter* reads *Mrs. Doyle*.

<sup>213</sup> Prince Jérôme Bonaparte (1784-1860), youngest brother of Napoléon I.

natured things; all the poor who have pawned their mattresses and any other things within four days may take them back for nothing, and all debtors under I don't know what, are let out of prison,—the warnings to the newspapers are taken away, and little crimes are forgiven, and the soldiers got an extra day's pay. Yesterday we saw him, but as I couldn't see his face I didn't know who it was, till a little man rushed up to Grannie and said "C'est l'Empereur!" "Phuiff!" says Grannie, and walks on. Minnie was with the Corkrans at the Bois de Boulogne and told me that Sutton set up a loud cheer, and got a bow.

I am afraid Grannie is still miserable about me, but it bothers me when the clergymen say that everybody ought to think alike and follow the one true way, forgetting that it is they who want people to think alike, that is, as they do. Monsieur Monod tells us things about the Garden of Eden, which he proves by St. Paul's epistles. I don't understand how God can repent and destroy His own work, or how He can make coats as He did for Adam, or shut a door, as they say He shut Noah in, and it is things like these that they think one must go to hell for not respecting and believing. I am sure when Christ talks about "My words" He means His own, not the Bible, as Grannie says, but I don't know what it means when He says that He did not come to destroy the law but to fulfil it, and so I suppose everybody is right and nobody knows anything. Minnie and I can love you and Grannie with all our heart, and that is our business. Good-bye, my dear Papa, I daresay you are thinking of us now, and we send our love to you over the sea.

Annie Thackeray.

911. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

7 DECEMBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

Clarendon. New York  
Tuesday. Dec<sup>r</sup> 7.

Life passes in such a whirl here that I have scarcely even time to write to my own shildren. But I think about 'em a great deal and

talk about 'em so as to bore people — but there are half a dozen kind families here who would be charmed to give you house-room: and if I had known all, how easy the passage is & so forth — who knows I might have brought you: & may some day when I pay another visit to New York — I go to dinner before the lecture, to parties afterwards, am receiving visitors or writing notes all day, and the pace of London is nothing to the racketting life of New York. I have found some very very kind and pleasant women — a M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter <sup>214</sup> specially whom I've got quite a love for, a tender kind Soul with a kind honest husband and and such a jolly pretty girl for a daughter! <sup>215</sup> and this pretty one she is 19 years old and already considers herself quite an old & *passée* young person has a sister <sup>216</sup> of Anny's age — and even prettier [than the] eldest — then there is M<sup>rs</sup> James,<sup>217</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Jay,<sup>218</sup> and the kind Unitarian

<sup>214</sup> See Memoranda.

<sup>215</sup> Sally Baxter. See *Memoranda*.

<sup>216</sup> Lucy Baxter. See *Memoranda*.

<sup>217</sup> Henry James (1811–1882), father of the novelist and of William James, the philosopher. In August, 1853, James repeated to Emerson (*Journals*, 10 vols., ed. Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes, Boston and New York, 1910–1914, VIII, 393) some of "Thackeray's speeches in society, 'He liked to go to Westminster Abbey to say his prayers,' etc. 'It gave him the comfort, — blest [comfortablest?] feeling.'" James was unkind enough to add that "Thackeray could not see beyond his eyes, and has no ideas, and merely is a sounding-board against which his experiences thump and resound: he is the merest boy." It was presumably from him, however, that Emerson (*Journals*, VIII, 393–394) derived the impression that Thackeray "has made a good mark in this country by a certain manly blurting out of his opinion in various companies where so much honesty was rare and useful."

In *A Small Boy and Others* (pp. 87–89) the younger Henry James, then nine years old, describes his first meeting with Thackeray. The frontispiece to this volume is a daguerreotype of Henry and his father in which the boy is dressed in a "little sheath-like jacket, tight to the body, closed at the neck and adorned in front with a single row of brass buttons — a garment of scant grace assuredly and compromised to my consciousness, above all, by a strange ironic light from an unforgotten source. . . . The great Mr. Thackeray had come to America to lecture on The English Humourists, and still present to me is the voice proceeding from my father's library, in which some glimpse of me hovering, at an opening of the door, in passage or on staircase, prompted him to the formidable words: 'Come here, little boy, and show me your extraordinary jacket!' My sense of my jacket became from that hour a heavy one — further enriched as my vision is by my shyness of posture before the

Clergyman Mr Bellows and several literary men and wives uncommonly pleasant simple and amiable folks better than similar people in our own Country. Last night I went to the first grand ball of the season — you should see the young ladies' dresses! They dress like the most splendacious French actresses — the houses are got up in a style of extraordinary uncomfortable splendor — every house is new — so new that none of 'em are even papered as yet: and the drawing rooms blaze with goold and yellow damask: and on the bare walls hang the queerest trumpery pictures and coloured prints — the nouveau riche have not got the sentiment of the Fine Arts yet w<sup>h</sup> is the last to come generally in a civilization — So, if they praise and admire and wonder at a certain lecturer too much, that old file takes care to keep his head from being turned, and thinks to himself what kind of critics are these who praise you so? and do they know anything about it? So I hope I shall be none the worse for all their fine compliments.

Last Saturday I had a dinner at the Press Club in w<sup>h</sup> 30 gentlemen in as many speeches, every one fired compliments into me, and I made about 6 in reply — that intended to be the crack speech being rather a failure & the rest going off pretty pleasant — The weather is like weather in Heaven — this time last year it was

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seated, the celebrated visitor, who struck me, in the sunny light of the animated room, as enormously big and who, though he laid on my shoulder the hand of benevolence, bent on my native costume the spectacles of wonder. I was to know later on why he had been so amused and why, after asking me if this were the common uniform of my age and class, he remarked that in England, were I to go there, I should be addressed as 'Buttons.' . . . Too few, I may here interject, were to remain my gathered impressions of the great humourist, but one of them, indeed almost the only other, bears again on the play of his humour over our perversities of dress. It belongs to a later moment, an occasion on which I see him familiarly seated with us, in Paris, during the spring of 1857, at some repast at which the younger of us too, by that time, habitually flocked, in our affluence of five. Our youngest was beside him, a small sister, then not quite in her eighth year, and arrayed apparently after the fashion of the period and place; and the tradition lingered long of his having suddenly laid his hand on her little flounced person and exclaimed with ludicrous horror: 'Crinoline? — I was suspecting it! So young and so depraved!' "

<sup>218</sup> John Jay (1817–1894), lawyer, diplomat, and historian.

bitterest cold — now the windows are all open, the sky wonderfully bright, and in fact as hot as I should think it must be in Injar. The 2<sup>d</sup> course of lectures is not so well attended as the first — not above 1000 people I should think & the first 1500 — but I get more money — and there's lots more a coming — and now I really feel inclined to save and not to spend it tell G P & Granny and my Shildren will please God have something when I go the way of all Fathers & Shildren — As for writing a book about the country, its humppossible — the goose lays much too good eggs for that — and theres no time for writing or seeing. I'm so glad I brought Eyre. He is the greatest comfort and the most willing affectionate fellow. I am going to see an Engine & Iron Master here and if there are good accounts from him, I'll lend Teddy 50£ and let him start here — He's sure to get on and sure to pay me back — So the trip, in one way or other, may be made advantageous to all. I know this is very stupid — but que vooly voo? It'll please my darlings to hear that I'm prospering, and have found kind friends, and am pretty tollerollerably happy — and this letter will come to my women somewhere about holy Christmas time when may Gods blessing be with them and their dearest old Elders and their fond old Father.

Why should not you and Granny have 3 slap up warm handsome dresses as good as ever you please and let the great American republic pay for 'em? I should like you to order 3: and G P I should like him to have a jolly comfortable great coat wadded and lined with silk — I should — And I bless you & kiss you my dears and I send my love to my dear old Aunt and Cousins; and so Goodbye.

Next time I write I'll send 25£ to buy the coats & gownds.

You should have seen Robert Kelly Esq<sup>r</sup> make his speech it was a great sight — such action! — they all work their arms here — This lecture <sup>219</sup> was delivered last night and I sent the slips to the paper.

<sup>219</sup> The last paragraphs of the concluding lecture of Thackeray's first New York series were composed particularly for the occasion and do not appear in his *Works*. Alluding to the reactionary governments prevailing in Europe and particularly to the despotism of Napoléon III, he remarked (*New York*

[For fragments of a letter to Mrs. Elliot and Kate Perry, 7 December, 1852, see letter 35, Appendix XXVI.]

912. TO EDWARD LIVINGSTON WELLS  
19 DECEMBER 1852

Facsimile in Edward Livingston Wells's "My Autograph Book," *St. Nicholas*, XVIII (1891), 456-457.

N. York. Sunday Dec<sup>r</sup> 19.

My dear Sir

I have very great pleasure in sending you my signature; and am never more grateful than when I hear honest boys like my books. I remember the time when I was a boy very well; and, now

*Tribune*, December 7) that English is "the only language in which truth dares now to speak." It had been his habit in England to protest against the complaint raised by his brother-writers that men-of-letters were neglected and held in light esteem. No such complaint is conceivable in America. Nor is the American public less generous to English authors than to her own writers. "I look round on this great company. I think of my gallant young patrons of the Mercantile Library Association, as whose servant I appear before you; and of the kind hands stretched out to welcome me by men famous in letters, and honored in our country as their own; and I thank you and them for a most kindly greeting, and a most generous hospitality. At home and among his own people, it scarce becomes an English writer to speak of himself; his public estimation must depend upon his works; his private esteem on his character and his life. But here among friends newly found, I ask leave to say that I am thankful; and I think with a grateful heart of those I leave behind me at home, who will be proud of the welcome you hold out to me, and will benefit, please God, when my days of work are over, by the kindness which you show to their father."

The account in the *Tribune* continues: "When the applause had subsided, ROBERT KELLY, Esq., President of the Board of Education, came forward and offered the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That we cannot allow the present course of lectures to close without expressing the high satisfaction that we have enjoyed in their brilliant portraiture, discriminating analysis, original thought and hearty humanity.

"*Resolved*, That we regard with great pleasure the visit of Mr. Thackeray to this country, both for its direct advantage to our people and for the promise which it gives of a closer and more generous interchange of thought between England and America.

"*Resolved*, That we owe our thanks to the Mercantile Library Association

that I have children of my own, love young people all the better: and hope some day that I shall be able to speak to them more directly than hitherto I have done. But by that time you will be a man, and I hope will prosper.

As I got into the railroad car to come hither from Boston there came up a boy with a basket of books to sell, and he offered me one and called out my own name: and I bought the book,<sup>220</sup> pleased by his kind face and friendly voice w<sup>h</sup> seemed as it were to welcome me & my own children to this country. And as you are the first American boy who has written to me I thank you and shake you by the hand, & hope Heaven may prosper you. We who write books must remember that among our readers are honest children, and pray the Father of all of us to enable us to see and speak the Truth. Love & Truth are the best of all: pray God that young & old we may try and hold by them.

I thought to write you only a line this Sunday morning: but you see it is a little sermon. My own children thousands of miles away (it is Sunday *night* now where they are, and they said their prayers for me whilst I was asleep) will like some day to see your little note and be grateful for the kindness you & others show me. I bid you farewell and am

Your faithful Servant

W M Thackeray

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of New-York for their enterprise in placing so rare a literary entertainment within reach of our public, and we rejoice that their estimate of the good taste of this community has been so signally justified by the result.

"The resolutions were seconded by Rev. Mr. Osgood, who paid a high compliment to Mr. Thackeray, and then they were unanimously adopted and the audience dispersed."

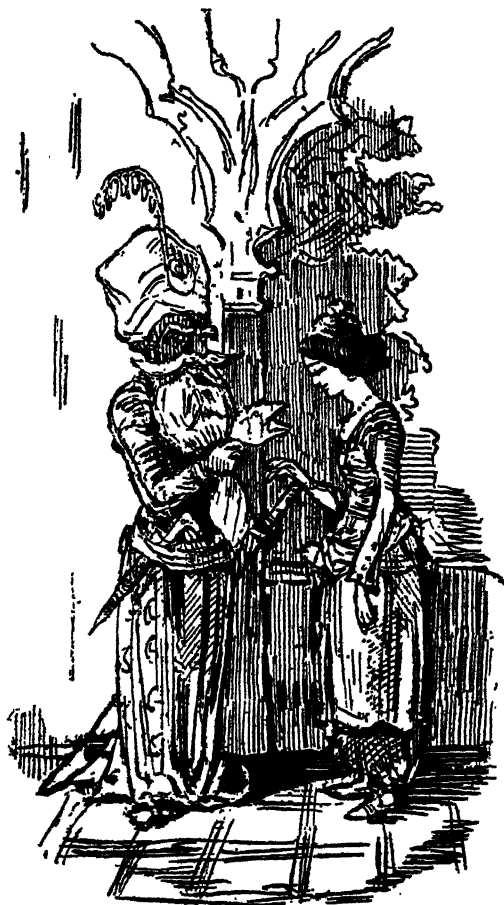
<sup>220</sup> *A Shabby Genteel Story*. See Hotten's *Thackeray*, pp. 133-134.

913.

TO LIBBY STRONG  
DECEMBER 1852?<sup>221</sup>

My text is taken from a facsimile in *American Family*, p. 194.

This was to have gone with the Handkerchiefs & another picture representing Sister Anne waving her handkerchief out of window in the 2<sup>nd</sup> box but the ink runs when I try & colour them & spoils em.



<sup>221</sup> "During his first visit to America," Mrs. Alfred Leonard Curtis (the



914.

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

20 DECEMBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

My dearest Mammy I must send you a line this morning and must tell you that things look so well that I think you women may add new bonnets too to the new gowns, and so appear in your best and thank God for the New Year. I have made 1200£ by coming here already — 800 by the lectures and 4 by my books, money w<sup>h</sup> I shouldn't have had had I staid at home: and I think in 4 or 5 months I may make £2000 more — not more — and shall probably come back again next winter if all things go well with another stock of lectures — to take a couple of thousand more, w<sup>h</sup> will give us a guinea a day to live on for our mortal life, and remove one of my anxieties at the idea of leaving it. And when Cheri goes to college I've some idea of writing to Charles and offering to pay his expenses, and wiping off that score that way.<sup>222</sup> That 500 was an immense relief to me in the days of my necessity: and so friends appear and the world wags on somehow. Poor dear Eyre turned out in a new suit tother day and it brought tears of thankfulness to God into my eyes to think that I could help and comfort those poor stricken people — Who should turn up here but Edward Nixon <sup>223</sup> with a great beard and a vinous face. He is going to Texas he says with a salary of 8000 dollars 'paid quarterly' only I saw by his look that he was on the money hunting business and as Crowe didnt leave the

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former Libby Strong) relates, "Mr. Thackeray once came to call at the Brown House, and finding that Mrs. Baxter was not at home, he left his cards without entering, it being his invariable custom not to visit the family during her absence. The young ladies from an upper window saw him as he was going away, and Miss Strong was dared by the others to wave her handkerchief at him, which she did, eliciting a courteous response from their friend. The next day she received from Mr. Thackeray a box of handkerchiefs, with [this] sketch and . . . inscription." (*American Family*, pp. 193-194)

<sup>222</sup> See above, No. 206.

<sup>223</sup> No doubt a disreputable relative of Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth's Parisian friend Mrs. Nixon.

room, he wrote to me that afternoon for 60£ w<sup>h</sup> I declined stoutly, and offered him 5£. He didnt want that he said — but he'll come for it soon I have no doubt.

I'm sorry to leave New York.<sup>224</sup> I have met very pleasant & kind people. I have been actually in love for 3 days with a pretty wild girl of 19 (and was never more delighted in my life than by discovering that I could have this malady over again) and am sure that my own peace of mind is immensely increased by leaving Europe. When I began to write *Esmond* how miserable I was! I can contemplate that grief now and put it into a book: and the end of my flirtation with Miss Sally Baxter here is that I have got a new character for a novel — though to be sure she is astoundingly like *Beatrice*.

I have much ado to keep my head with all the flattery &c. I'm a very big dog here. Will it last another year I wonder? so that we may secure the guinea a day? and I'm getting ever so little ambitious now seeing what I cant help that I'm a personage — I want to write a good history book to go into Parliament perhaps &c. Where are the tranquil aims and simple plans of youth to paint a little picture

915.

TO WILLIAM DICKINSON

20 DECEMBER 1852

*Address:* W<sup>m</sup> Dickinson Esq<sup>r</sup> | Young Mens Library Association | Taunton.  
*Postmark:* PROVIDENCE DEC 20. Hitherto unpublished.

Providence. Dec<sup>r</sup> 20.

Sir

I regret that my engagements will not allow of my lecturing at Taunton at the time named by you.

Your very faithful Serv<sup>t</sup>

W M Thackeray

<sup>224</sup> Thackeray travelled from New York to Boston on December 20. See below, p. 662.

916. TO MRS. BAXTER AND SALLY BAXTER

21 DECEMBER 1852

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> G. Baxter | 286 Second Avenue | New York. *Postmark:* BOSTON DEC 21. My text is taken from *American Family*, p. 17, and from an American Art Association catalogue, April 20-21, 1921. Envelope owned by Mr. Beyer.

Tremont. Tuesday.

My dear Mrs. Baxter &amp; —

This is not the letter at all. This is only to say that I'm going to write a letter tomorrow. I have begun one (I have had ceaseless visitors ever since this morning at 10), but I want to say God bless you! God bless you! and can hardly see the paper for — for something in my eyes which brings a film over them as I think of you and your great goodness to me. You must let me write to you often and often, won't you? And do the same to me, please.

Now will you, and You write tomorrow? Poor Bingham! <sup>225</sup> I feel for him now.

Lots of dollars (1500 already) for the {damn} lectures.<sup>226</sup>

The Viscountess Castlewood &amp; The Honbl Beatrix Esmond

<sup>225</sup> Henry Bingham Mildmay (1828-1905), one of Sally's unsuccessful suitors, whose mother was a sister of Thackeray's friend Lady Ashburton. On the death of his father in 1853 he inherited a considerable property, which was no doubt increased when his older brother died thirteen years later. In 1883 his estate of Shoreham Place, Kent, brought him £3,563 annually (Bateman, *Great Landowners*, p. 310). He married in 1860 and had seven children.

<sup>226</sup> Thackeray's first Boston lecture was announced for 7:30 the evening of December 21. "At a quarter past seven," Fields relates (*Yesterdays with Authors*, p. 23), "I called for him, and found him not only unshaved and undressed for the evening, but rapturously absorbed in making a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a passage in Goethe's *Sorrows of Werther*, for a lady, which illustration, — a charming one, by the way, for he was greatly skilled in drawing, — he vowed he would finish before he would budge an inch in the direction of the (I omit the adjective) Melodeon. A comical incident occurred just as he was about leaving the hall . . . A shabby ungainly looking man stepped briskly up to him in the anteroom, seized his hand and announced himself as 'proprietor of the Mammoth Rat,' and proposed to exchange season tickets. Thackeray, with the utmost gravity, exchanged cards and promised to

917.

TO SALLY BAXTER

22 DECEMBER 1852

Published in part, *American Family*, pp. 17-19. *Endorsed*: Boston Dec. 22, 1852.

Wednesday.

I have put the two letters in the fire w<sup>h</sup>. I wrote yesterday — two very fine long fond sentimental letters — They were too long and sentimental and fond. A pen that's so practised as mine is runs on talking and talking: I fancy the people I speak to are sitting with me; and pour out the sense and nonsense jokes and the contrary, egotisms — whatever comes upper most. And you know what was uppermost yesterday. My heart was longing and yearning after you full of love and gratitude for your welcome of me — but the words grew a little too warm. You wouldn't like me to write letters in that strain You might tell me to write no more: and if you did I should burst out into a misanthropical rage again — Please to let me write on: and make my frank claim to have a little place in Beatrix's heart. I told my children what a place she had got in mine.<sup>227</sup> I would not hide from them or from you those honest generous feelings. When the destined man comes, with a good head and a good heart fit to win such a girl, and love and guide her; then old M<sup>r</sup> Thackeray will make his bow and say God bless her; as the fair creature steps away from church on the bridegroom's arm: and when she's old and I am under the daisies, she'll think of me as the Jessamy Bride of poor Noll Goldsmith — (I looked at those beaux yeux as I was telling the story the other night <sup>228</sup> — that last night of the lecture don't you remember about 10 years ago when I was at New York?) or the lady <sup>229</sup> to whom the French poet wrote the noble verses I told her

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call on the wonderful quadruped next day." Thackeray's remaining lectures in Boston were given on December 24, 28, 31, January 4, and 7 (*Boston Advertiser*, December 21).

<sup>227</sup> See above, No. 911.

<sup>228</sup> In his lecture on Sterne and Goldsmith (see *Works*, VII, 614).

<sup>229</sup> Hélène de Surgères, for whom Ronsard wrote *Les Amours d'Hélène*.

Quand vous serez bien vieille, le soir à la chandelle  
 Assise auprès du feu dévisant et filant,  
 Direz, chantant mes vers en vous esmerveillant,  
 Ronsard m'a célébré au temps que j'étais belle.  
 Lors il n'y a personne oyant telle nouvelle &c.

I forget the rest: but the one song has been sung ever since the world began — I'm sure when those pretty eyelids are all wrinkled, and the bright eyes look sadder than now they

Enter D<sup>r</sup> O. W. Holmes <sup>230</sup> half an hour — a dear little fellow a true poet I told him how much I liked his verses and what do you think he did? *His* eyes began to water. Well, it's a comfort to have given pleasure to that kind soul.

After him come Judge Warren and M<sup>r</sup> Davis — M<sup>r</sup> Davis is an old old Fogey 80 years old. Judge Warren is descended from William de Warenne who came with the Conqueror.

And now interruption no 3 — actually as I wrote the last r in Conqueror and that is 1,2,3 letters from home that have been lying here ever so long — What a pity I didn't get them this morning before I sent off mine by the steamer. I send you one of Anna's — Isn't it a fine letter Miss Sara? Isn't she a noble soul?

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Thackeray quotes, though not textually, the first five lines of the best known sonnet in this sequence. See "Ronsard to his Mistress," *Works*, XIII, 44-45.

<sup>230</sup> Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894), Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology and Dean of the Harvard Medical School, devoted himself chiefly to medicine after the publication of his *Poems* in 1836. His wide popularity began only with the appearance in *The Atlantic Monthly* during 1857 and later years of the papers that make up *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. Thackeray followed his later career with lively interest. After a dinner at the Mackintoshes' in London on May 17, 1858, John Lothrop Motley (*Correspondence*, ed. G. W. Curtis, I, 226) wrote to Holmes: "Thackeray was there, and suddenly in the middle of dinner he made the following observation, not to me, but to his neighbour on the other side of the table: 'Have you read the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," by Holmes, in the new *Atlantic Magazine*?' He then went on to observe that no man in England could now write with that charming mixture of wit, pathos, and imagination, that your papers were better by far than anything in their magazines. . . . After dinner I had a good deal of talk with him about you, and he spoke with much warmth and appreciation of your poems; he praised particularly the 'Last Leaf' and 'The Punch Bowl.'"

My mother says she is grown so fat she looks 20 — Thats a pretty picture of the grand old mother and her old husband, such a fine gentleman & lady — so handsome — I've never seen any one so handsome Mademoiselle no NEVER Little Min writes. 'We are to go to M. Monod, and he is to preach us a sermon every week, and we are to copy it and I daresay I will make a hash of it.' I suppose you know that the two handwritings are by the same hand:<sup>231</sup> and hope you dont think it is M<sup>r</sup> Crowe the Secretary writing.

I wonder whether if anybody were to say Come Friend & pass Christmas Day with us — you can be here to dinner — You can pass Sunday here and a part of Monday — I wonder whether I would come? New Years day is not so pleasant. There are visitors all that time and all those visitors would be saying theres that old M<sup>r</sup> Thackeray here again — May I come? You kind dear M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter your first impression will be yes. Your second very likely no. Think over for half an hour w<sup>h</sup> way it shall be: and whether you will have me gladden my eyes by seeing your faces again Why its only a few hours from here to the Second Avenue: and I whisk off the car at 27<sup>th</sup> Street and leave my bag at the Clarendon and am down 18<sup>th</sup> St in no time. Say 'if you approve and honour the proposal.'<sup>232</sup>

(. . .)<sup>233</sup>

<sup>231</sup> The bulk of this letter is in Thackeray's slanting hand, but the quotation from Ronsard, the paragraph beginning "Enter D<sup>r</sup> O. W. Holmes," and the paragraph following as far as the beginning of this sentence are in his upright hand.

<sup>232</sup> A phrase from a letter of Sterne's to his "Bramine," Mrs. Daniel Draper, which Thackeray quotes in his lectures (*Works*, VII, 594).

<sup>233</sup> The final half-page of this letter has been cut away.

918.

TO MRS. PROCTER

22 DECEMBER 1852

Published in part, *Biographical Introductions*, VII, xl-xli. My text is taken from a transcript given Lady Ritchie by George Murray Smith.

Boston.

Wednesday. Dec. 22, 1852.

My dear Friend,

I should like to send you a longer letter than can be written in a quarter of an hour when the mails close for that ship which is on the slips to start for dear old home, but a word I know will please you to tell how happy I am, what a many many friends I have found (I have found Beatrix Esmond and lost my heart to her) and what a fortunate venture this is likely to prove to me. Last night was the first lecture here to 1200 people I should think — and I left behind me near a thousand pounds at New York which Baring's house will invest for me, so that my girls will be very considerably the better for this journey and grim Death <sup>234</sup> if ever he come to me will find that I have the L.S.D. There's a parody! I find I'm constantly talking of dying somehow — but hope to wait time enough to see the poor wife and children provided. It would have been worth my while even for my books to come out here: the publishers are liberal enough and will be still more so with any future thing I may do. As for writing about this country, about Goshen, about Canada flowing with milk and honey, <sup>235</sup> about the friends I have found here and who are helping me to procure independence for my children, if I cut jokes against them may I choke on the instant. If I can say anything to show that my name is really Makepeace and to increase the source of Love between the two countries then please God I will. The laugh dies out as we get old you see — but the Love and the Truth don't, praised be God, and I begin to think of the responsibilities of this here pen now writing to you with a feeling of no small awe. The first name I heard in the

<sup>234</sup> *Paradise Lost*, II, 804.

<sup>235</sup> *Exodus*, 3, 8.

railroad going hence to New York was my own by a pretty child selling books, and I was touched somehow by his fresh voice and kind face, and should have liked to take him by the hand. So — here it is after fifteen years thinks I, here's the fame they talk about — my impression though was one of awe and humility rather than exultation and to pray God I might keep honest and tell truth always.

This is about nothing but ego but I know you like that. I was very very glad to get your letter. God bless you and all yours and my dear old Dicky Doyle when you see him. The success of *Esmond* has quite surprised me for I only looked for a few to like it and wrote above the public I thought. I didn't even read poor Forster's review.<sup>236</sup> I know my good fortune makes him and his people angry and bear him nothing but good will. Farewell, Farewell, the 1/4 hour is over.

Write again to Appleton, New York, please to;

Yours affectionately,

W. M. T.

<sup>236</sup> Forster (*Examiner*, November 13, 1852, pp. 723-726) holds that *Esmond* is lacking in reality because it is based on a false view of human nature. Thackeray persists in overlooking "the hidden spark of divinity which few men and women lose out of their hearts," and consequently his characters, when compared with Fielding's, are "dream figures only." *Esmond*, Forster concludes, "is the work, in many respects, of a master's hand; yet it incurs the risk of perishing, because the genius and labour in it are spent upon ill-chosen material. . . . Mr. Thackeray is to a great extent writing upon sand while he is founding books upon his present notions of society."



919.

TO ABBOTT LAWRENCE

23 DECEMBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

Tremont. Dec<sup>r</sup> 23.My dear M<sup>r</sup> Lawrence

I thank his Worship the Mayor of Boston <sup>237</sup> and his Montreal correspondent: and write by to day's post accepting the invitation from Canada Believe me ever

Most faithfully yours

W M Thackeray

I am just returned from Providence

920. TO HENRY CORRY ROWLEY BECHER <sup>238</sup>

24 DECEMBER 1852

My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Mrs. Alice E. F. Plummer.  
Hitherto unpublished.

Tremont House, Boston.

Xmas Eve, 1852.

My Dear Becher —

Your first note reached me only yesterday with many others that have been lying here in wait for me. And No. 2 has duly arrived from New York this morning and I thank the hospitable writer and kinsman for his kind proposal to me. I hope not to leave this country without visiting you: but for some time my route is chalked out for me; and the fish I am catching are so very big that I can't

<sup>237</sup> Benjamin Seaver (b. 1795), Mayor of Boston from 1851 to 1853 (*The Memorial History of Boston*, 4 vols., ed. Justin Winsor, Boston, 1880-1881, III, 258). Thackeray did not lecture in Canada.

<sup>238</sup> Becher (1817-1885), Thackeray's cousin, had migrated to Canada in 1835. He was admitted to the bar in 1841, and by 1852 he was a successful lawyer, living with his wife and children on his estate of Thornwood, near London, Ontario. (*Papers and Records of the Ontario Historical Society*, XXXIII, 123)

waste my time with the little minnows let us cast for them when the great whales are harpooned and packed away. I have had the very greatest kindness here and in New York, and I shall in all probability make a little fortune by these harmless lectures. They are [no] great wonders entre nous but if people like them — they are welcome in Heaven's name.

The London world is so enormous, and my acquaintances and engagements so numerous that Alexander <sup>239</sup> and I but rarely meet, though we meet like good cousins when we do. I have 2 children left behind with my Mother at Paris — and am most thankful for the good luck wh<sup>h</sup> enabled me to provide for them. You do not tell me how many papooses you have in your wigwam. I am glad if I have amused you there by my talk and stories. What a piece of good fortune it was to find I could tell stories, when all my money was gone! —

I have not time to write you a long letter, there are 10 more to be done before evening: and I can only say that I thank you for remembering me and am yours, my dear cousin, sincerely

W. M. Thackeray.

How the name of the Be(e)chers is up! Why all the literary men of the world are nothing compared to Uncle Tom.<sup>240</sup>

921. TO FREDERICK PRATT BARLOW <sup>241</sup>

24 DECEMBER 1852

Hitherto unpublished.

Christmas Eve. 1852

Tremont House. Boston.

My dear Neighbour Barlow.

You'll be glad I am sure to know that Kensington prospers in the New World. I am making and keeping a great deal of money

<sup>239</sup> Henry's brother, Captain Alexander Becher of the Royal Navy.

<sup>240</sup> Within a year of its publication in March, 1852, 300,000 copies of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* were sold.

<sup>241</sup> Who lived near Thackeray at 24 Kensington Square (*Royal Blue Book*, 1851).

(1500£ say in 6 weeks and plenty more in prospect.) and now at Xmas with a very full & thankful heart for God Almighty's kindness to me and mine I think you see that 10 £ might help a few people at Kensington to buy beef and coals: and beg you please to take that to the Archdeacon <sup>242</sup> with my best regards: and to give my girl Eliza at poor old 13 t'other 5 from her master as a present for Xmas, and tell her I am very happy and doing very well. The kindness I meet with here is such as to take me quite aback. I have had the pleasantest time, made the most delightful friends, shall leave behind me and carry away with me the kindest feelings please God — And if I say a word but of peace and friendship between the two countries, may I choke over the dinner these generous folks give me and mine!

Merely about my books it would have been worth my while to visit America. Appleton Harper & others all give or offer me money. I shall be able to add something like 40 per Cent to the value of my future books.

I know you will be glad of this news at Kensington and honest souls at the G will rejoice at my luck. Why doesn't Frank Fladgate sell his land and bring his money out here. He can have 6 1/2 per cent as securely as he now gets 2 1/2 — What I make I shall leave behind me: and if they will but bear me for 2 years running why my little fortune is made.

You and Archy <sup>243</sup> have left kind recollections at New York. I heard a story about the Emperor of Russia w<sup>h</sup> was wonderful — What a power of pretty girls there are at the balls! What a rush of life! What a number of jolly jolly people! I stay at the Clarendon at N Y — one of the best inns I ever knew And I send my best regards to all our friends at Kensington and Covent Garden <sup>244</sup> and am yours dear Barlow sincerely

W M Thackeray.

<sup>242</sup> The Rev. John Sinclair (1797–1875), Vicar of Kensington from 1843 till his death, and from 1844 till the end of his life, Archdeacon of Middlesex.

<sup>243</sup> Possibly Arthur Pratt Barlow, who also lived at 24 Kensington Square.

<sup>244</sup> Where the Garrick Club was located.

922.

TO MRS. BAXTER  
24 DECEMBER 1852

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> G. Baxter | 286 Second Avenue | New York. *Postmark:* BOSTON DEC 24. Hitherto unpublished.

I wish you a merry Xmas breakfast, and at dinner O at dinner! how happy we will be — and shan't I like the spare room?

Mademoiselle might have written a word. Here is to please her.<sup>245</sup>

923.

TO MRS. BAXTER  
30 DECEMBER 1852 <sup>246</sup>

My text is taken from a facsimile in *American Family*, opposite p. 17.

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter. M<sup>r</sup> Secretary Crowe will be in N. Y. tomorrow ev<sup>g</sup> on his way to Philadelphia on a special mission I should think he will call in Second Avenue. I wish I were he. If M<sup>r</sup> Baxter knows any one in Phil<sup>a</sup> likely to further our scheme (lecturing of course) will you give him a letter. I may go on writing constantly mayn't I? I send my best Cupid to the young ladies & am

Yours always                      W M T.

924.

TO MRS. BAXTER  
30 DECEMBER 1852

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter. Published in *American Family*, pp. 20-22.

Thursday Ev<sup>g</sup>

Here is something that I must send to a young lady by M<sup>r</sup> Crowe because I think it will please her and with it I send the very

<sup>245</sup> The whole of this note is written inside the flap of the envelope. If there was any enclosure, it has been lost.

<sup>246</sup> The date is given by Miss Baxter. Thackeray's second Boston lecture, which the clipping concerns, was delivered on December 28.

kindest wishes to the very kindest family that I have met many a long day — and I hope you young ladies were not offended by that parting benediction the other day — I couldn't help myself — I wasn't in the least aware of it and was so astonished when I had done it, that I hardly knew where I was. I never will do it again young ladies unless you let me — and upon my word M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter I ask your pardon but I didn't mean any harm and I hope



M<sup>r</sup> Baxter shall kiss my daughters though they are not so pretty as his — But they are as good as any man's. Here's another letter from Anny.<sup>247</sup> 'One of M<sup>r</sup> Doyle's little dogs' is this (only mine is much better drawn) Please keep the letters for me and I hope the Theology wont shock you — In the Bonbon-box for Miss Sally or Sallie — its the most absurd way of spelling your name Miss. Fancy Abraham calling Sarah Sally! — it doesn't become his age — there's a ring as she likes 'em — I hope she may keep it. It's made of American pearls (of very mild water, and American gold) — Do let me give something for New Year! I have been so immensely paid that I *must* make presents to somebody — And as in writing home tomorrow I shall say who has been kindest to me, and whom I have learned to love best in New York — You will please permit me to mention the name of the Saints Everlasting Rest <sup>248</sup> viz B—xt—r.

I am now engaged every day to dinner & supper at Boston (pronounced Bawsn) — It is quieter but I think we drink more than at New York — and on Saturday 8<sup>th</sup> shall be once more in your neighbourhood. What this can mean except a wish to be asked to dinner on that day I cannot conceive. And shall we go to hear Alboni <sup>249</sup> ever or to the play once?

The letter about New Orleans sent from here on Friday 24<sup>th</sup> did not reach its destination till the 29<sup>th</sup> They only offer 2500 and

<sup>247</sup> Of December 5, printed above.

<sup>248</sup> The theological tract by Richard Baxter (1615–1691), published in 1650.

<sup>249</sup> Marietta Alboni (1823–1894), a famous contralto, was currently appearing at the Broadway Theatre. She did not sing on the evening of January 8. (*New York Tribune*)



MR. THACKERAY. The lecture of this gentleman last evening on Steele and the wits of Queen Anne's time, was an amusing performance, and seemed to give great satisfaction. We think, however, that the lecturer hardly did justice to the fine passage from Addison's paper on Westminster Abbey, "When I look upon the tombs of the great," &c., so familiar to our school-boys. Mr. Thackeray shurred it over abominably, in his reading—so that, if we had not had the passage well in our memory, we should have set it down as the veriest common-place, whereas it is one of the most exquisite passages of English prose, which is to be found.

My dear Mr. Baxter. Mr. Secretary Cairns will be in N. Y. tomorrow or on his way to Philadelphia on a special mission. I should think he will call on Second Avenue. I wish I were he. If Mr. Baxter knows any one in Phil<sup>a</sup> likely to further our scheme (lecturing of course) will you give him a letter. I may go on working constantly myself! I send my best wishes to the young ladies & am  
yours always  
Thos. W. Hunt.

THACKERAY'S LETTER (No. 923) OF 30 DECEMBER 1852



not 5 as I had wildly hoped. I think I may end by taking the half-loaf. In spite of the newspapers and their jocularities, my affairs prosper here nearly as much as at New York, and the audiences are in a great state of contentment

And so I close my letter and wish a happy New Year to you all who have made the close of this one so happy to me.

W M T.

925. FROM JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
30 DECEMBER 1852

My text is taken from *Biographical Introductions*, VII, xli.

Cambridge, 30th December.

My dear Sir, — Have you any engagement for Wednesday or Thursday evening of next week? If not, will you give me one of them? Timmins,<sup>250</sup> revolving many things, has decided on a *supper*, because he can have it under his own roof, and because he can have more pleasant people at it. He will ask only *clubbable* men,<sup>251</sup> and such as can't make speeches. You shall either be carried back to Boston, or spend the night with us. Crowe survived it. —

Very sincerely yours,

J. R. Lowell.

926. TO JAMES T. FIELDS  
DECEMBER 1852

Published in part in Fields' *Yesterdays with Authors*, p. 25.

Tremont.

My dear F[r]iends

Curtis of Springfield has just been here and arrangements are concluded for a meeting somewhere tonight w<sup>h</sup> he much desires

<sup>250</sup> See "A Little Dinner at Timmins's" (*Works*, VI, 707-732).

<sup>251</sup> Johnson's famous epithet for Boswell, for which see Boswell's proud footnote under Dec. 4, 1783, *Life of Johnson*, ed. Hill and Powell, IV, p. 254n.



you sh<sup>d</sup> attend. Are you equal to two nights running of good time? Will M<sup>rs</sup> Fields like you to come out? We are to go from here at 9 o'clock and I am

Yours

W M T.



927.

TO MR. LESLIE

1852

My text is taken from an American Autograph Shop catalogue, November, 1935.

Kensington Thursday

My dear Mr. Leslie:

I'm sorry I can't say yes to the Brixton Literary Society, to go to all would be impossible. Will you thank your brother in law for his kind proposal, & express my regret that my engagements don't permit me to give single lectures.

Always faithfully yours,

W. M. Thackeray

928. TO GEORGE EDWARD RICE<sup>1</sup>  
1 JANUARY 1853

Hitherto unpublished. *Endorsed*: To my brother — George E Rice.

Tremont Jan 1.

My dear Sir

Thank you for the little volume of w<sup>h</sup> I shall read the *odd* poems as you bid me. That reflexion at the end of the charcoal-man has had the very finest moral effect on me already. I shall think better of men henceforth and (let us humbly hope) not worse of charcoal-men.

Always faithfully yours  
W M Thackeray

929. TO LUCY BAXTER  
1? JANUARY 1853

Published in *American Family*, pp. 30-31.

My dear Lucy.

Your dear kind little letter has given 'a fine-looking old gentleman' a great deal of pleasure; and I am sure my girls at home will be grateful to a dear pretty girl that is kind to their father. Well — I'm not at all frightened now that I had that little parting — ahem! Das ich dich mein liebes schönes Mädchen so herzlich einmal gekusst habe — that's between you & me isn't it? though you may show it to your mamma if you like —

<sup>1</sup> In 1852 Rice (1822-1863) and John H. Wainwright published a book of verse called *Ephemera*, the odd poems in the volume being by Rice, the even by Wainwright. "The Charcoal Vendor," which comes third, concludes:

"There's not a spot of black upon his heart,  
It's all upon his face and hands and cart, —  
And he may stand a better chance to go  
To Heaven than I, or many that I know.  
"But this was Fancy's work, and we,  
Though better dressed, are *just as good as he*."

There's nobody here to fill the place of certain young ladies. There's a number of other pretty girls but none like them in the brown house

I shall see it next week for a little time, and then go away money-hunting for the girls at home; and have no such fun and meet no such dear friends as in that Second Avenoo — I dont want to meet such or to like other people so much: for then comes the pain at parting with them: and after being very happy, being alone. God bless all good girls I say: and a happy New Year to 'em — Some day — well, some day I was going to say you will send me a piece of wedding-cake, and though I shan't like it, I shall say happy is the young fellow who fetches Lucy out of the brown house.

God bless you in this & all years — and believe me

Sincerely your friend

W M T.

930.

TO MRS. BAXTER

2 JANUARY 1853

Published in part, *American Family*, pp. 23-24.

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter.

Thank you for your kind friendly wishes and for the welcome you have given me — God bless you. How very very kind you have been to me — I think the young girls write dear pretty letters: and as for the eldest it is just possible you found out what I thought of her. Isn't it all written before in the Chronicle of Esmond the son of Esmond? That weak and elderly gentleman saw a number of faults in a certain bright & beautiful Mistress Beatrix, who nevertheless played the mischief with his heart: and I don't [think] he was ever more glum than I at this present sitting alone and looking at the bleak and sulky snow coming down on my prospect at the commencement of this happy New Year. Do *all* the victims I wonder write and pour out their griefs to you? Poor Bingham! <sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Henry Bingham Mildmay.

I feel like him rather, as if I had been just on the point of going down; & escaped only in my clothes, leaving I don't know how much of the most valuable of my heart's luggage behind me —

I wish I hadn't sent away my aide de camp. Its dreadfully lonely and dismal here — awfully slippery in the Streets. How can people go out to lectures in such weather? I was quite angry with the audience for being so foolish last night — I went to the Ticknors<sup>3</sup> last night and our talk fell on the Mildmays Humphrey<sup>4</sup> and Bingham: and I mentioned how the latter had introduced me to a family at New York — a family of the name of Baxter and the girls began such a laughter! They were on the other side of Lake George it appears last year and he used to go over and pour out his soul to them about Miss Baxter. The report was that he was going to be married to her. Is he? says I. Confound him, then I hope he'll never come back again. Then I owned myself that I was far gone about that young lady dilated on her good qualities: ran up her flag, and owned I sailed under it. 'And they heard me as I talked an hour of thee Eliza'<sup>5</sup> with &c &c —

I shall see you all once again before I go after the dollars and

<sup>3</sup> George Ticknor (1791-1871), whose *History of Spanish Literature* (1849) had gained him an international reputation. The girls to whom Thackeray alludes were Ticknor's daughters, Anna Eliot (b. 1823) and Eliza Sullivan (b. 1833) Ticknor (George S. Hillard [and others], *Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor*, 2 vols., Boston, 1877, 7th ed., I, 397). Though he was the virtual dictator of Boston society, his subjects were inclined to be restive under his reign. "Have you heard what a good thing [Thackeray] said to Ticknor?" Lowell (*New Letters*, ed. M. A. DeWolfe Howe, New York and London, 1932, p. 42) inquires in a letter of January 18. "Ticknor was telling him that one mark of a gentleman was to be well looking, for good blood showed itself in good features. 'A pretty speech,' cries Thackeray, 'for one broken-nosed man to make to another!' All Boston has been secretly tickled with it." There is another version of this anecdote in Trollope's *Thackeray* (p. 61).

<sup>4</sup> Humphrey Francis Mildmay (1825-1866), Bingham's older brother.

<sup>5</sup> "I got thy letter last night, Eliza," Sterne (*Letters*, ed. Lewis Perry Curtis, Oxford, 1935, p. 304) writes to Mrs. Draper about March, 1767, "on my return from Lord Bathurst's, where I dined, and where I was heard (as I talked of thee an hour without intermission) with so much pleasure and attention, that the good old lord toasted your health three different times." Thackeray quotes this passage in his lecture on Sterne (*Works*, VII, 591-592).

who knows? the Mississippi Snags — We will try and be jolly a little next week, won't we? and then I shall go on my way like an old Mountebank, (I get more ashamed and disgusted of my nostrums daily) and send round the hat through the republic.

Isn't this a merry letter for a New Year? Well the writer isn't very merry: but he is very sincerely and affly

Yours all

W M T.

931.

TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

2<sup>d</sup> JANUARY 1853 <sup>6</sup>

Hitherto unpublished.

My dear Lowell. (Sir, sir, is quite out of the question.) The only thing I can possibly do is to come out on Tuesday or on Friday after the lecture here, & not sleep please — but take a cup of kindness <sup>7</sup> and give a shake of the hand to you & yours — I am hemmed in by dinners & suppers every day; lecture at Providence Monday & Thursday; <sup>8</sup> and agglomerate dollars with prodigious rapidity.

If you see Mr Longfellow will you ask him to please excuse me for not coming to Cambridge — The business of this lecturing, of eating suppers & dinners and answering letters is incessant so that a fiend in human shape who has abused me in a Boston paper an-

<sup>6</sup> This reply to Lowell's letter of December 30, 1852, appears to have been written on Sunday, January 2. The supper was held on the following Tuesday. Clough wrote in *Letters and Remains* (p. 241): "I went to supper to James Lowell, and stayed from 8.30 to 1 A. M. Thackeray came at 10; Longfellow, Dana, Quincey, Estis Howe, Felton, Fields, and another. Puns chiefly, but Dana is really amusing. Thackeray doesn't sneer; he is really very sentimental; but he sees the silliness sentiment runs into, and so always tempers it by a little banter or ridicule. He is much farther into actual life than I am; I always feel that, but one can't be two things at once. . . ." See also Longfellow's Journal for January 5 (*Life*, 2 vols., ed. Samuel Longfellow, Boston, 1886, II, 231).

<sup>7</sup> Burns, "Auld Lang Syne."

<sup>8</sup> Thackeray lectured on Swift at Howard Hall in Providence on December 22, 1852, and returned to lecture on Steele and on Hogarth, Smollett, and Fielding on January 3 and 6, 1853 (*Providence Journal*, December 20, 1852, and January 3, 1853).

nouncing I am going to write a satirical book fibs monstrously. I cant even write my own letters home much more compose a book befouling the nest in w<sup>h</sup> I have been made so comfortable.

With my very best regards to M<sup>rs</sup> Lowell believe me

Yours always

W M Thackeray.

932. TO THE REV. THEODORE PARKER <sup>9</sup>  
2 JANUARY 1853

*Address:* Rev<sup>d</sup> Theodore Parker. Published in William Harris Arnold's *Adventures in Book Collecting* (London, 1923), pp. 80-81.

Tremont. Sunday. Jan 2.

My dear M<sup>r</sup> Parker

Can you kindly ask your organist what was the air (I thought it sounded like Haydn's) w<sup>h</sup> he played in the Introduction to your service this morning? The air is so touching & noble that it begot a desire in me to make some verses if I could: and I would be very glad to have the music at any rate for my daughters to play to me.

This however is only the pretext for writing. I want to say with what delight I heard you — and to thank you for one of the greatest pleasures I have had in my life. That climax about M<sup>r</sup> Lawrence <sup>10</sup> quite overcame me. I saw him and shook hands with him on the day of his death, and was struck by the sweetness & benevolence of his countenance w<sup>h</sup> is to smile pity and kindness no more — I wonder whether he heard yonder what you said of him? I can't help speaking out of the abundance of pleasure w<sup>h</sup> I owe to you and thanking you too for your kindness in listening sometimes to a man who is very glad to come to you for instruction

Believe me most sincerely yours

W M Thackeray —

<sup>9</sup> Parker (1810-1860), the Unitarian and abolitionist, had been minister of the 28th Congregational Society of Boston since 1845.

<sup>10</sup> Amos Lawrence (1786-1852), Boston merchant and philanthropist and brother of Abbott Lawrence, who had died on December 31.

933. TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH  
4 JANUARY 1853

Hitherto unpublished.

Boston Tuesday. Jan 4

My dearest Mammy. I must write you a line, and kiss my dearest old Mother, though we differ ever so much about the Old Testament.<sup>11</sup> What a deal of heart-burning & unkindness what division between friends has that book caused! — It can't be otherwise with your views regarding it, what can you do but deplore the error of those who won't receive it — what can I, but say my say too, & trust in God if I'm wrong — Trust if I'm wrong? It would be mistrust & a sort of Atheism in me to doubt for a moment that He will be good to me and all creatures — and if I kneel down & pray to God with my children, I must tell them too as reverently & carefully as I can what my views are upon this most awful of all subjects — It wasn't I that taught Nanny to beat her little hands on the picture of Abraham and Isaac.<sup>12</sup> I wish that we could have the comfort of believing together: but, in all opinion, we are made different: and I must follow my truth though it's not my dear old Mother's — with this advantage over you that my conviction leads me to no sorrow or distrust about yours; You don't like the people I like nor the opinions I like nor the books I like — I don't like what you like — Ah me — our minds are no more alike than our noses: and each must follow his own. I wouldn't have the children whilst with you go to other than your church: but seeing you uncomfortable about Anny & poor Nan unhappy that you are so (a word from each is enough to show me what is going on) I can't help myself, but must speak my mind. I wouldn't have the girls Lovatites<sup>13</sup> or belonging to that sect of Xtians because I dont think their doctrine is a true one — and when I find they are sitting under a Calvinist Doctor with the dear old Granny fondly urging his truths on them — Doctor Papa must say his sermon (whose hap-

<sup>11</sup> See above, No. 874.

<sup>12</sup> See above, No. 156.

<sup>13</sup> See above, No. 95.

piness in life depends on what you are doing but that is nothing if it's true you *must* do it and you think it true) — and may God Almighty teach them the right way. I wrote Private on that letter to Anny <sup>14</sup> w<sup>h</sup> hurt you — I meant you not to read it: not that I want to keep secrets from you but simply not to talk about a subject on w<sup>h</sup> I must speak and we can't agree. And I know that in talking so there will be an occasion for fresh tears and pain — If I were to talk with GP about the 3 angles of a triangle we might differ but we shouldn't grieve — I cant help myself with you — the question of reason becomes one of sentiment straightway: and you suffer pangs (and inflict them too) about what is a calculation, like the 3 angles of a triangle, of evidence probability & so forth. Parents have been made unhappy, children parted from them, people have killed persecuted been killed & persecuted in all ages upon this question — We can't help it coming not as peace but a sword <sup>15</sup> into our family. And mine must go, with me for Chief Magistrate, God help us — and we must take the truth and its consequences sweet & bitter — Of course I am unhappy, and you knew I would not like it that my children should be sitting under a French Calvinist — but his views being yours it was your duty to pursue them in spite of me: and to bind me down on the Altar whether I would or no. But I must speak too and whenever I hear of these things speak I will. Assez.

I go about from supper to dinner here playing the part of Lion very good naturedly — I don't think it spoils me The papers here many of them poohpooh the lectures — I don't think I think they are very wrong & take their strictures quite comfortably — But the Society is pleased exceedingly & the Boston Bigwigs come in great force every night through sleet & snow <sup>16</sup> The winter is a very

<sup>14</sup> This letter has not been preserved.

<sup>15</sup> *St. Matthew*, 10, 34.

<sup>16</sup> Prescott wrote to Lady Lyell on January 11: "Thackeray has left us. His campaign was a successful one, and he said 'It rained dollars.' He dined with me thrice, and was in good flow of spirits till a late hour generally. He went much to the Ticknors also. I do not think he made much impression as a critic. But the Thackeray vein is rich in what is better than criticism." (Ticknor, *Prescott*, p. 385)



mild one. There has scarce been any snow and only a day or 2 of such slipperiness that I took a coach when I went out, and wonder I escaped without a tumble as it was. M<sup>r</sup> Prescott the Historian is delightful M<sup>r</sup> Ticknor is a great city magnate & (littérateur. It is like) the Society of a rich Cathedral town in England grave and decorous & very pleasant and well-read. Providence has proved rather a failure after the first lecture. There are not above 500 auditors, and I must return half the money they agreed for — Nobody must lose money by me in America, where I have had such a welcome & hospitality. I go to Philadelphia (Eyre is gone thither before me) to Baltimore & Washington, then to Charleston & N. Orleans and make a good big circuit if my health lasts till after May. Sometimes I think of having the women out & giving them a summer-tour here: my friend Lang would bring them over, and carefully land them at Boston. But I dont know how that may be, or whether I shall come back with another set of lectures next winter. But if I could get together 400£ a year what a comfort that would be against dying! —

Book-writing or letter writing is almost impossible — I have written 10 letters a day; and must receive visitors: and dont even try (to see the count)ry but give myself up to the mountebank (. . .)<sup>17</sup> from poor Trulock, and that with (. . .) my dearest old Mother's w<sup>h</sup> (. . .) letter from home — Honest Lady (. . .) ship I feel quite fon(d of it) and thankful and humble too please God for the chance of competence restored to my children.

God bless my dearest old Mother and my dear kind old GP. Such a pretty bit there was in the childrens letters about him and in Anny's about you & him going to a party! — God bless you through this New Year. Here comes darkness down and I have been writing and seeing visitors all the morning. Some of the ships have made 18 days passages — and the Asia due now is on her 17<sup>th</sup> day out — Prescott, Ticknor & another dine with me — canvass back Ducks &c before lecture: & so run away letter, and carry my love where you go.

<sup>17</sup> This and the following hiatuses are of about six words each.

934. TO JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON<sup>18</sup>  
15 JANUARY 1853

*Address:* To J. R. Thompson Esq<sup>r</sup> Hitherto unpublished.

Clarendon, N. Y.

Saturday. Jan 15.

My dear Sir

I thank you very much for your hospitality to me as a lecturer. It will not be in my power to give all my course of lectures in your city; but after a visit to Washington and Baltimore I hope to be able to pass a few days at Richmond when I shall most gladly avail myself of the offer of your hall.

With many thanks to the gentlemen of your committee believe me

Your very faithful Servt  
W M Thackeray.

935. TO HARRIET THACKERAY  
17 JANUARY 1853

Hitherto unpublished. The words enclosed between daggers have been overscored.

Philadelphia. Jan 17. 1853.

It is now my dearest Finikins turn to have a letter. Let me see, the last was from Boston to Granny (the last received Dec 15) I had not time to write from New York where I spent a day or two; and am here<sup>19</sup> with a fine cold, the first simtim of unwellness I

<sup>18</sup> Thompson (1823-1873) edited *The Southern Literary Messenger* in Richmond from 1847 to 1860. During the Civil War he was a Confederate publicist in England.

<sup>19</sup> Thackeray reached Philadelphia on Saturday, January 15, making the trip from New York with Washington Irving. On Friday evening Irving saw Mme. Sontag in her final New York performance of *The Daughter of the Regiment* (*New York Tribune*, January 14). "The next morning proving bright and fair," he writes (Pierre M. Irving, *The Life and Letters of Wash-*

have had since I have been in the country. I stop at home: and that is a relief for the thousands of new acquaintances, the handshakings, visits &c bore my soul and body out of all patience; and as I walk the streets I look at every one with apprehension lest I should have met him and forgotten him the night before.

Here the fashion is to have great suppers of men, ninety or a hundred of them, I was introjuiced to about eighty the night before last <sup>20</sup> — they are all of the topping people of the city grave,

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*ington Irving*, 4 vols., New York, 1862–1864, IV, 124), “I broke up my encampment, and got down to the foot of Cortlandt street, in time for the ferry boat which took over passengers for the express train. I looked forward to a dull, wintry journey, and laid in a stock of newspapers to while away time; but, in the gentlemen’s cabin of the ferry boat, whom should I see but Thackeray. We greeted each other cordially. He was on his way to Philadelphia, to deliver a course of lectures. We took seats beside each other in the cars, and the morning passed off delightfully. He seems still to enjoy his visit to the United States exceedingly, and enters into our social life with great relish. He had made a pleasant visit to Boston; seen much of Prescott (whom he speaks highly of), Ticknor, Longfellow, &c. Said the Bostonians had published a *smashing* criticism on him; which, however, does not seem to have ruffled his temper, as I understand he cut it out of the newspaper, and enclosed it in a letter to a female friend in New York.”

<sup>20</sup> Thackeray’s début in Philadelphia society at this formal dinner was not auspicious. “There were a number of bright people present,” writes Morton McMichael, Jr. (*Philadelphia Press*, June 12, 1887), “and the sitting was long, and the general opinion was that the chief guest was a decidedly dull table companion. He evidently did not choose to pose as a lion, and was not enough at home to fall into that easy chat of which he was a master. However, he very soon made friends, and a couple of nights later at a supper given at ‘Prosser’s’ he was geniality personified; delighted with the idea of diving into a cellar, as in older London; amused at the little stuffy curtained ‘boxes,’ on the narrow benches of which his ample person had difficulty in perching, liked the roast oysters and terrapin, for which Prosser was famous, and in a general way overflowing with fun. Above all, he enjoyed the broad grins and half-suppressed chuckles of the colored waiters, and when pretty much the whole force, including a particularly fat and shiny specimen of the ebony cook, gathered about to hear the end of ‘Little Billee’ he was evidently delighted and sang with even unwonted gusto and action the verse:

‘Oh, Billy, we’re going to kill and eat you;

So undo the button of your chimie.

When Bill received this information

He used his pocket handkerchee.’

“It is hard to say which was the most delighted, Thackeray or his audience.”

wealthy kind old fogies, and are pleased Lord how they are pleased! — but *I* can't get up enthusiasm for 80 gentlemen I never heard of before: and the very hand-shakings & ceremonial of introductions are a sort of acting — So is the lecturing acting too — never mind let us play out the play and keep the money for old age and young people. I have just put by 120£ a year already at 8 per cent, that is the common rate here, and some great bankers Baring's correspondents have invested for me. I shall get about as much again before June — and then, I don't know what will come: I have thought of having you 2 here and touring through the country — a hundred kind houses would make you welcome: but there are drawbacks to that plan: expense, flattery w<sup>h</sup> you'd get as children of a public man, and a sort of publicity that's not wholesome for you. Very likely it will be dear little old Young St again, and a little tour somewhere, and then I shall come back here with 4 fresh lectures — and then that will be enough of wandering and spouting.

I hope you & Anny write to † Chesham Place † and every now & then to † M<sup>rs</sup> Brookfield † I have had a letter from each: and poor Flora Perry has been very ill indeed M<sup>rs</sup> Elliot writes. Her father is come home by this time. I wonder whether he will be as fond of his girls as Somebody else's Father? There's a Miss Molly Lothrop <sup>21</sup> at Boston O my how pretty she will be! She's Anny's age: and there's her sister a fine girl — and there's † M<sup>rs</sup> (. . .)<sup>22</sup> at Providence † with her bouncing daughter; and my dear little

<sup>21</sup> The Miss Lothrops were daughters of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Kirkland Lothrop. Their brother Thornton (1830–1913), at this time a student in the Harvard Law School and later a prominent barrister and public official (*Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, December, 1913), writes of Thackeray's visit: "there was some talk about marriage, and my sister, then a girl of fifteen, announced that she should never be married. Thackeray said, 'Oh, you wait, Miss Mary, until Tompkins comes along, and then you will be married fast enough,' and then taking up a sheet of paper, he made a drawing of a cottage with some trees and a hedge, and in the yard a pretty girl standing, who is evidently stagestruck by what she considers an awful London swell, who is walking down the road in front of the house." (*Thackeray in the United States*, I, 102)

<sup>22</sup> This name is of four letters and ends in *ll*.

† Baxters † at New York and a half dozen more there who would make great friends with you as you with them — and people if they want to be particularly flattering to me talk about you. I'd rather do that than talk about my works.

Some of the Boston papers were very savage and abused me daily — one of them said I accused M<sup>r</sup> Dickens of robbing me of my children! <sup>23</sup> There was such an uproar of recrimination on the part of my Boston friends! Here it is all praise from the Press and they like me none the worse because when the manager of the Lecture Hall told me to call upon *all* the papers 14 of them as M<sup>r</sup> Buckingham <sup>24</sup> of London had done when he was here — I said M<sup>r</sup> Buckingham might but I'd be dimm'd if I would go hat in hand to any newspaper editor. Honest men would judge me honestly! and instead of a failure behold it has been the greatest hit — not in money so much as in esteem &c.

There are 500000 people in this city about w<sup>h</sup> we know so little — theres one street with shops on each side 6 miles long — there's New York with 700000 — Boston, Cincinnati scores more vast places — only beginning too and evidently in their very early youth whereas we are past our prime most likely. Empires more immense than any the old world has known are waiting their time here. In 10 years we shall cross to Europe in a week and for 5£; in 50 the population will treble that of Britain — Everybody prospers. There are scarce any poor. For hundreds of years more there is room and food and work for whoever comes. In travelling in Europe our con-

<sup>23</sup> It was asserted in *The Boston Courier* of January 8, during the course of a violently hostile article on Thackeray's last Boston lecture, that: "A hit at Charles Dickens was introduced, in which the author of David Copperfield was accused of appropriating Thackeray's children to himself." In *The Boston Journal* of the same evening there appeared a letter signed "G. T. C.," which pointed out that *The Courier's* statement rested on an incomprehensible misinterpretation of an innocent compliment to Dickens (*Works*, VII, 601), a misinterpretation doubly scandalous because Thackeray's children were *daughters*. On January 10 *The Courier* ungraciously admitted its error: "The correction is made with cheerfulness, for there can be small profit in misrepresenting or misquoting Mr. Thackeray."

<sup>24</sup> James Silk Buckingham (1786-1855), traveller and reformer, who had lectured in the United States from 1838 to 1840. See Ralph E. Turner's *James Silk Buckingham* (London, 1934).

founded English pride only fortifies itself, and we feel that we are better than 'those foreigners' but it's worth while coming here that we may think small beer of ourselves afterwards. Greater nations than ours ever have been, are born in America and Australia — and Truth will be spoken and Freedom will be practised, and God will be worshipped among them, as they never have been with the antiquarian trammels that bind us in the Old World. I look at this, and speculate on this bright Future, as an Astronomer of a Star; and admire and worship the beautiful goodness of God.

Hullo! What sort of conversation is this? — It seems like a bit out of a Sermon doesn't it? If I had anything funny to say you should have that; but there's no Fun at home to day — only a great deal of love for my dearest women. I wish you could have seen Broadway and all the sleighs out — its the most wonderful cheery sight — the Corso's nothing to it. By the way when are we going to Rome for the winter? Has Granny been angry with the Times? <sup>25</sup> I was pleased — The man cannot understand what I am writing any more than poor Jack Forster; and it's quite as right that they should speak and think ill of my writing, as that I should continue on my own way. May God help us to say the Truth always.<sup>26</sup>

Now if you didn't like the other hand-writing you might have had quite a gay pleasant letter this steel pen runs naturally long-ways but quite slowly & uncomfortably this way, perhaps that is

<sup>25</sup> A review of *Esmond*, which "absolutely stopped" the sale of that novel (see below, No. 1386), appeared in *The Times* of December 22, 1852. The critic first attacks Thackeray's work in general on the ground that it is cynical and gives a gloomy and disheartening picture of human nature. He then asserts that the historical novel is worthless as a *genre*, and finds it particularly inappropriate that Thackeray, whose forte is the description of modern manners, should have tried his hand at recreating the past. Finally he objects to the emotional pattern of the novel, arguing that Thackeray should never have married *Esmond* to Lady Castlewood, to whom he is throughout the earlier part of the book in the position of a son. *Esmond* is as inadequate as a hero as Lady Castlewood is as a heroine. "Strange are Mr. Thackeray's notions of human perfection!"

<sup>26</sup> Up to this point Thackeray has used his upright hand. The last paragraph, except for the words *quite slowly & uncomfortably this way*, is in his slanting hand.

why I have been so solemn & glum. God bless my dears: and may we have a merry meeting some not very long time hence: when Nanny wont be a bit too fat for me to hug, nor Minny too tall. Kiss Granny for me & G P for yourselves and Good bye my dears

W M T.

Address Clarendon Hotel N. Y.

936.

TO MRS. BAXTER

20 JANUARY 1853

Published in *American Family*, pp. 28-30. Endorsed: Jan 21 1853.

Philadelphia. Thursday.

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter

The only fear I had about giving a charity lecture <sup>27</sup> now, was lest other cities should ask me for similar exercises, and spoil the run of my lectures, or delay me in their delivery. But I dont think this objection need be a serious one, and if M<sup>rs</sup> Felt and your benevolent Ladies think fit on Thursday or Friday in next week, I will gladly work for you — *Fielding & Goldsmith* would I think be a good lecture with possibly a little apropos introduction that I could put together with the aid of a secretary. It mustn't be later than Friday though, as the next day I am engaged here. M<sup>r</sup> Crowe is gone to Baltimore and Washington to arrange about the course there: and everything here is most flourishing — papers full of

<sup>27</sup> The little introduction that Thackeray planned grew into a new lecture, called variously "Charity and Humour" and "Weekday Preachers." Crowe (*With Thackeray in America*, pp. 110-111) has left an account of its composition: "He took a whole day for the task, lying down in his favourite recumbent position in bed, smoking, whilst dictating fluently the phrases as they came. I took them down, with little or no intermission from breakfast-time till late in the dusk of the evening. The dinner-gong sounded, and the manuscript was then completed. I remember his pleased exclamation at this *tour de force* — not usual with him — 'I don't know where it's all coming from!'" The lecture was first delivered on January 31 at the Church of the Messiah in New York for the benefit of the Ladies' Society for the Employment and Relief of the Poor. There was "a large and respectable attendance." (*New York Times*, February 1)

praise — room full of people &c. I don't like to send the papers somehow, unless they have any claim to literary merit and these have no special merit of that sort — I have the same course of dinner & suppers to steer through — the people being rather offended because I will go to New York.

Miss Beatrix writes me word that she intends to come if possible to Mr<sup>s</sup> Rush's on Thursday ev<sup>g</sup> w<sup>h</sup> will deprive me of the pleasure of seeing her for 2 days — but on Sunday morning I wonder what time you will breakfast and whether I shall be up time enough to be at the old brown house? God bless every body in it: and as for Lucy who wrote me the kindest and prettiest little letter I know what she deserves and what I would like to give her. I am in the middle of a letter to Lucy's sister too; <sup>28</sup> but that time & the hour won't allow me to finish it.

I am very sorry you have come to that fatal resolve about Washington: <sup>29</sup> but wise Papas & Mammias know best what is good for themselves & their children: and though I don't think I should like any society as much as your's; I shall have plenty of pleasant company between one city & the other. And then for the South; and then for the Spring and to see you all again; and then for home & my dear young ones: and then for the second Campaign. That is the way man disposes at present: but Fate? who knows how that may settle for me — I send the kindest regards to you all, and am gratefully yours my dear friend

W M Thackeray.

<sup>28</sup> This letter was apparently not sent.

<sup>29</sup> Thackeray had suggested that the Baxters visit him in Washington while he was lecturing there. He later repeated the proposal. See below, No. 950.



937-

## TO LADY STANLEY

21 JANUARY 1853

Published in part, *Biographical Introductions*, VII, xlii-xliii.

Philadelphia. P<sup>a</sup> January 21. 1853.

My dear Lady Stanley. I only saw that you were a Grand-mamma <sup>30</sup> weeks and weeks after the event in the corner of an old newspaper, at a club in Boston. Fancy arriving now with congratulations and hoping mamma and baby and Grandmamma are doing very well! All those fine plans of writing letters, w<sup>h</sup> my friends were to keep & restore to me and from w<sup>h</sup> I was to make a book on my return home, are of no avail. I cant see the country, I cant write any letters — the business I am on prevents the one & the other. I am making or receiving visits all day long: going out to dinner and supper prodigiously, and perfectly drunk with the number of new acquaintances poured into me. I tremble as I walk the streets here lest every man I meet is my friend of last night who will be offended of course if I forget him. It is like a man canvassing: but the canvass begins afresh in every new city and goes on till I'm perfectly weary of shaking hands and acting. Do you know there are 500,000 people in this town? The great impression I have got in going about is how small & dwindled the old country is: how great & strong the new — (here I must go M<sup>r</sup> Macmichael <sup>31</sup> of the North American & Inquirer is below) — It is 2 hours afterwards

Macmichael & I have been to the mint (shake hands with every body) w<sup>h</sup> is a beautiful institution of w<sup>h</sup> the Philadelphians have a right to be proud to the Free School (shake hands with all the Professors) — a capital school too seemingly where the youngest boys know much more than I do; where it is good to go and think small beer of ones self comparing one's own ignorance with the

<sup>30</sup> See above, No. 905.

<sup>31</sup> Morton McMichael (1807-1879), joint owner of *The North American and United States Gazette*. He became sole owner of this paper in 1854 and served from 1866 to 1869 as Mayor of Philadelphia. Except for William Bradford Reed, Thackeray had no better friend in that city.

knowledge of these little ones. I am making money pretty well; and have put by already nearly 2000£ since I have been here, and do you know that the common interest here is 8 per cent? — as safe as English funds they tell me. Hadn't you better send some money over? Think of getting 800£ a year instead of 3, and all the boy's bills to pay! Were it only for this information, you ought to be glad to hear from me. I hope to make near double what I have before I bend my steps homeward: and then shall get ready some fresh lectures for a new campaign. They will bear me over again in this country, and like me I believe: I have had nothing but praise and kindness except from some of the Boston papers who fired into me and said I was a humbug (w<sup>h</sup> *entre nous* may possibly be a not incorrect opinion) — but Boston is the centre of Lecturing — Lecturers go out thence to all quarters of the Union. Lecturers who only get 1 dollar to my 10: and who are at least quite as good as I am. Hence animosities and natural heart burnings: and I do not care so long as the reason is with them and the dollars with me.

I find wonderful little difference in manners — an accent not quite like our's but why need it be? Why shouldn't Jordan be as good as Abanah & Pharpar rivers of Damascus? <sup>32</sup> — I am an old traveller now and find there are plenty of countries besides Israel. Even the dresses of the New York girls w<sup>h</sup> struck me as odious at first on account of their excessive splendaciousness I think now are handsome. I have found kind women (matrons) and pretty girls everywhere à *foison*: and here & in Boston very good fogified literary society: with everywhere a love for the old country quite curious nay touching to remark. They are great about pronunciation especially, and take down at my lectures the words w<sup>h</sup> this present Arbiter of English pronounces differently to them. If Carlyle comes I wonder if they'll take *him* as an exemplar? Crowe is my comfort and delight in life. He is worth his weight in goold. He has painted capital copies of M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Washington <sup>33</sup> for me. How

<sup>32</sup> *II Kings*, 5, 12.

<sup>33</sup> A pleasant story told by Lucy Baxter (*American Family*, pp. 8–9) centers around these paintings. "When the return from Boston was at hand, my mother suggested to the younger members of the family that, should Mr.

glad I shall be to see 'em hanging up in Young St. He is gone to Washington & Baltimore to beat the drum & set up the booth against my going thither next month. Every body lectures in this country, & it isn't, nor any trade or calling else, for the matter of that thought *infra dig* — nor is a man thought the worse of for showing a little indepen[den]ce. For instance when I came here. They told me it was usual for lecture[r]s (Mr Buckingham of London had done it) to call upon all the Editors of all the papers — Call hat in hand and ask them to puff my lectures says I, I'll see them all here I used a strong expression wh<sup>h</sup> you will find in the Athanasian creed <sup>34</sup>) — well, they were pleased rather than otherwise, and now the papers are puffing me so as to make me blush, pon my honour blush! Have you had snow and sleighs in pretty Cheshire? Were the canvass backs worth eating? Is that

Thackeray appear during the day at Brown House, it were best not to ask him to dine.

“I have not just such a dinner as I like to give him,” she said.

“Whatever was the deficiency, my mother had to overlook it, as the sequel proved. As she stood in the dining-room just before the dinner-hour, giving some orders to the maid, a summons came from the front door. After it was opened, steps were heard coming steadily through the hall to the dining-room. As my mother turned in surprise to see who could be coming at so late an hour, there in the doorway stood the tall figure with kind eyes and silvery hair which had become so familiar to us.

“Oh, Mrs. Baxter,” he said, “let me show you what capital copies Crowe has made of the Boston pictures.”

“In each hand he held an unframed oil sketch of Gilbert Stuart’s portraits of General and Mrs. Washington. . . . The pictures were placed on chairs, examined and admired. Mr. Thackeray was greatly pleased, especially with the portrait of Washington.

“Look at him,” he said. “Does he not look as if he had just said a good, stupid thing?”

“Then, turning to my mother, he said:

“Now you will give me some dinner, won’t you?”

“The younger people were greatly delighted with my mother’s discomfiture. I doubt if Mr. Thackeray discovered anything amiss in the dinner.”

<sup>34</sup> “Damn” does not occur in the Athanasian Creed. Thackeray probably had in mind the verse, “This is the Catholic Faith: which, except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved,” founded on *St. Mark*, 16, 16: “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.”

old woman at the cottage alive still? I should like to come and shake all hands in that pleasant old house.

I dont seem to care about the politics in your little country. Here is the future: here is the great English empire to be when the Gauls and Cossacks may have trampled out our old freedom. These & the Australian Republics will be ere long so big & mighty that Europe will be as nothing to them — Lord Lord I am going away presently a thousand miles to give a few lectures: a thousand miles is as nothing here: there are thousands & thousands beyond Cincinnati; and plenty and liberty for every man for hundreds of years yet to come. I almost feel young again as I drink up this young air. *Salve O Respublica maxima victrix domi matrix!*<sup>35</sup> All the same whenever the old country is mentioned we show our colours manfully. But I like the equality w<sup>h</sup> characterizes this prodigious republic: and whether Palmerston takes office under Aberdeen<sup>36</sup> doesn't seem to me to matter much more, than whether Esmond is a success or not, or Dickens's last number of *Bleak House* is a failure, or whether Fleming is in favour with the Duchesses. I hope you didnt sign the Antislavery manifesto or womanifesto<sup>37</sup> — It only makes ill blood. Good bye dear Lady Stanley. I send hearty & kind regards to all belonging to you, and am yours most sincerely ever

W M Thackeray.

<sup>35</sup> I learn from Professor Edward Kennard Rand that this Latin is suspect and probably of Thackeray's devising.

<sup>36</sup> A new Whig ministry was formed on December 27, 1852, with George Gordon (1784-1860), fourth Earl of Aberdeen, as Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, and Lord Palmerston as Home Secretary.

<sup>37</sup> A protest against slavery issued by various English ladies including the Duchess of Sutherland, which was inspired by *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. In a Sotheby catalogue of July 27, 1928, the following fragment is quoted from a two page manuscript in Thackeray's hand entitled "A Womanifesto": "An Army of five hundred thousand ladies with tasteful banners on wch. poor Gumbo is displayed kneeling in his chains and asking piteously whether he is not a man and a brother? . . . their Koran, their book of Mormon, the book of the Law — a novel. The Sage of Grosvenor Gate [Lord Shaftesbury] bewailed the decline of Public Morals; and the Knebworth Apollo [Bulwer-Lytton] twanged his silver bow, and none seemed to heed the voice of the moralist, or even to be tickled by the arrows of the bard. . . ."

Clarendon Hotel New York will be my address but I shall be in the South till end of April or even later

938.

TO MRS. BROOKFIELD

21-23 JANUARY 1853

My text is taken from *Collection of Letters*, pp. 162-164, with additions from the *Lambert Catalogue*, Part II, p. 48, and from the *Goodyear Catalogue*, lot 320.

Philadelphia.

21 to 23 January.

My dear lady's kind sad letter gave me pleasure, melancholy as it was. I wonder whether we shall ever shake down I mean Wm & I so as to have no new irritations . . . I thought myself the aggrieved and magnanimous party that last day.<sup>38</sup> I intended to come to you but he turned round and asked K. Perry to come and not me and it seemed to me a hint as it did to our friends that I was not wanted. — I couldn't come afterwards and had nothing for it but to be cool and say may God bless you where I found you. It is with you always dear lady wherever you are.

At present, I incline to come to England in June or July and get ready a new set of lectures, and bring them back with me. That second course will enable me to provide for the children and their mother finally and satisfactorily, and my mind will be easier after that, and I can sing *Nunc Dimittis*<sup>39</sup> without faltering. There is money-making to try at, to be sure, and ambition, — I mean in public life; perhaps that might interest a man, but not novels, nor lectures, nor fun, any more. I don't seem to care about these any more, or for praise, or for abuse, or for reputation of that kind. That literary play is played out, and the puppets going to be locked up for good and all.

Does this melancholy come from the circumstance that I have been out to dinner and supper every night this week? O! I am tired of shaking hands with people, and acting the lion business

<sup>38</sup> I can find no further information about Thackeray's farewell meeting with the Brookfields before his departure for America.

<sup>39</sup> *St. Luke*, 2, 29-32.

night after night. Everybody is introduced and shakes hands. I know thousands of Colonels, professors, editors, and what not, and walk the streets guiltily, knowing that I don't know 'em, and trembling lest the man opposite to me is one of my friends of the day before. I believe I am popular, except at Boston among the newspaper men who fired into me, but a great favorite with the *monde* there and elsewhere. Here in Philadelphia it is all praise and kindness. Do you know there are 500,000 people in Philadelphia? I daresay you had no idea thereof, and smile at the idea of there being a *monde* here and at Boston and New York. Early next month I begin at Washington and Baltimore, then D. V. to New Orleans, back to New York by Mississippi and Ohio, if the steamers don't blow up, and if they do, you know I am easy. What a weary, weary letter I am writing to you. . . . Have you heard that I have found Beatrix at New York? I have basked in her bright eyes, but Ah, me! I don't care for her, and shall hear of her marrying a New York buck with a feeling of perfect pleasure. She is really as like Beatrix, as that fellow William and I met was like Costigan.<sup>40</sup> She has a dear woman of a mother upwards of fifty-five, whom I like the best, I think, and think the handsomest, — a sweet lady. What a comfort those dear Elliots are to me; I have had but one little letter from J. E. full of troubles too. She says you have been a comfort to them too. I can't live without the tenderness of some woman; and expect when I am sixty I shall be marrying a girl of eleven or twelve, innocent, barley-sugar-loving, in a pinafore.

<sup>40</sup> "In the novel of 'Pendennis,' written ten years ago, there is an account of a certain Costigan, whom I had invented (as I suppose authors invent their personages out of scraps, heeltaps, odds and ends of characters). I was smoking in a tavern parlour one night — and this Costigan came into the room alive — the very man: — the most remarkable resemblance of the printed sketches of the man, of the rude drawings in which I had depicted him. He had the same little coat, the same battered hat, cocked on one eye, the same twinkle in that eye. 'Sir,' said I, knowing him to be an old friend whom I had met in unknown regions, 'sir,' I said, 'may I offer you a glass of brandy-and-water?' 'Bedad, ye may,' says he, 'and I'll sing ye a song tu.' Of course he spoke with an Irish brogue. Of course he had been in the army. In ten minutes he pulled out an Army Agent's account, whereon his name was written. A few months after we read of him in a police-court." (*Works*, XII, 375)

They came and interrupted me as I was writing this, two days since; and I have been in public almost ever since. The lectures are enormously *suivies* and I read at the rate of a pound a minute nearly. The curious thing is, that I think I improve in the reading; at certain passages a sort of emotion springs up, I begin to understand how actors feel affected over and over again at the same passages of the play; — they are affected off the stage too, I hope I shan't be.

Crowe is my immensest comfort; I could not live without someone to take care of me, and he is the kindest and most affectionate henchman ever man had. I went to see Pierce Butler yesterday, Fanny's husband.<sup>41</sup> I thought she would like me to see the children if I could, and I asked about them particularly, but they were not shown. I thought of good Adelaide coming to sing to you when you were ill.<sup>42</sup> I may like everyone who is kind to you, mayn't I? . . . What for has Lady Ashburton never written to me? I am writing this with a new gold pen in such a fine gold case. An old gentleman<sup>43</sup> gave it to me yesterday, a white-headed old philosopher and political economist. There's something simple in the way these kind folks regard a man; they read our books as if we were Fielding, and so forth. The other night some men were talking of Dickens and Bulwer as if they were equal to Shakespeare, and I was pleased to find myself pleased at hearing them praised. The prettiest girl in Philadelphia, poor soul, has read *Vanity Fair* twelve times. I paid her a great big compliment yesterday, about her good looks of course, and she turned round delighted to her friend and said, "*Ai most tallut*," that is something like the pronunciation. Beatrix has an adorable pronunciation, and uses little words, which are much better than wit. And what do you think? One of the

<sup>41</sup> Pierce Mease Butler (1807–1867), who had married Fanny Kemble in 1834 and was finally separated from her in 1845. He retained the custody of their two children, Sarah (b. 1835) and Frances Ann (b. 1838), but Mrs. Butler was allowed by the terms of the settlement to see them during two months of every year.

<sup>42</sup> See above, No. 479.

<sup>43</sup> Clement Cornell Biddle, a member of the Wistar Club and the author in 1832 of a pamphlet called *An Exposition . . . of the present tariff system*.

prettiest girls in Boston is to be put under my charge to go to a marriage at Washington next week. We are to travel together all the way alone — only, only, I'm not going. Young people when they are engaged here, make tours alone; fancy what the British Mrs. Grundy would say at such an idea!

There was a young quakeress at the lecture last night, listening about Fielding. Lord! Lord. how pretty she was! There are hundreds of such everywhere, airy looking little beings, with magnolia — no not magnolia, what is that white flower you make bouquets of, camilla or camelia — complexions, and not lasting much longer. . . . I send my love to all who will have it, and my hand to William, whatever divides us, dear old times join us, whereof the memory can never be effaced, and out of which in the midst of present fever and unhappiness, come constant running streams of old love & kindness. God bless you and your children, write to me sometimes and farewell.

Direct Clarendon Hotel New York

939. TO PROFESSOR HENRY HOPE REED <sup>44</sup>

23 JANUARY 1853

My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Mr. Henry R. Robins. Hitherto unpublished.

Girard House 23 Jan.

My dear Mr. Reed,

I mistook the Xtian name and thought your kind letter from Reed the Attorney General,<sup>45</sup> not R. the Professor. Thank you for the letter, and for your wish to make my ways pleasant for me. Everybody is in a conspiracy to do that: never were so many fatted calves killed for any single prodigal yet.

I wish I had a day next week but Saturday & Sunday are both

<sup>44</sup> Reed (1808–1854) was Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature at the University of Pennsylvania and the leading Wordsworthian of his time in the United States. The recollections of his son Henry concerning Thackeray's two visits to the United States are set down in "A Friend of my Childhood," *Lippincott's Magazine*, XII (1873), 612–614.

<sup>45</sup> Professor Reed's brother, William Bradford Reed. See *Memoranda*.



given away, and they are the only 2 days in this month when I shall be here.

Always faithfully yours,  
W. M. Thackeray.

To Professor Henry Reed  
of Phila.

940.

TO CLEMENT CORNELL BIDDLE

23 JANUARY 1853

My text is taken from Reed's *Haud Immemor*, p. 31.

Girard House, Jan. 23, 1853.

My Dear Mr. Biddle,

This note is written with your gold pen, which suits me to a nicety, and which I shall value always as a token of the goodwill and friendliness of the kind giver. I believe I have never written for popularity, but God forbid I should be indifferent to such marks of esteem and confidence as now and then fall to my share, when scholars and good men are pleased with my works. I am thankful to have shaken your kind hand, and to carry away your good opinion. Please God, the gold pen shall tell no lies while it lives with me.<sup>46</sup> As for the splendid case, I shall put it into my childrens' museum. I know how pleased and proud they will be at any such tokens of friendship shown to their father.

Believe me always, my dear sir, your faithful and obliged

W. M. Thackeray.

To Clement C. Biddle, Esq.,  
Spruce St., n. 13th.

<sup>46</sup> Compare the last stanza of "The Pen and the Album":

"Nor pass the words as idle phrases by;

Stranger! I never writ a flattery,

Nor sign'd the page that register'd a lie."

(*Works*, XIII, 71)

941. TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

26 JANUARY 1853<sup>47</sup>

Hitherto unpublished.

Clarendon. New York.

Tuesday that is Wednesday m<sup>s</sup>

My dearest Mammy. This can only be a little letter: for I have been working my head off all day. They have nailed me for a Charity Lecture: & indeed I'm glad God being so good to me to do something for the service of good people: and shall so have a lecture to the fore, to deliver in these cases of charity. I think there's nothing to say except that I'm well, through a week of awful Philadelphia hospitality. They dine at 4 and sup at 10. They're offended if you don't come and God help the man whom nature has endowed with a good appetite. Its a career of praise &c.: but I haven't made 2000£ yet: with all the crowds I shall next month with Washington & Baltimore. I'm doubtful now about going South: they want me back at Boston & Philadelphia, and I shall make as much money that way as by going the long journey to New Orleans. — though I want to see slaves & slave-countries with my own eyes. I dont believe Blacky is my man & my brother, though God forbid I should own him or flog him, or part him from his wife & children. But the question is a much longer [one than] is set forth in M<sup>rs</sup> Stowe's philosophy: and I shant speak about it, till I know it, or till its my business, or I think I can do good.

The children had best not write to their mother. Such letters can but grieve her: and I would not have them receive an irrational reply from her. I'm very thankful to hear she is so well & happy poor dear. If she could get well or near (they never get quite) she might come back and be a sister to the girls — God bless her. Her intelligence has slept during the time theirs was developing. I doubt whether she ought to come back; and whether, Fate having put that awful 12 years barrier and death between us, it would be happy for her to be reinstated into our world.

<sup>47</sup> Written the Wednesday before Monday, January 31, when Thackeray first gave his lecture on "Charity and Humour."

I wish that confounded Monod<sup>48</sup> had been at the bottom of the sea. If the girls were to be brought round to think with you, why what would happen they would be unhappy about their father: as you have been: and it's a very different case when children are so. Why do I think differently from you? you'll say. God Almighty has so ruled it: and if my mother believes that 3 angles of a triangle don't equal 2 right angles (or doubts any proposition that seems clear & evident to me) what can I do? I can't help myself that you are pained at our difference. Your belief gives me no pain, but my children's must be mine or the best that I can teach: and I can't bow to Monsieur Monod: no nor to Moses nor any man who teaches what I think is unjust. I am sorry you have done it — I mean sent 'em to Monod. I had hoped for a neutrality: but what you have done is your duty. Amen: if it causes pain: it can't be helped. I shall speak of it no more.

I suspect Washington will be my pleasantest time. The great world is there and many persons of note very willing and kindly disposed towards me: Then Cincinnati and St Louis in March. Then Boston & Montreal in April: and then who knows? perhaps I shall come home and have the fag end of my season in London and beat my drums there make a speech or 2 about America & so forth — How different all this scheming is from the simple plans of early life! It's all fair and right. It arises out of circumstances to wh<sup>h</sup> a man must try & be equal whatever they are. God bless you my dearest old Mother & G P. and my darlings — I'm quite tired out after 10 hours work and go to Bedfordshire —

W M T.

<sup>48</sup> See above, No. 908.

942.

## TO ANNE THACKERAY

1-4 FEBRUARY 1853

Hitherto unpublished. Original owned by Mrs. Fuller.

My dearest Nannykin. Coming back from Philadelphia yesterday I found two famous letters from my dear little women: and though I didn't send the cake <sup>49</sup> nor ever thought of doing so I am very glad M<sup>r</sup> Smith did, I presume it was he: it was very kind of him to think of you, and I'm pleased too to think that I should have been the means of putting money in the purse of a kind honest and liberal gentleman. I was in New York sometime last week, but in bed 2 days making a lecture: it came off last night with considerable éclat, is very good-natured & pleasant, & has been the means of putting 1500 dollars at the disposal of the lady-managers of a very good charitable Institution. Isn't it a comfort that one can from time to time and with such a little labor give away such a deal of money? The lecture-room of a Ladies' College at Brooklyn a suburb of N. Y. has been burned down since I performed there: and I have sent Eyre off to see if the Brooklynians would like this lecture for the benefit of their burned-down Institution. So we go about slipping & stumbling but getting up and doing a little good from time to time please God. But I must tell you I get weary of this Actors life: not so much of the lectures as the great parties afterward, and the compliments and the shaking of hands with such endless people. My mighty mind can scarce settle itself to any work, even to observe the country here. I can't see the country for the people and the dinners. But if I had 300£ a year I would be easy in mind in case of axydence: Three of you might live on that — we must try and have that or a little more. Now poor old Weissenborn is dead,<sup>50</sup> I wonder shall I give you a winter at

<sup>49</sup> When Thackeray left for America, his daughters received a box containing "a magnificent iced cake, anonymously and carefully packed with strips of many-colored paper" (*Chapters*, p. 170). The giver turned out to be Mrs. Procter.

<sup>50</sup> Thackeray's former tutor had died on December 13, 1852. His eccentricities, one gathers, became exaggerated as he grew older, and Thackeray

Weimar? I think it wouldn't be a bad place — they are gentlemen & ladies there & they are all comfortably poor. Eh! who knows what's a coming? This is a glum room I have got perhaps that makes a glum letter. I look up at the stars of nights and long to be on the steamers deck surveying them. When shall I come home I wonder? If in Spring Young St must be our head quarters for some time — I must be about London to get up the other lectures for the other season. Everybody was delighted at Philadelphia everybody except old Mr Thackeray who didnt care a straw for the praise. If you could have heard the Dowagers of the Charity cackling away thanks yesterday night! It made me quite weary. I'm not going to suppose myself virtuous for any such flattery. The lecture was about the good done by works of humour: and Minny made her appearance in the sermon with her fondness for Nicholas Nickleby.<sup>51</sup> It's badly reported — not worth the while to send as the things said are not worth a fig only the manner of saying them; w<sup>h</sup> is neat & so forth. And perhaps this lecturing is not truth but a certain dexterous & showy manner of accommodating truth to circumstances.

What is the best thing I have seen? I think the best was a pretty young mother at Philadelphia with her pretty children — and a byootiful young Quakeress — and a pretty young girl at Mr Bancrofts last night — my pretty girls here Sally & Lucy are always pretty, and their mother is a dear creature; and an immense comfort to me. There are quite as fine ladies and gentlemen here as among us — These are — I am going to dine with another to day. I wish you could send me out a couple of new stomachs from England. Mine is still very good but it's trials are awful. The wittles I am obliged to eat for your sakes young ladies is prodigious — How do I get through it & how am I hungry every day? My health is famous.

This is Feb. 4 — 'Tis midnight — the ghosts walk abroad & the Gash burns dim. I have been to 3 parties, but recollecting that there

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had consequently not cared to risk the renewal of intimacy with him that residence in Weimar might have entailed.

<sup>51</sup> See *Works*, VII, 724.

312 Vh  
 X Eng - ...  
 X ...  
 ... 5 Ave. ...



John to Deames

I say Deames heres a harvestalick names.

1853

W.M.T

A SKETCH BY THACKERAY IN MRS. BAXTER'S VISITING BOOK



are 3 parties at Paris who will like to have a line from [me] dash off the latter before going to bed. Next weeks letter will be from Washington. Go on directing to New York however to the Clarendon whence they will forward my letters I think its very likely I shan't go South but to Canada for April and then Gracious Mussy only nose were (I have had a pint of porter on coming in from my parties w<sup>h</sup> accounts for my facetiousness perhaps.) At them I have seen all the Loves I have contracted since I have been at New York. Miss Sally Baxters pipe is a good deal smoked out. Miss Lucy, Miss Helen Skinner,<sup>52</sup> Miss Fanny Bruen are now the rivals: & pretty Miss Townsend the only fat girl I have pashnately loved since I came to New York — What a time it seems ago! How I long to get home! and there is a certain fat girl at Paris whom between ourselves I think I like better than fat or lean or all kins here. Likewise her sister, and her Granny & G P. God bless you my darling women — There goes the gas out! but there's light enough by my midnight taper to insinuate in the most respectful manner that I am your affectionate old Father.

943.

TO MORTON McMICHAEL

2 FEBRUARY 1853

My text is taken from McMichael, *Philadelphia Press*, June 12, 1887, where part of the note is given in facsimile.

Clarendon Feb 2

Dear McMichael

The porte monnaie is mine sure enough — The New York tailor made me a breeches-pocket incapable of retention of porte monnaies When shall I learn to keep that receptacle buttoned?<sup>53</sup>

<sup>52</sup> No doubt a daughter of the Rev. Thomas H. Skinner of 62 Bleecker Street (*Trow's New-York City Directory*, 1853-1854), whose name appears on Mrs. Baxter's visiting list preserved in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library. A drawing made by Thackeray in this book, underneath the name of Jotham Post, a physician, is reproduced opposite page 190.

<sup>53</sup> This pocketbook was the subject of a good deal of joking between Thackeray and McMichael. On one occasion Thackeray sent his friend the following burlesque paragraphs for publication:



Thank you for the paper, but I didn't use the concluding words in Philadelphia wh. appear in the *North American*.<sup>54</sup> I only used them once at New York and just alluded to the children at home as being thankful for the good done them. One mustn't be always bringing the kids forward.

Reed's article <sup>55</sup> is very pleasant reading, and I must make him and Messrs. the editors my very best bow of acknowledgment.

Surely I shall get a chance of seeing you all again in Philadelphia ere long. I hope so, and am yours always, dear McMichael.

W. M. Thackeray.

944.

TO MORTON McMICHAEL

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My text is taken from a facsimile published by McMichael, *Philadelphia Press*, June 12, 1887.

My dear Macmichael

I thank you for the purse and its contents I wish all the money I have allowed to slip out of my pocket could be restored to

Yours very faithfully

W M Thackeray

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"Received of Morton McMichael Esq<sup>re</sup> a porte monnaie wh<sup>h</sup> contained 11 dollars a piece of stone and a watchkey once. The stone and Key remain with their owner, memorials of Macmichaels fidelity — the dollars have passed away like many of the griefs & pleasures of W M Thackeray.

"Mr. Thackeray having dropped his purse on the festive table of Morton McMichael, Esq., of Philadelphia, received the purse and its contents a few days after from his friend, whom he thanked in the following pointless lines:

"Macmichael, who sent me my cash and my purse

"May count on my friendship for better or verse."

(*Philadelphia Press*, June 12, 1887).

<sup>54</sup> The report of Thackeray's lecture on Sterne and Goldsmith in *The North American and United States Gazette* of January 31 was copied from an account of his final New York lecture. See above, No. 911.

<sup>55</sup> Henry Reed's articles on Thackeray's lectures appeared in *The North American and United States Gazette* on January 14 and 17 and on February 1.

945.

TO KATE PERRY  
7-14 FEBRUARY 1853

My text is taken from *Thackeray in the United States*, I, 121-123, with additions from the *Lambert Catalogue*, Part II, p. 55, and the *Goodyear Catalogue*, lot 321.

Baltimore — Washington —  
Feby. 7th to 14th, '53.

Although I have written a many letters to Chesham Place not one has gone to the special address of my dear K. E. P. and if you please I will begin one now for half an hour before going to lecture I.<sup>56</sup> In another hour that dreary business of "In speaking of the English Humourous writers of the last etc." will begin — and the wonder to me is that the speaker once in the desk (to-day it is to be a right down pulpit in a Universalist Church and no mistake) gets interested in the works, makes the points, thrills with emotion and indignation at the right-place, and has a little sensation whilst the work is going on; but I can't go on much longer, my conscience revolts at the quackery. Now I have seen three great cities, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, I think I like them all mighty well. They seem to me not so civilized as our London, but more so than Manchester and Liverpool. At Boston is a very good literary company indeed; it is like Edinburgh for that — a vast amount of toryism and donnishness everywhere. That of New York the simplest and least pretentious; it sufficeth that a man should keep a fine house, give parties and have a daughter to get all the world to him. The Society was comprenez. I went to a ball lately at the house of one of the veriest order of counter-jumpers. I mean not pretending to be anything but the commonest man, making money out of a dry-goods store (and a great deal of money too); covering his walls with gilding and damask and his table with foie-gras,

<sup>56</sup> At the invitation of the Mercantile Library Association Thackeray's lectures were given at the Universalist Church on North Calvert Street in Baltimore on February 7, 11, 14, 18, 21, and 25 (*Baltimore Sun*, February 5). See Chilton Latham Powell, "Thackeray in Baltimore," *Johns Hopkins Alumni Magazine*, VI (1918), 186-201.

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canvas-back ducks and the best wines. And the Society all came — the very best Society. His ugly little daughter sent out the invitations, and they were all there, Miss Clarke and Miss Berryman, and Miss BAXTER, and all their young men with them. . . . And what struck me [was] that when as on my first arrival I was annoyed at the uncommon splendatiousness — Here the letter was interrupted on Monday at Baltimore and was taken up again on Thursday at Washington — never mind what struck me, it was only that after a while you get accustomed to the splendour of the dresses and think them right and proper. Use makes everything so; who knows? You will be coming out in Empire ruffs and high waists by the time I come home. I have not been able to write a word since I came here on Tuesday, my time has been spent in seeing and calling upon lions. Our minister Mr. Crampton <sup>57</sup> is very jolly and good natured. Yesterday he had a dinner at five for all the legation and they all came very much bored to my lecture. To-day I dined with Mr. Everett; <sup>58</sup> with the President <sup>59</sup> it may be next week. The place has a Wiesbaden air — there are politics and gaieties stragglng all over it. More interruption and this one has lasted three days. Book indeed! How is one to write a book when it is next to impossible to get a quiet half-hour? Since I wrote has come a short kind letter from dear old Kinglake who continues to give bad accounts of Chesham Place. God bless all there say I. I wish I was by to be with my dear friends in grief. I know they know how to sympathize (although we are spoiled by

<sup>57</sup> John Fiennes Twisleton Crampton (1805–1886), later (1858) second Baronet, had entered the diplomatic service in 1826 and was made Secretary of Legation at Washington in 1845. He twice acted as Chargé d’Affaires during the absences of Sir Henry Bulwer, the British Minister, and in 1852 he was himself appointed Minister. When he returned to England in the summer of 1856 (see below, No. 1202), his career appeared to be over, but Lord Palmerston insisted that he be made a K. C. B. and, the following year, Minister to Hanover. He served as Minister to St. Petersburg and to Madrid before retiring in 1869.

<sup>58</sup> Edward Everett (1794–1865), the orator and statesman, was at this time Secretary of State. He had been Governor of Massachusetts from 1836 to 1839, Minister to England from 1841 to 1845, and President of Harvard from 1846 to 1849.

<sup>59</sup> Millard Fillmore (1800–1874), thirteenth President of the United States.

the world, we have no hearts, you know &c. &c., but then it may happen that the high flown romantic people are wrong and that we love our friends as well as they do) I don't pity any body who leaves the world even a fair young girl in her prime. I pity those remaining. On her journey if it pleases God to send her depend on it there's no cause for grief, that's but an earthly condition. Out of our stormy life, and brought nearer the Divine light and warmth there must be a serene climate. Can't you fancy sailing into the calm? Would you care about going on the voyage only for the dear souls left on the other shore? but we shan't be parted from them no doubt though they are from us. Add a little more intelligence to that which we possess even as we are and why should n't we be with our friends though ever so far off? As my thought travels to you now . . . instantly why presently, the body removed should n't we personally be anywhere at will — properties of Creation, like the electric something (spark is it?) that thrills all round the globe simultaneously? and if round the globe why not Uberall? and the body being removed or else where disposed of and developed, sorrow and its opposite, crime and the reverse, ease and disease, desire and dislike &c. go along with the body, a lucid Intelligence remains, a Perception ubiquitous. If I die I can fancy being so present about my dearest Jane — if she goes first I shall still go on loving her in that future w'ch we call Heaven. . . .

Monday. I was interrupted a dozen times yesterday in the course of these profitless Schwärmereien. There's no rest here for pilgrims like me. Have I told you on the other side that I'm doing a good business at Baltimore and a small select one here? <sup>60</sup> the

<sup>60</sup> Thackeray gave his lectures in Washington at Carusi's Saloon on February 9, 12, 16, 19, 23, and 26. One of the bigwigs whom he met during this visit, but does not mention in his letters, was Charles Sumner (1811-1874), the American statesman. To him we owe the following narrative, which is recorded by Richard Henry Stoddard (*Anecdote Biographies of Thackeray and Dickens*, New York, 1875, p. xiv): "When Thackeray was in [Washington], we visited, among the earlier places, the capitol rotunda. Thackeray was an artist by birthright, and his judgment was beyond chance or question. He took a quiet turn around the rotunda, and in a few words gave each picture its perfectly correct rank and art valuation. 'Trumbull is your painter;' he said, 'never neglect Trumbull.' Other places of interest were

big-wigs all come and are pleased, — all the legations and old Scott<sup>61</sup> the unsuccessful Candidate for the Presidency &c.? It is well to have come. I shall go hence to Richmond and Charleston and then who knows whither? not to New Orleans, I think the distance is too great. I can't go a thousand miles fishing for half as many pounds. Why not come back and see all the dear faces at home? and there will be one more tiny little face by that time — the good of the voyage has been that it has consummated the separation. She may go on with her maternal duties without my furious eyes haunting her in her duty. However much I may love her and bless her and admire her, I can't forgive her for doing her duty. . . . I hope she'll have the courage to go into the country when I come back & increase her family in seclusion. I try and think of something to say about this country: but by the Gods there is nothing; all I have remarked I could put down in two pages. Where's the eager observation & ready pencil of 5 years ago? I have not made a single sketch. The world passes before me and I don't care. — Is it a weary heart or is it a great cold I have got in my nose that stupifies me utterly? I won't inflict any more megrims upon you.

From your affectionate friend and brother,

W. M. T.

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then seen, after which we started homeward. He had not yet been at my house, and my chief anxiety was to coach him safely past that Jackson statue. The conversation hung persistently upon art matters, which made it certain that I was to have trouble when we should come in view of that particular excrescence. We turned the dreaded corner at last, when, to my astonishment, Mr. Thackeray held straight past the hideous figure, moving his head neither to the right nor left, and chatting as airily as though we were strolling through an English park. Now I know that the instant we came in sight of poor Jackson's caricature he saw it, realized its accumulated terrors at a glance, and in the charity of his great heart took all pains to avoid having a word said about it. Ah, but he was a man of rare consideration." With another Washington acquaintance Thackeray was less reticent about his opinion of the statue of General Jackson by Clark Mills which still stands in Lafayette Square. See *Works*, XII, 307.

<sup>61</sup> General Winfield Scott (1786-1866), Whig nominee in the presidential campaign of 1852.

946.

TO EDWARD EVERETT  
9 FEBRUARY 1853

Hitherto unpublished. *Endorsed*: Feb. 9.

M<sup>r</sup> Thackeray will have very great pleasure in dining with M<sup>r</sup> Everett on Thursday.

947.

TO JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY<sup>62</sup>  
11 FEBRUARY 1853

Published by Powell, *Johns Hopkins Alumni Magazine*, VI, 192.

Friday M<sup>s</sup>

My dear Sir

The kind invitation of the Maryland Historical Society<sup>63</sup> comes too late. I have engaged myself to dinner to M<sup>rs</sup> Hamilton Fish,<sup>64</sup> who no doubt has made her party; and I must forego that at Baltimore. I enclose a note of very sincere regrets, to you as one of the Committee of Invitations and am

Very faithfully yours

W M Thackeray.

<sup>62</sup> Kennedy (1795-1870), the Baltimore novelist and politician, was at this time Secretary of the Navy. He is remembered today for *Swallow Barn* (1832) and *Horse-Shoe Robinson* (1835).

<sup>63</sup> To attend their annual dinner on February 17. Kennedy was Vice-President of the Society. (Powell, *Johns Hopkins Alumni Magazine*, VI, 192)

<sup>64</sup> Mrs. Fish (1817-1887), wife of Hamilton Fish (1808-1893), was one of Washington's leading hostesses. Her husband had been Governor of New York, was currently United States Senator from New York, and later served as Secretary of State during both of Grant's administrations.



948. TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH  
13 FEBRUARY 1853

Hitherto unpublished.

Sunday. Feb 13.  
Washington.

Always direct to Clarendon N. Y

My dearest Mammy. The children's letter of the 19 came 3 days ago. It can't be helped. It's not peace but a sword sometimes. With your views, you did but your duty. Every body must missionarize who feels strongly about the truth: and I can't understand how families get on so well here, all living together and going to 3 or 4 different churches — at the Baxters parents are Unitarian girls Episcopalian uncle <sup>65</sup> & his children Presbyterian — they never talk about religion at all they say, and I should think they can't feel about religion. Your's is like some folks' love — it brings them a deal of grief and pain to be sure, but they would not part with it. I like mine the best; and can't help myself if I didn't. I must tell the truth and have often felt myself in the wrong because, knowing what pain I must necessarily give my dear old Mother, I have tampered with my opinions in speaking to the children — But when the girls are sent off by Grandmamma to M. Monod, Papa must speak and say My dears it's my duty to tell you that I dont believe much of what this gentleman believes, and that were you to be brought to his way of thinking you would make my home very unhappy. Do you suppose Procter's isn't with a priest between him and his children? <sup>66</sup>

I feel as if my travels had only just begun — There was scarce any sensation of novelty until now when the slaves come on to the scene; and straightway the country <sup>67</sup> assumes an aspect of the

<sup>65</sup> Oliver Strong, president of the American Pottery Company, who had office at 9 Cedar St. and lived in New Jersey (*Rode's New York City Directory*, 1850-1851).

<sup>66</sup> Procter's daughters were Catholics.

<sup>67</sup> The rest of this letter is in Eyre Crowe's hand. The last page is missing.

queerest interest: I don't know whether it is terror, pity or laughter that is predominant. They are not my men & brethren, these strange people with retreating foreheads, with great obtruding lips & jaws: with capacities for thought, pleasure, endurance quite different to mine. They are not suffering as you are impassioning yourself for their wrongs as you read M<sup>rs</sup> Stowe they are grinning & joking in the sun; roaring with laughter as they stand about the streets in squads; very civil, kind & gentle, even winning in their manner when you accost them at gentlemen's houses, where they do all the service. But they don't seem to me to be the same as white men, any more than asses are the same animals as horses; I don't mean this disrespectfully, but simply that there is such a difference of colour, habits, conformation of brains, that we must acknowledge it, & can't by any rhetorical phrase get it over; Sambo is not my man & my brother; the very aspect of his face is grotesque & inferior. I can't help seeing & owning this; at the same time of course denying any white man's right to hold this fellow-creature in bondage & make goods & chattels of him & his issue; but where the two races meet this weaker one must knock under; if it is to improve it must be on its own soil, away from the domineering whites; & who knows whether out of Liberia there mayn't go forth civilizers & improvers of the black race, in wh<sup>ch</sup> case the sufferings of a small portion of their brethren during a few centuries under European task-masters, on this continent, will have worked for the ultimate good of the native community. It is certain that their Slavery at the very worst here has not been comparable to their degradation in their own country, where for uncounted time they have been bought, sold, murdered, tortured by their black tyrants more ruthlessly than (except by particular & occasional white villains) they ever have been treated here.

I have no doubt that all M<sup>rs</sup> Stowe's individual instances of cruelty are only too true; that her case is not exaggerated at all, that even if the instances are occasional, she has a right to use them to prove it. But what the slaveholders retort against us is true too: the sum of unhappiness is as great among our wretched poor as it can be here; controversy has this good in it that it will pique

black & white man-owners into generosity & I dare say better the labourer's condition in Dorsetshire as in Virginia.

An acquaintance tells me of an odd solution w<sup>h</sup> may present itself of the Slave difficulty: & that comes from a queer quarter, no less than from China: — some gangs of Chinese labourers have been imported into Cuba, who do the field-work so well, are so healthy & orderly, & work at such a small price, that it is found that crops can be raised at a much less price than by the cumbrous & costly Slave machinery. A score or two of years hence, with the immense multiplication & rapidity of transport, (you'll settle the geography you know how profound I am about that) now only just beginning to be established; scores of thousands of Celestial immigrants may be working in the cotton & tobacco fields here & in the West Indies Islands. Then the African Slave will get his manumission quickly enough. As soon as the cheap substitute is found, depend on it the Planter, who stoutly pleads humanity now as one of the reasons why he can't liberate his people, will get rid of them quickly enough; & the price of the slave-goods will fall so that owners won't care to hold such an unprofitable & costly stock.

The people in the North show an argument *ad rem* and *hominem* against Slavery w<sup>h</sup> the Southerners can't parry, as a sum with a wrong figure in it at the commencement, must come out wrong however you work it. Freedom pays incomparably better than Slavery; as you cross the frontier & directly you see poor Blacky's face the substantive prosperity of the country diminishes, the manufactures fail,

949. TO WILLIAM BRADFORD REED  
14 FEBRUARY 1853

My text is taken from Reed's *Haud Immemor*, pp. 8-10, with additions from *Thackeray in the United States*, I, 125-127.

Mr. Anderson's Music Store,<sup>68</sup> Penn'a Avenue,  
Friday.

My Dear Reed:

(I withdraw the Mr. as wasteful and ridiculous excess, and gilding of refined gold),<sup>69</sup> and thank you for the famous autograph, and the kind letter enclosing it,<sup>70</sup> and the good wishes you form for me. There are half a dozen houses I already know in Philadelphia where I could find very pleasant friends and company; and that good, old library<sup>71</sup> would give me plenty of acquaintances more. But, home and my parents there, and some few friends I have made in the last 25 years, and a tolerably fair prospect of an honest livelihood on the familiar London flag stones, and the library at the Athenæum, and the ride in the Park, and the pleasant society afterwards; and a trip to Paris now and again, and to Switzerland and Italy in the summer, — these are little temptations which make me not discontented with my lot, about which I grumble only for pastime, and because it is an Englishman's privilege. Own now that all these recreations here enumerated have a pleasant sound. I hope I shall live to enjoy them yet a little while, before I go to "Nox et domus exilis Plutonia,"<sup>72</sup> whither poor, kind, old Peter<sup>73</sup> has vanished. So that Saturday I was to have dined with him, and

<sup>68</sup> One of the shops where tickets might be purchased for Thackeray's lectures in Washington was Mrs. Garrett Anderson's Music Store (*National Intelligencer*, February 8).

<sup>69</sup> *King John*, IV, ii, 11.

<sup>70</sup> The "famous autograph" was a letter of George Washington's which Reed had sent Thackeray, together with a note suggesting that he apply for the post of British Consul at Philadelphia.

<sup>71</sup> The Library Company of Philadelphia.

<sup>72</sup> Horace, *Odes*, I, iv, 16-17.

<sup>73</sup> William Peter (1788-1853), British Consul at Philadelphia since 1840, died on February 6. He was an Oxford man and a voluminous writer who had been Whig M. P. for Bodmin before entering the diplomatic service.

Mrs. Peter wrote, saying, he was ill with influenza, he was in bed with his last illness, and there were to be no more Whister parties <sup>74</sup> for him. Will Whister himself, hospitable, pig-tailed shade, welcome him to Hades? And will they sit down — no, stand up — to a ghostly supper, devouring the *φθιμους ψυχης* of oysters and all sorts of birds? I never feel pity for a man dying, only for survivors, if there be such, passionately deploring him. You see the pleasures the undersigned proposes to himself here in future years — a sight of the Alps, a holiday on the Rhine, a ride in the Park, a colloquy with pleasant friends of an evening. If it is death to part with these delights (and pleasures they are and no mistake), sure the mind can conceive others afterwards; and I know one small philosopher who is quite ready to give up these pleasures; quite content (after a pang or two of separation from dear friends here), to put his hand into that of the Summoning Angel and say, ‘Lead on, O messenger of God our Father, to the next place whither the Divine Goodness calls us!’ We must be blindfolded before we can pass, I know; but I have no fear about what is to come, any more than my children need fear that the love of *their* father should fail them. I thought myself a dead man once, and protest the notion gave me no disquiet about myself — at least, the philosophy is more comfortable than that which is tinctured with brimstone.

The Baltimoreans flock to the stale old lectures as numerous as you of Philadelphia. Here, the audiences are more polite than numerous; but the people who do come are very well pleased with their entertainment. I have had many dinners — Mr. Everett, Mr. Fish; our Minister, ever so often, the most hospitable of envoys. I have seen no one at all in Baltimore, for it is impossible

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He married Mrs. Sarah Worthington King, a leader of Philadelphia society, in 1844.

<sup>74</sup> Dr. Caspar Wistar (1761–1818), the Philadelphia physician, kept open house one evening every week for members of the American Philosophical Society, of which he was president from 1815 till his death, and for visiting scientists. The “Wistar parties” thus originated became a permanent feature of Philadelphia social life. (Hampton L. Carson, *The Centenary of the Wistar Party*, Philadelphia, 1918)

to *do* the two towns together; and from this I go to Richmond and Charleston — not to New Orleans, which is too far. And I hope you will make out your visit to Washington, and that we shall make out a meeting more satisfactory than that dinner at New York, which did not come off. The combination failed which I wanted to bring about. Have you heard Miss Furness<sup>75</sup> of Philadelphia sing? She is the very best ballad singer I ever heard. And will you please remember me to Mrs. Reed, and your brother, and Wharton,<sup>76</sup> and Lewis, and his pretty young daughter; and believe me, always faithfully yours, dear Reed,

W. M. Thackeray.

950.

TO MRS. BAXTER  
16 FEBRUARY 1853<sup>77</sup>

Published in part, *American Family*, pp. 24-27.

M<sup>r</sup> Andersons Music Store. P<sup>o</sup> Avenue  
Weddlesday Bordig.

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter.

Thank you for your kind letter of Saturday w<sup>h</sup> came to comfort me on Monday morning, though that other w<sup>h</sup> you promised is still on it's way.

A plan came into my head in the dark this morning w<sup>h</sup> has not

<sup>75</sup> Annis Lee Furness (1830-1908), who married a later Dr. Caspar Wistar in 1854. Horace Howard Furness (1833-1912), editor of the *Variorum Shakespeare*, wrote to General Wilson (*Thackeray in the United States*, I, 210) that Thackeray was as devoted to his sister "as his short time in the city allowed. I shone only by reflected light and remained the silent auditor of his exuberant fun. The speech of his which remains in my memory and over which I laughed 'fit to split' was that he knew all about Shakespeare, he 'understood him': 'Shakespeare wrote solely for money and when he had made enough he returned to Stratford, sat at his door and *sassed* passengers.' Maturer years have revealed to me that beneath that 'gracious fooling' there lies a germ of truth."

<sup>76</sup> Francis Wharton, attorney and counsel of 150 and 152 Walnut Street (McElroy's *Philadelphia Directory*, 1852); and William D. Lewis (1792-1881), banker and merchant, at this time Collector of Customs for the port of Philadelphia.

<sup>77</sup> The plan Thackeray outlines is for the week of February 21; this letter was written on the previous Wednesday.

permitted me to sleep since, and w<sup>h</sup> I humbly submit to you, as good for M<sup>r</sup> & Miss for M<sup>r</sup> & Miss or M<sup>r</sup> M<sup>r</sup> & Miss Baxter.

Monday m<sup>s</sup> from New York to Baltimore. Eutaw Hotel where M<sup>r</sup> Thackeray hopes for the honor of seeing you: and will be in waiting.

Tuesday. Washington. President's Levée. Ball at the Assembly room — perhaps dinner at Cramptons.

Wednesday. Receive visits of swells after the ball dine with a select party at M<sup>r</sup> T's before his lecture.

Thursday. Go to Mount Vernon & back.

Friday early to Baltimore and see that city.

Saturday — back to New York after embracing M<sup>r</sup> T who will turn his face towards the South.

Now isn't that a nice plan? If you 2 ladies come I shall instal you in my rooms and go sleep next door. You'll be my guests during the trip — what a pleasure it will be to me to pay back a little bit of the hospitality I owe you! The ball is very sober but a beautiful thing, and it would do my weary old eyes good to see a young lady I wot of, once again before I go to the South. Send off a telegraph *Yes* tomorrow, won't you please? I hope all 3 of you will come. But you know how fond I am of Lady Castlewood and how I want her especially. And I want Lucy & Libby too but rooms are hard to find

I shant go farther than Charleston: and am making some arrangements for Rochester & Buffalo at the end of April before w<sup>h</sup> I shall go probably to Montreal. This might bring me a day or two in New York mightn't it? And then there is Niagara we might see. And then and then, who knows what lies in future years, and whither the winds will blow us? That sounds like poetry doesn't it? I hear the most cheering accounts (but this is a secret I believe) of the International Copyright bill,<sup>78</sup> w<sup>h</sup> upon my conscience will make me 5000 dollars a year the richer. — and I came thundering back from Baltimore yesterday, and look wistfully at the door every moment — but no Postman from Second Avenue — plenty from home and good news of my women

<sup>78</sup> The United States did not enter into international copyright relations

Yesterday a grand dinner at M<sup>r</sup> Cramptons I sate next a young beauty,<sup>79</sup> who told me she admired my beautiful hands — all Englishmen *kept their nails well*' (upon my word) and my way of '*conveying my food*' to '*my mouth*': all Englishmen &c. Mme Bodiska<sup>80</sup> (an American married to the Russian Minister) told me her husband did not belong to the Greek Church. Is he a Lithuanian? says I (where there are many Catholics). 'He leaves *me* to do the religion' says Her Excellency, thinking Lithuanianism was a form of belief.

Enter Postman. But your letters are always 2 days on the road, and this is a very little bit of a letter Miss S S B. Never mind you can make up for all by coming as I do beg and hope you will. What fun we will have! What dismal little queer bed rooms to sleep in! I heard the 2 brides<sup>81</sup> — and will write for it, and I am yours and everybodys in Brownhouse Street.



951.

TO MORTON McMICHAEL

16 FEBRUARY 1853

My text is taken from a facsimile published by McMichael, *Philadelphia Press*, June 12, 1887.

Washington. Feb. 16. 1853.

My dear Sir:

I send you a line<sup>82</sup> of thanks and acknowledgment for the restoration of my purse and its contents with best regards to all friends in Philadelphia.

Always my dear McMichael

Your most obliged

W M Thackeray

Morton McMichael Esq<sup>e</sup>

<sup>79</sup> A Miss Smith. See below, No. 1024.

<sup>80</sup> Wife of Alexander Bodiski (or Bodisco), Russian Minister to the United States from 1837 to 1854.

<sup>81</sup> This reference to a musical (?) composition cannot now be identified.

<sup>82</sup> The body of this note is written in Thackeray's microscopic hand on a single line.



952.

TO LUCY BAXTER

19 FEBRUARY 1853

*Address:* Miss Lucy Baxter. [ 286 Second Avenue. | New York City. *Postmark:* WASHINGTON 21 FEB. Published in *American Family*, pp. 31-36, the postscript being printed as part of another letter on p. 31; facsimile of the second drawing opposite p. 31.

Washington. Saturday. Feb 19. 1853.

My dear little kind Lucy. I began to write you a letter in the railroad yesterday but it bumped with more than ordinary violence and I was forced to give up the endeavour. I did not know how ill Lucy was at that time, only remembered that I owed her a letter for that pretty one you wrote me at Philadelphia, when Sarah was sick and you acted as her Secretary. Is there going to be always Somebody sick at the brown house? If I were to come there now I wonder should I be allowed to come and see you in your night cap — I wonder even do you wear a night cap? I should step up, take your little hand wh<sup>h</sup> I daresay is lying outside the coverlet, give it a little shake: and then sit down and talk all sorts of stuff and nonsense to you for half an hour; but very kind and gentle, not so as to make you laugh too much or your little back ache any more. Did I not tell you to leave off that beecely jimnayshum? — I am always giving fine advice to girls in brown houses — and they always keep on never minding.

It is not difficult to write lying in bed — this is written not in bed but on a sofa. If you write the upright hand it's quite easy slantingdicular<sup>83</sup> is not so pleasant though — I have just come back from Baltimore and find your mother's and sisters melancholy letters. I thought to myself perhaps I might see them on this very sofa and pictured to myself their 2 kind faces — M<sup>r</sup> Crampton was going to ask them to dinner I had made arrangements to get Sarah nice partners at the ball — Why did dear little Lucy tumble down at the Gymnasium? Many a pretty plan in life tumbles down so, Miss Lucy! and falls on its back. But the good of being ill is

<sup>83</sup> This word is written in Thackeray's slanting hand, the rest of the letter in his upright hand.

to find how kind one's friends are; of being at a pinch (I do not know whether I may use the expression — whether 'pinch' is an indelicate word in this country: it is used by our old writers to signify poverty *narrow* circumstances, *res angustæ*<sup>84</sup> the good of being poor I say, is to find friends to help you. I have been both ill and poor and found, thank God, such consolation in those evils: and I daresay at this moment now you are laid up, you are the person of the most importance in the whole house — Sarah is sliding about the room with cordials in her hands and eyes, Libby<sup>85</sup> is sitting quite disconsolate by the bed (poor Libby! when one little bird fell off the perch, I wonder the other did not go up & fall off too!) the expression of sympathy in Ben's eyes is perfectly heart-rending, even George is quiet; and your Father Mother & Uncle (all 3 so notorious for their violence of temper and language) have actually forgotten to scold. Ach du lieber Himmel! says Herr Strumpf isn't his name Herr Strumpf? — the German



Master die schöne Fräulein ist krank and bursts into tears on the Pianofortyfiers shoulder when they hear the news (through his sobs) from black John. We have an Ebony femme de chambre here: when I came from Baltimore just now I found her in the following costume and attitude standing for her picture to M<sup>r</sup> Crowe. She makes the beds with that pipe in her mouf and leaves it about in the rooms. Wouldnt she have been a nice lady's maid for your mother and Miss Bally Saxter?

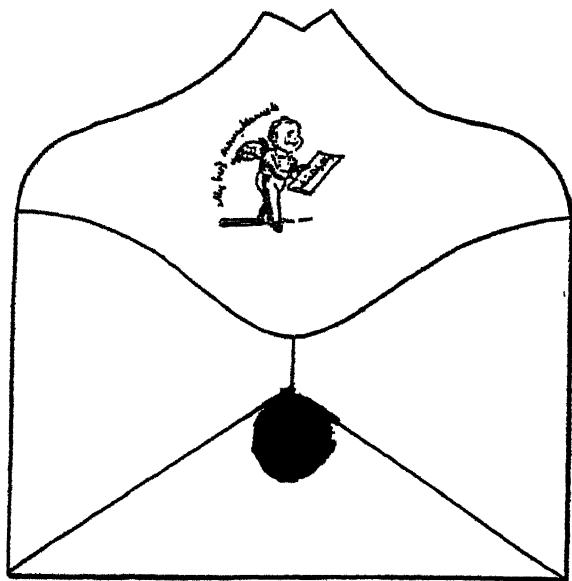
But even if poor Miss Lucy had not had her fall I daresay there would have been no party. Here is a great snow-storm falling, though yesterday was as bland and bright as May, (English May I mean) and how could we have lionized

<sup>84</sup> From Juvenal's *Satires*, III, 164:

Haut facile emergunt quorum virtutibus opstat  
Res angusta domi.

<sup>85</sup> Libby and Ben Strong, Lucy's cousins, and George Baxter, her brother.

Baltimore, & gone to Mount Vernon, and taken our diversion in the snow? There would have been nothing for it but to stay in this little closet of a room; where there is scarce room for 6 people and where it is not near so comfortable as the brown house — Dear old b. h. Shall I see it again soon? I shall not go farther than Charleston and Savannah probably — and then I hope I shall get another look at you all again before I commence farther wanderings — O, stop! I didn't tell you why I was going to write to you — well, I went on Thursday to dine with Governor & M<sup>rs</sup> Fish, a dinner in honor of me — and before I went I arrayed myself in a certain white garment of w<sup>h</sup> the collar-button holes had been altered, and I thought of the kind friendly little hand that had done that deed for me, and when the Fisheses told me how they lived in the Second Avenue (I had forgotten all about 'em) their house & the house opposite came back to my mind, and I liked them 50 times better for living near some friends of mine. She is a nice woman, Madam Fish besides: and didn't I abuse you all to her? Good bye dear little Lucy — I wish the paper wasn't full. But I



have been sitting half an hour by the poor young lady's sofa, & talking stuff & nonsense haven't I? And now I get up, and shake your hand with a God bless you, & walk down stairs: & please to give every body my kindest regards and remember that I am truly your friend.

W M T.

If you please M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter I think I can do without the new supplies till I return to N. Y.

953-

TO ?

22 FEBRUARY 1853

Hitherto unpublished.

Tuesday. 22 Feb.

Dear Sir

I lecture at Baltimore on Friday or I should have had very great pleasure in dining with you.

Believe me most faithfully yours

W M Thackeray.

954-

TO MRS. BAXTER

24 FEBRUARY 1853

My text is taken from *American Family*, pp. 37-38, and from an American Art Association catalogue, April 20-21, 1921, lot 755.

Washington

Thursday, Feb. 24

1853

My dear Mrs. Baxter: It may be I shall not have time to write today before post, and I send a 5 minutes scribble over my breakfast, to say thank you for the kind, kind letters and those which are to come. We are going off in a party to the *Ericsson*,<sup>86</sup> and afterwards

<sup>86</sup> A caloric-engine ship of novel design. Crowe describes the visit in *W M Thackeray in America*, pp. 116-120.

I dine at the President's, and then go in the evening to a very, *very* pretty little girl,<sup>87</sup> whom I have been obliged to snub for pertness — it's a long story, too long for now. And on Sunday I have asked 8 or 10 men to dinner, — what a piece of folly it is to spend 100 dollars upon their waistcoats! — and on Monday morning I go to Richmond, Va., where I shall be all the week till Saturday, when I am bound for Charleston. There I shall stop another week, sha'n't I? and the Fates will dispose of me afterwards. So P.<sup>88</sup> cried, did he, on going away? As for C. P., he is a dear young fellow, and I feel quite a regard for him, and a comfort in thinking about a character that seems to me so manly and generous and honest. And my pretty Sarah practises music, does she? and beaux 1, 2, 3, are gone. There is a faithful old fellow, not much of a buck, who is her very humble servant always, and, with those new shirts and that bag full of new dollars, who knows what a dandy I sha'n't be?

My English acquaintance Mr. Synge<sup>89</sup> has married a charming

<sup>87</sup> Daughter of Robert Greenhow (1800–1854), linguist and historian, and Rose O'Neil Greenhow. During the Civil War Mrs. Greenhow was alleged to be a Confederate spy.

<sup>88</sup> Charles Pomeroy. See below, No. 992.

<sup>89</sup> William Webb Follett Synge (1826–1891), who married Henrietta Wainwright, youngest daughter of Colonel Robert Dewar Wainwright of the United States Marines, on January 27. General Wilson (*Thackeray in the United States*, I, 104) quotes in part two notes, the originals of which I have not traced, that Thackeray wrote to Synge about his marriage. The first reads: "I am a bad correspondent; ask Miss Wainwright to intercede for me. Je vous félicite Monsieur: moi aussi j'ai aimé — j'ai eu vingt-cinq ans. My reception at Boston has been hugeous. Mrs. Lothrop is charming; and as to little Miss Molly she is a perfect pearl of beauty. I wish you joy of your own affair. What's ambition compared with that!" And the second: "I married at your age with £400 paid by a newspaper, which failed six months afterwards, and always love to hear of a young fellow testing his fortune bravely in that way. And although my own marriage was a wreck as you know, I would do it once again, for behold Love is the crown and completion of all earthly good. The man who is afraid of his fortune never deserved one."

Synge, who had entered the Foreign Office in 1846, was attached to the British Legation at Washington from 1851 to July 1, 1853. He and his bride spent the following winter at 13 Young Street, Thackeray and his family being away in Italy. Synge's subsequent diplomatic career included appointments as Secretary to Sir William Ouseley's special mission to Central America

young creature a great deal too good for him. I pity her for the life which she is going to lead in our country, her husband away from home all day, and she with scarce enough money to buy enough mutton-chops. But I wish you would all go to Europe; you would be rich there, at least as rich as your neighbours, and happy amongst yourselves. How I should like to take my place at that kind table again! Well, it will be before very long, please God — and far or near, you know I shall always say Grace for the meals I have had there. I send my best regards to old birds and young birds, and am so sorry for George's sore throat. I have got one too.

955.

TO MRS. BAXTER  
25 FEBRUARY 1853

Published in part, *American Family*, pp. 39-44.

Friday. Feb 25. Washington.

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter. Let us write the other half of the letter this morning. We did not come home till too late from the excursion down the Potomac to the Ericsson; through the bitterest cold weather — so cold that had parties from New York come for pleasure to Washington they would have rued the day when they left a comfortable warm brown-house Shelter for M<sup>r</sup> T's dismal little lodgings over the music-store. We had the hoighth of foine company to the Ericson the 2 Presidents,<sup>90</sup> the Secretaries, Commodores without end, large newspaper Editors, and Mess<sup>rs</sup> Irving and Thackeray literary gents. The Presidents were both very

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and as Consul-General in the Sandwich Islands and in Cuba. He retired on a pension in 1868. (*Foreign Office List*, 1884) In his later years he wrote much for *Punch*, to which he had begun to contribute, no doubt through Thackeray's good offices, during the Crimean War. He and Thackeray remained very good friends (see below, No. 1540), though Charles Lever tells of a dinner at Thackeray's house, probably in 1856 or 1857, at which Synge left the table to send Thackeray a challenge, "the most absurd incident I ever witnessed" (Edmund Downey, *Charles Lever*, II, 40-41).

<sup>90</sup> President Fillmore and President-Elect Franklin Pierce (1804-1869), who took office on March 1, 1853.

pleasant: and none of the pictures I have seen do any justice to General Pierce, who is a man of remarkably good presence and fine manners, as natural as any of those Englishmen one friend admired. We talked together very affably for  $1\frac{1}{4}$  an hour; I daresay he was relieved by talking with a man who wanted nothing from him — and in the evening I dined with President Fillmore who gratified me by saying that Pierce had proposed to him that they should go together to my last lecture here on Saturday night. I think the proposal was uncommonly friendly and thoughtful, and the news if puffed properly in the papers may do the lecturer good. But he is growing so mortally sick of the business that you may hear of his striking work any day. I have been paid for these lectures four times as much money as they honestly deserve, and — &c &c I will not entertain you with these old grumbles.

How is it that the post has brought no letter from Miss Baxter this morning? Perfidjious Post how many disappointments dost thou bring me? But Lucy's was a very pleasant kind little letter yesterday and I should like to hear that a good surgeon had examined the poor little back and pronounced that there was nothing wrong — Do have a surgeon — not a doctor.

To all outward appearance I am having a very good time here but there's something wanting. There's no house of Call There is a plenty of smiles and welcomes and shakes of the hand: but nobody I care to see again — (Mind this a great secret) I read of acquaintances, Peter at Philadelphia, and the like dying, and say Why shouldn't they? Bon Dieu what are oysters that we should be mindful of them,<sup>91</sup> or Champagne that we should wish to go on drinking it? We have had some great feasts though — That Colonel Preston of Kentucky <sup>92</sup> is a rare good fellow. He kept us roaring with laughter last Wednesday from four o'clock till eight. Its a mussy that the professional moralist who had to lecture exhibited no signs of the Madeira.

<sup>91</sup> "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" (*Psalms*, 8, 4).

<sup>92</sup> William Preston (1816–1887), whose Irish parents had settled in Louisville in 1815, was at this time a Kentucky delegate to the House of Representatives. He had served as Lieutenant-Colonel under General William O. Butler in the Mexican War, and in later life he was a Confederate general.

My house in London is let till July. You will go somewhere in June won't you? Shan't we go to Rhode Island? Shall we go to Niagara? You dont know how pleased I am that you should be anxious to hear from me — I wager twopence halfpenny (2 1/2<sup>d</sup> Sterling) you thought because no letter was sent on Saturday or Sunday 'M<sup>r</sup> T is offended because we don't accept his invitation. M<sup>r</sup> T is very apt to take offence where none is meant' says Miss Sarah with a sort of a half sigh. — No such thing, it was Crowe who forgot to post the letter — and I never like that young woman half so much as when she is performing the 5<sup>th</sup> Commandment with variations; and I think her one thousand times handsomer at Lucy's or her Mothers bedside in a peignoir (if such be the garment of young ladies) than at Delmonico's <sup>93</sup> in the brilliantest of gowns whisked round the room by one of those little dandykins. At the balls here Quadrilles are danced, and the waltz doesn't seem to me to go above 6 knots an hour. There was a lamentable wheezy Schottisch played last night (at M<sup>rs</sup> Greenhow's — mother of pretty girl of 16 — little Impudence very penitent & on her good-behaviour — brought her a bonbon of a butterfly from the Presidents w<sup>h</sup> she pinned on to an exceedingly pretty little — neck, I believe that is the word) and my thoughts went straightway to New York — And while the fair Penitent <sup>94</sup> was dancing, I slipped off in spite of the mother's entreaties to stay and see 'such a pretty little supper' and was in bed by 11 1/2, greatly to the bed's surprize. Why I am got to the end of the page — You may be sure by that that Crowe is out — I never can talk freely when he is in the room: and cant tell why: for I like him as I w<sup>d</sup> like my son I think. We laugh and roar with absurd jokes — we get on à merveille: but when I want to be very confidential and spoony, his presence interrupts the sentimentality (here he is: no its the black femme de chambre thank my stars!) and lo! I am over at page 5 — with this abominable gold pen too w<sup>h</sup> wont write plain.

Why didnt the girls send me the daguerreotype? I thought of

<sup>93</sup> The famous New York restaurant and ballroom.

<sup>94</sup> The title of a tragedy by Nicholas Rowe (1674–1718), first performed in 1703.



sending you one too: *but* but my blushing modesty prevented: and, one good one, w<sup>h</sup> has been done here, I thought it was my duty to keep for the children at home. Pretty young girls may please an old fellow by such a present: but the old fellow must be rather shy about proffering representations of his *ugly* countenance. There's something grotesque in that elderly gallantry. How pleasant it is to be alone for half an hour! I talk to you as if we were sitting in the brown house — but then you know I was always thinking 'Why won't Mademoiselle come down? And when she came, why the odds were we had a skirmish. But I never found fault with *you* did I; or was out of humour with any one else? Everybody seems to be aware of my intimacy with the brown house: and ladies mention Miss Baxter to me with a knowing look of w<sup>h</sup> I acknowledge the meaning with a perfect blandness and readiness of acceptancy. They don't seem to be aware though that Lucy & Libby and my dear Lady Castlewood have no small share of the regards in w<sup>h</sup> I hold that Second Avenue, and angle of eighteenth Street. Writing home to the children the other day, & talking of you, there were so many 'dears' in the sentence, that I laughed myself when I read it over. Such are the consequences of being kind to a gentleman — at a particular moment of his life when he was suffering under a great grief, when he was bleeding yet from a tremendous amputation. If I did not know you to be one of the most sentimental women in the world, I would burn this and be ashamed to whimper in this manner before you. Ah here comes Monsieur Corbeau! — Adieu Sentimentality — let me huddle up the papers together so that he mayn't see what an immense long letter I have written you and all about nothing too — And next week I shall write let us hope from Richmond Va and answer such kind letters as it pleases young persons to send me. I send you all the usual remembrances and wherever I am and however good the *time* is, am always wishing I was at home in New York.

Yours always my dear M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter.

W M T.

956.

TO LUCY BAXTER  
26 FEBRUARY 1853

Published in *American Family*, pp. 44-47; facsimile of first page after p. 44.

Febbywerry Twenty six. Sunday.



Before I go to Richmond early early in the morning tomorrow, I must pay a many debts w<sup>h</sup> I owe here and one of them is a pleasant little debt indeed: to a poor young lady by the name of Miss Lucy whose back I hope is better by this time, and whose kind little hand I hereby respectfully salute. How glad I am to have done with Baltimore and Washington! There are 20 pretty girls here; but none of them fit me so completely as some young persons I know of, and I make myself at ease but not at home in any house but a brown one. I keep on having famous letters from my girls. Anny writes in great glee because they have been at a wedding party and had plenty of dancing, and because Minny has been greatly admired (I dont think I ever told you that I believe she is very arch bright & pretty-looking) and danced all the dances: and my dearest homely fat Nanny is quite contented with her little share of partners, and the admiration her little sister gets. Well, Anny has one faithful swain and admirer, who loves her quite as much as a girl need desire: and that gentleman is now writing to Miss Lucy Baxter. But I can't make a funny letter this time: for I can only do that when I am in the mood and I have been passing hours writing a long & sad one to my mother at home

I think I told your mother about the dinner at the President's and how stupid it was. Yesterday however, I know you'll be all glad to hear, the 2 Presidents came together to my lecture w<sup>h</sup> was furthermore attended by a numerous & fashionable company; and then I finished the evening by going to 3 soirées — at one of w<sup>h</sup> M<sup>rs</sup> Corcoran's <sup>95</sup> I saw M<sup>rs</sup> Waddell <sup>96</sup> smiling and blushing like

<sup>95</sup> Probably Thackeray refers to the wife of William Wilson Corcoran (1798-1888), a prominent Washington banker who had recently succeeded in selling five million dollars' worth of United States bonds to English investors.

<sup>96</sup> The wife of William C. H. Waddell, a lawyer whose home was located

the roses of June, and many more New Yorkers all of whom have a certain interest for me because they live near some people I am fond of.

Tomorrow Richmond — next week Charleston and then where I should like to know? Will somebody from the brown house kindly carry this message to the Clarendon for me and beg that my letters may be forwarded on?

Tomorrow I shall pass down the Potomac on w<sup>h</sup> M<sup>rs</sup> Esmond-Warrington used to sail with her 2 sons when they went to visit their friend M<sup>r</sup> Washington. I wonder will anything ever come out of that preface, and will that story ever be born? <sup>97</sup>

Since I wrote this I began a thinking and wrote a line or two in the French language to Miss Sally, and behold the line or 2 grew into a regular long letter so French in style (whatever it may be in grammar) that I think best not to send it but send her and all my homely *English* love instead: and hope in the most simple manner that when she can spare 10 minutes (it was last Tuesday I wrote to her & last Thursday week she to me) again she will send a few more lines, to hers & your's all very affectionately

W M Thackeray

957.

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

26 FEBRUARY 1853

Extract published in *The Orphan of Pimlico* under the heading "Othello."

26 Feb. Washington.

I got your letter & the childrens of Ash Wednesday yesterday after Baltimore. I know my dearest old Mother's grief and deplore it and can't help it. With your fond heart and strong beliefs had you been a Roman Catholic, and had I doubted about Transubstantiation, you would have had the same pangs; my difference of

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at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street (*Trow's New-York City Directory*, 1853-1854). His name is on Mrs. Baxter's visiting list.

<sup>97</sup> The preface to *Esmond* is, of course, the point of departure for *The Virginians*, which Thackeray began in July, 1856.

opinion w<sup>d</sup> have seemed to you a chastisement of God, my expression of my opinion to my own family, a drawing them away from Heaven a teaching of heresy. The very comfort w<sup>h</sup> you get from your religion the delights of rapturous faith with w<sup>h</sup> you receive and peruse the oracles of Heaven and w<sup>h</sup> you and all strong believers hold out as the blessed consequence of your belief — and so it is a consequence entail with them another consequence equally natural — the misery that those dear to you can't be brought to think like you, are cut off from inexpressible benefits or liable to awful penalties for rejecting the Truth — that is *your* Truth. You *must* be miserable. Your text-worship gives you vast advantages, refuges in sorrow, delights in contemplation, a communion with Heaven seeming to be actual & personal — but along with these pleasures a corresponding grief and gloom — or, according to the temperament of the believer, a righteous wrath against those who do not hold the faith. And you plead in tears and passion for the Unbeliever, or destroy his heresy by fire and sword according to your disposition or the age in w<sup>h</sup> you live. S<sup>t</sup> Theresa was as tender as you are but in her time the Church burned and racked heretics. How you would have gone off singing to be roasted! You are made of the materials of w<sup>h</sup> Martyrs and persecutors are made — You persecute with tears and maternal pangs God bless you. We cant help our natures. We are made by God, each mortal man and woman mother and child, distinct and unlike. What is sublime to one, appears odious or puerile to another: what is religion superstition — Nothing tastes alike, nothing sounds quite alike, looks quite alike to one person and another — and I can no more fit your religion to my soul, than I can fit my foot to your shoe. Praise be to God that has made His children so various.

When as a child I used to sit on my mothers knee and hear her tell the story of Joseph & his brethren I received her ideas with her embraces Heaven bless them & their sacred memory! — but at 42 years old having opinions of my own, I choose to act by them — and when my dearest old mother carries off my children to a French parson who bids them receive as Divine facts, the Israelitish murders, the Mosaic cosmogony, &c — I must say, My dears —

Listen to this old gentleman with perfect respect and to the fondest grandmother in the world with every reverence and affection: but it is right I should tell you that those Hebrew books w<sup>h</sup> they read as direct communications from Heaven I read but as histories upon a wrong belief in w<sup>h</sup> has been founded an immense deal of the misery and persecution of the world, of wretchedness bitterness division in families — & that were you to adopt M. Monod's opinions & the logical consequences resulting from them; there would be division & wretchedness in our family. I speak my opinion. It is my duty: as it is your's and Monod's. I give you carte blanche to tell your religious views: but I utter mine — You are not afraid of the Bishop of Rome why should I be afraid of the Bishop of Geneva? In the meanwhile I know that the result of my religious calculation is quite diff<sup>t</sup> to the sum as you work it out, and that my dear old Mother is unhappy. The unhappiness is the consequence of *your* religion not mine: and one of the reasons why I am a Protestant still (you & the Reformers left off protesting at the Reformation), is that religion as you hold it makes you miserable. I protest against the claims arrogance cruelties of the Church of Jerusalem as well as agst the Church of Rome — I think and believe Our Lord Jesus Christ protested against it. He is my Lord as well as your's. Divine, though I don't accept the Athanasian definition; <sup>98</sup> though because he alluded to the books of the nation amongst whom he was born, I don't believe God ordered the Israelites to butcher Canaan; though I read but as a book what you receive as an Oracle; and though I think S<sup>t</sup> Paul was mistaken.

I go to Richmond tomorrow m<sup>s</sup> and afterwards to Charleston and then I don't know quite whither — The time here has been very pleasant — Our minister the hospitablest of men: the great folks very civil. I dined with the President on Thursday: and yesterday he & the President elect came arm in arm to my lecture. I am getting so sick of them, that I am likely to stop any day and think them perfect rubbish by this time. I must try however to make another 1000£ with them before I stop: and then come home to prepare another set. 6000£ at 7 or 8 per cent will be a Godsend

<sup>98</sup> The mystery of the Trinity, as set forth in the Athanasian Creed.

won't it? Even 2000 is something & my railroad shares have gone up 5 per cent since I bought 'em. I shall be as pleased as Punch to send home 80£ the first half years dividend in April. You'll be a little longer hearing from me now as I go farther South. I kiss my dearest old mother and my women and give my love to my dear old G P. and so God bless you.

W M T.

958.

TO MRS. SYNGE

1 MARCH 1853

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> Syngé | at M<sup>rs</sup> Wainwrights. | Washington | D C. *Postmark:*  
RICHMOND MAR 3. Hitherto unpublished.

American Hotel. Richmond Va.

Tuesday.

Dear M<sup>rs</sup> Syngé or although I have never written to you before [as] I feel inclined to address you My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Syngé — I hope you will not be very angry with me for not coming last night to say Farewell. Our party was increased by M<sup>r</sup> Nelson who insisted on being host: and I could not break up the meeting. What is more I would never say Good bye to anybody if I could help it. How do you do is much pleasanter; and meeting incomparably better than parting, w<sup>h</sup> is always a dismal business with *friends*. The painless operation is the best. Shirk away without that dreary leave-taking — When I left my children, I whisked down a street, whispering my step-father 'I don't intend to come back. Tell them I am gone' — and there was the tooth actually out without the dentist and the awful chair. I would treat all kind people I like so; and hope you will let me consider you of that number. When you come to England you shall see if I and my young women won't be glad to see you. I hope you will have 3 friends in my house, and can answer for 2 dear good girls who will always make it welcome to you such as it is. It is only a homely place but strangers in a new city like homely places. You know how pleasant I found your snug basement parlour in Washington — much pleasanter

than finer rooms and I like to think if please God I return home that my girls will do their little best to make our little drawing-room comfortable for you. I send my best regards to your brother & family, and beg you to remember that I am always very sincerely yours and your husband's

W M Thackeray

959.

TO MRS. BAXTER

3 MARCH 1853

Published in *American Family*, pp. 47-48. My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Mr. Barrett, who owns the original.

Richmond Va Thursday 3 March

My dear Mrs Baxter If you will look out for the Postman on Saturday the *Fifth* of March I shouldn't be surprized if he brings you a little scrap of a letter. It will say that the 'elderly Cupid' arrived here on Tuesday, is delighted with the comfortable friendly cheery little town — the *picturesquest* he has seen in America — that the negroes instead of horrifying me I am sorry to say amuse me with their never ending grotesqueness and please me with their air of happiness and that in all respects but one I am having a good time — pleasant people, good audience — quiet handsome cheap comfortable hotel everything in fact but a letter from Havenue No 2: on w<sup>h</sup> I had counted as sure as Fate today. On Saturday I go to Charleston — Charleston Hotel please, and o if you would but all come! I dont think I have courage enough for New Orleans The lecture-giving bores me more & more consumedly but I shant be content unless I hear from Brownhouse St twice or thrice in a week and having spoiled me you must go on a spoiling of me whilst I remain in the country. It was but to be a scrap as I told you, and it is enough *isn't* [it] to snatch a minute just before that dimmd lecture to say that I am yours always, and always W M T

960. TO MRS. ELLIOT AND KATE PERRY  
3 MARCH 1853

My text is taken from *Collection of Letters*, pp. 168-169, with additions from Dr. Rosenbach's *Book Hunter's Holiday*, pp. 21-22, and from *Lambert Catalogue*, Part II, p. 56.

Richmond, Virginia, March 3, 1853

Mes bonnes soeurs . . .

. . . Somebody's birthday is on the 25th March and I should like her to have some token of remembrance from one who remembers her all day & all night, and loves and blesses her as if she were an angel in heaven — Suppose you were to buy a lily and two little lilies on the stem<sup>99</sup> . . . and send it as a salutation and without my name. God bless her. For all the pain and grief to both of us: I would not have *not* had her love for anything in the world. It's apart from desire, or jealousy of any one else, that I think of her and shall always. There is nothing I know or have ever read or thought of so lovely as her nature is; the dark spirit is on her poor husband still I fear. He was not fit to be the mate of such an angelical creature as that; what a constant loneliness and grief and rage his life must be — poor old fellow, it is he who is the most unhappy of us three. . . .

I am getting so sick and ashamed of the confounded old lectures that I wonder I have the courage to go on delivering them. What a pluck Albert Smith must have not to loath himself and hang himself after repeating that rubbish of his<sup>100</sup> so many hundred times. . . . I shan't read a single review of them when they are published; anything savage said about them will serve them right. They are popular enough here. The two presidents at Washington came to the last, and in this pretty little town the little Atheneum Hall was crowded so much that its a pity I had not hired a room

<sup>99</sup> Mrs. Brookfield's second child, Arthur Montagu Brookfield, was born on March 18, 1853.

<sup>100</sup> See above, No. 856.



twice as big; <sup>101</sup> but £2500 is all I shall make out of them. Well that is £200 a year in this country and an immense comfort for the chicks. — Crowe has just come out from what might have been and may be yet a dreadful scrape. He went into a slave market and began sketching; and the people rushed on him savagely and obliged him to quit.<sup>102</sup> Fancy such a piece of imprudence. It may fall on his chief, who knows, and cut short his popularity.

The negroes don't shock me, or excite my compassionate feelings at all; they are so grotesque and happy that I can't cry over them. The little black imps are trotting and grinning about the streets, women, workmen, waiters, all well fed and happy. The place [is] the merriest little place and the most picturesque I have seen in America, and on Saturday I go to Charlestown — shall I go thence to Havannah? who knows. I should like to give myself a week's holiday, without my demd lecture box. Shake every one by the hand that asks about me.

I am yours always — O! you kind friends —

W. M. T.

961.

TO ANNE THACKERAY

3 MARCH 1853

Hitherto unpublished.

Richmond. Virginia

March 3. 1853

My dearest Fat. I shall be getting furdur & furdur off now with every days journey — so you mustnt look for letters quite so regular. How fur I shall go I dono: but the next halt is Charleston, some forty hours journey from here, of wh<sup>t</sup> 20 by sea are said to be as rough as between Dover & Calais. I may go then to Savannah

<sup>101</sup> Thackeray spoke at the Richmond Athenæum on February 28, March 2, and 4. His remaining lectures were given on March 28, 29, and 31, when he returned to Richmond en route to New York. (*Richmond Whig*, February 28, March 2, 4, and 28)

<sup>102</sup> Crowe describes this incident and its repercussions in *With Thackeray in America*, pp. 130–136.

and New Orleans but N. O. is seven days from Charleston hard travelling and then there's a great other journey and I doubt whether it is worth my while to add 200£ to you young ladies fortune to spend 5 or 6 weeks of uncomfortable travel. And the lectures O I'm so sick of them! I have a mind to burn them and so have done — Any critic who praises them when they are published I shall consider insults me. and poor Jack Forster himself can't sneer at them more than I do myself. There's some of my children that I don't get tired of so utterly as of these 6: although I purpose still to make a half dozen or so more of the same kind, of whom and by the same process I hope to get as heartily weary before I have done with them. And then we shall have enough money for bread & cheese in event of bad times coming when I can't work and — but it strikes me I have said this in every single letter I have sent home almost, and what the juice is the need to repeat the same?

This is the very prettiest friendliest and pleasantest little town I have seen in these here parts:<sup>103</sup> but I did not see Washington's house on the Potomac for I was too late for the morning boat and obliged to come on by night. The streets swarm with negroes the Inn servants are all slaves — Well, I have never seen in my life so many happy looking people — the little nigger-children trotting about the Streets are the queerest grotesque little imps, they all look well fed and are in the main kindly treated — But it is the dearest and worst kind of service in the end. I dined yesterday with a gentleman who has but a wife and one child and has 12 servants to wait upon these 3. They are not so well attended as we at Kensington. The plate was all dirty &c: and the lady told me her housekeeper an Englishwoman does as much work as all the women servants put together. The care & expense of these slaves is prodigious: you can't part with them as with an English bad servant, you must keep them and keep them comfortably when they

<sup>103</sup> The records of Thackeray's two visits to Richmond are scanty, but John Esten Cooke ("An Hour with Thackeray," *Appleton's Journal*, New Series, VII, 1879, pp. 248-254) has set down a conversation there in 1853 (not 1855, as Cooke states) that included some interesting literary gossip.

are old & ill — The outcry against the practice has done this good perhaps that it has piqued the slave-holders into being *extra*-good to their servants. And for freeing them — Bon Dieu it is an awful measure to contemplate — there are three millions of them. You must indemnify not only the master but the slave whom you set free. The practice of the country (not the law) is strongly against separating families, and a man is held infamous who does such a crime. The people are no worse than we are whom they taunt about the frightful state and tyranny exercised over our poor — We acquiesce perforce in the state of things so do they — And until Nature affords some outlet for the evil, as with us when the Colonies have carried off multitudes of our poor and raised the wages of those who remain at home, — slaves these poor dark folks must remain: as slaves they have been ever since their race (for what we know) began. Here the best workmen among them can put by as much as 25£ or 30£ in a year — they tell me — and at their church on Sunday where 2000 of them go, you see the finest dressed women & the queerest grand bonnets &c

M<sup>rs</sup> Stowe has a right to her case of child-separating and woman flogging for it does sometimes happen — but very seldom say the folks here. And in your workhouses aint the relatives separated, and in your villages aren't the people so poor that parents murder their own children for money? Say the Americans. Its true its true. God help us we are no better than our brethren — and the whole scheme of life is but maimed and partial.

I had the run of a half dozen beauties at Washington — From 16 to 22 is the age of women here and the girls have it all their own way. But I like the English way best: and wouldn't have you two young fellows forward and commanding as the American girls are — as even Miss Sally Baxter is for w<sup>h</sup> I have snubbed her a great deal though she is a noble young creature; and Miss Lucy is a little dear; but this I think I said too in my last. I didnt expect to find half so many agreeable people, or well-bred ladies and gentlemen as I have found. It is naturalness w<sup>h</sup> is the great charm after all: and that best of good-breeding is as plenty here as with us.

Write again to M<sup>rs</sup> Brookfield. The longer you live and the more you observe; the more you'll admire that almost angelical loving-nature. The Perrys affect me by what they tell of her 'her constancy, her love, her sweet martyrdom' — Where does that come from? And now I must go dress myself for the lecture and try the old stale Congreve-rocket upon the Virginians. The weather is charming and they say at Charleston I shall be in the midst of roses & green pease and Spring. God bless my dearest women and my dear old Granny & G P.

W. M. T.

I heard a young lady play — play just as I want you to play to me — as if you understood about it. Work at it do.

Direct Clarendon New York always I shant be there till I dono when: but they'll forward.

4 MARCH 1853

My text is taken from *Thackeray and his Daughter*, pp. 50-55.

Richmond, Virginia

March 4<sup>th</sup>

My dear Fonblanque, — I hope you have kept carefully all those "Letters of a traveller in America" which will form the basis of my future work in 6 volumes — the drawings are not the least valuable part dont you think so? entre nous young Crowe touched them up and — enough of this small joking which may reach you about the First of April, and which please put down to the compliments of that waggish season. I've not written a word that's the truth. I've seen and remarked nothing: in the great cities I had hardly leisure to write to my family, and those one or two kind female correspondentesses to whom a man writes, not about the country he is travelling in, but about himself — and all I have to say about this great country that's worth saying might be put down on the remainder of this side of [the] paper.

What could Dickens mean by writing that book of *American Notes*? No man should write about the country under 5 years of experience, and as many of previous reading. A visit to the Tombs, to Laura Bridgman and the Blind Asylum, a description of Broadway <sup>104</sup> — O Lord is that describing America? It's a mole or a pimple on the great Republican body, or a hair of his awful beard and no more. I have hardly seen as much as that; and gave up sight-seeing at once as impossible to a man in my position here. Your room is besieged all day by visitors, you go about from dinner to tea-party and ball, and the people don't talk to you but try and make you talk. "Well Sir, how do you like our country Sir?" that's the formula, and as you are answering this query, the host comes up and says: "Allow me Sir to introduce you to Mr. Jones of Alabama, Sir" — shake hands with Jones of Alabama, query as before; it is not answered when you are presented to Mr. Smith of Tennessee. "We know you very well Sir," says S. of T. "your works are extensively read among us, allow me to present you to my Lady, Sir, who is a great admirer of" etc. — Mrs. Smith of Tennessee then commences: "How do you like our etc. Sir" — and, by Heaven, evening after evening passes off in this way. I know 100 people more every day, and walk the street in terror, lest every man and lady I meet should be my acquaintance of the night before. It makes one half crazy the constant representation — and what must it have been in Dickens's time when deputations met him daily and his life was watched by myriads of admirers? I have refused to be a personage with all my might, nor indeed has there been much of that sort of honour thrust upon me, and though I have had plenty of praise from the newspapers, I have had plenty of assaults too which were quite refreshing. Ah Monsieur! if one might but hit again, here and on t'other side of the water, how invigorating and pleasant it would be! There are 2 dear friends I know of in my beloved country <sup>105</sup> — O for the day when Makepeace might just cease to be Makepeace and "go in"!

A great good wh. an Englishman who has seen men and cities

<sup>104</sup> See *American Notes*, chapters 3 and 6.

<sup>105</sup> Forster and Fonblanque himself. See above, No. 791.

gets by coming hither, is that he rubs a deal of Cockney arrogance off, and finds men and women above all as good as our own. You learn to sympathise with a great hearty nation of 26 millions of English-speakers, not quite ourselves but so like, the difference is not worth our scorn certainly; nay I'm not sure I don't think the people are our superiors. There's a rush and activity of life quite astounding, a splendid recklessness about money w<sup>h</sup> has in it something admirable too. Dam the money says every man. He's as good as the richest for that day. If he wants champagne he has champagne, Mr. Astor <sup>106</sup> can't do more. You get an equality w<sup>h</sup> may shock ever so little at first, but has something hearty and generous in it. I like the citizenship and general freedom. And in the struggles w<sup>h</sup> every man with whom you talk is pretty sure to have had, the ups and downs of his life, the trades of professions he has been in — he gets a rough and tumble education w<sup>h</sup> gives a certain piquancy to his talk and company.

There's beautiful affection in this country, immense tenderness, romantic personal enthusiasm, and a general kindness and serviceableness and good nature w<sup>h</sup> is very pleasant and curious to witness for us folks at home, who are mostly ashamed of our best emotions, and turn on our heel with a laugh sometimes when we are most pleased and touched. If a man falls into a difficulty a score of men are ready to help. The Editor of a newspaper in this little city with 12,000 whites and as many negroes was shot in a duel — the city subscribed £200 a year for his orphans. Meagher <sup>107</sup> told me

<sup>106</sup> William Backhouse Astor (1792–1875), reputed to be the richest man in the United States. At the time of his death he was worth more than \$45,000,000.

<sup>107</sup> Thackeray had encountered Thomas Francis Meagher (1823–1867) "in the railway cars," where he "whiled away the tedium of the journey," Crowe (*With Thackeray in America*, p. 86) relates, "by telling us of his thrilling adventures and plucky experiences." He no doubt recounted his exploits as a leader of the Young Ireland party, one of which Thackeray had touched upon in his lines on "Young Meagher of the Sword" in "The Battle of Limerick" (*Works*, XIII, 183–184). Meagher was banished to Tasmania in 1849 but managed three years later to escape to the United States, where he became a prominent lawyer, politician, and lecturer. In after life he was a general in the Union army.

yesterday (a fine fellow Meagher, manly, modest, brave, funny, handsome, immensely in earnest and at war with the priests) that there came a girl to Washington from New York bound to Louisiana. She asked leave to sleep on board the boat at Washington, the Captain took her to his own house, gave her in charge to the Conductor of the Railway at Acquia Creek, who saw her through the journey to Richmond, and ran off instantly thence to get her a carriage, and see her luggage packed and herself forwarded to the Southern Station. And the Queen being abused by an Englishman at New York, who should be her champion but this Meagher the rebel — (this is *par parenthèse*). Three as fine Irishmen as ever I met, were he and Dillon <sup>108</sup> and O’Gorman, refugees and flourishing lawyers at New York now. I tell you it’s grand country entirely. The young blood beating in its pulses warms one, like the company of young men in England. I don’t know what I wouldn’t do if I were 10 years younger — if I were 10 years younger I might sneer to be sure and satirise Jordan because it wasn’t like Abanah and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus. As a refuge for men who can’t make their way at home, it’s a great place. What a country where a labouring man begins with earning a dollar a day. An Irishman dictating a letter home to his friends in Ireland, out of Maryland, bade his Master write, “My dear Phil, Me Masther is the best of Masthers, and I ayt mayt three toimes a week” — “Three times a week” says the Master — “you eat it three times a day you rogue and 6 times if you like!” “Hush Master!” says Paddy — “Sure they wouldn’t believe me if I said more than 3 times a week!” Think of country labourers in England and 10 children and 10 shillings a week! and to be sure let us set to and bemoan the blacks afterwards, and sign the Sutherland House Womanifesto! <sup>109</sup>

The happiness of these niggers is quite a curiosity to witness. The

<sup>108</sup> John Blake Dillon (1814–1866), another leader of the Young Ireland rebellion of 1848 who had escaped to the United States. He was called to the bar in New York and practised in partnership with Richard O’Gorman. An amnesty permitted him to return to Dublin in 1855.

<sup>109</sup> See above, No. 937.

little niggers are trotting and grinning about the streets, the women are fat and in good case, I wish you could see that waiter at our hotel with 5 gold medals in his shirt 2 gold chains and a gold ring. The African Church on a Sunday I am told is a perfect blaze of pea-green, crimson, ear-rings, lace collars, satin and velvet which the poor darkies wear. I don't mean to say that Slavery is right but that if you want to move your bowels with compassion for human unhappiness, that sort of aperient is to be found in such plenty at home, that it's a wonder people won't seek it there. I don't think it's of long duration though — unless perhaps in the cotton-growing countries where the whites can't live and the negroes can. Every person I have talked to here about it deplores it and owns that it's the most costly domestic machinery ever devised. In a house where four servants would do with us (servants whom we can send about their business too, when they get ill and past work, like true philanthropists as we are) there must be a dozen blacks here, and the work is not well done. The hire of a house slave from his owner is 120 dollars — £25 — besides of course his keep, clothing, etc. When he is old he must be kept well and kindly, and is — the little niggers wait upon the old effete niggers. The slave-servants working in the tobacco manufactories can lay up 100 dollars a year. The rule is kindness, the exception no doubt may be cruelty. The great plenty in this country ensures everyone enough to eat — and the people here entreat me to go on a plantation, to go about by myself, ask questions how and where I like and see if the black people are happy or not. This to be sure leaves the great question untouched that Slavery is a wrong. But if you could decree the Abolition tomorrow, by the Lord it would be the most awful curse and ruin to the black wh. Fate ever yet sent him. Of course we feel the cruelty of flogging and enslaving a negro — Of course they feel here the cruelty of starving an English laborer, or of driving an English child to a mine — Brother, Brother we are kin.

I am doing very well with the lectures — the 2 Presidents came at Washington — I've saved some money £2,000 in this country, and shall probably make half as much more: but O how sick I am of the business!



I bid you a shake of the hand and am yours always, dear  
Fonblanque,

W. M. Thackeray.

963.

FROM MRS. PROCTER

8 MARCH 1853

*Address:* W. M. Thackeray Esq<sup>re</sup> | care Mess<sup>rs</sup> Appleton | New York | America.  
*Postmarks:* 8 MR 1853, MAR 23. Hitherto unpublished.

My dear M<sup>r</sup> Thackeray

I thank you very sincerely for your letter — I really almost deserved it, and you never gave more pleasure than when you sent me those kind words — We hear and read of your well-doing — and I hope you will make so much money that for the future you will only write when you like — and may that be often.

You were a marplot about the Cake<sup>110</sup> — I knew coming with *Papa's love* it would be much sweeter, and then there was the little surprise — and all the various conjectures as to the when, and the how: it had been ordered to be sent. It procured me two excellent notes from Annie — and a promise of a piece of the Cake!

Did you see Butler — and his Girls? If you are good enough to write pray tell me this. Adelaide before you receive this will be in Turin — Her health is so very indifferent that she is going to try a complete change — Emily is delighted to have her — and she will tread under M<sup>rs</sup> Fanny Kemble's nose — who is going to Rome to join her sister. Sartoris — (who misses Cremorne Gardens<sup>111</sup> and the company there) — is coming to England for the Season — leaving his Wife in Rome —

The London World goes on just as usual — Nothing has happened — Milnes is giving some charming little parties — and I am this morning going to breakfast with M<sup>r</sup> Rogers — who is not one bit older than he was ten years ago —

<sup>110</sup> See above, No. 942.

<sup>111</sup> A notorious place of popular entertainment in Chelsea, resembling Vauxhall Gardens (Wheatley, *London*, I, 473-474).

Villette perhaps you have read — There is one little passage<sup>112</sup> that made me think of you — the heroine is speaking of her lover and says,

"That same heart did speak sometimes —: in its core was a place "tender beyond a man's tenderness: a place that humbled him to "little children, that bound him to girls and women, to whom rebel "as he would, he could not disown his affinity nor quite deny that, "on the whole, he was better with them than with his own sex.

It is an excellently written book — but a very disagreeable one. She turns every one "The seamy side out" — So plain a person as Miss Bronte must see all things darkly — but the book is like a fine dutch picture the painting is as minute and as delicate.

When are you coming home? — Forster is keeping his bed and has been for the last two months with Rheumatic fever — and solaces himself by playing Piquet three days a week with my husband. Macready has lost one of his boys, Walter — Willie improves at Madeira & is to come home in June.

You will be obliged to write something about America Or will it be continually oozing out? — I had no idea how very absurd the Americans were until I read in your letter that you had made a vow never to laugh at them! No one can help it.

Your friends are all well — Richard Doyle cheers up when your name is mentioned — I say "cheers up" because he looks sad and is doing nothing — and this is a great pity.<sup>113</sup> Millais<sup>114</sup> dined here lately and won all hearts by his unaffected manner, and his youth, which he is not ashamed of — Your old friend Miss Hallam (M<sup>rs</sup>

<sup>112</sup> In chapter 29.

<sup>113</sup> See *Memoranda*.

<sup>114</sup> John Everett Millais (1829–1896), later (1885) first Baronet, the painter. "I have very lately made the acquaintance of Mr. Thackeray, the author of *Vanity Fair*," Millais wrote to a friend on March 6, 1852. "He called unexpectedly upon me — not to see my picture, he said, but to know me. I have returned his call, and find him a most agreeable man." (John Guille Millais, *The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais*, 2 vols., London, 1899, I, 160) The two men became good friends, and Millais found Thackeray's encouragement very heartening in his early struggles for success. After Millais moved to South Kensington in 1862, he and Thackeray met frequently.

Cator) has twins two girls <sup>115</sup> and Mr Hallam is highly delighted.—

Montague <sup>116</sup> has arrived at Calcutta — and writes “I never was so happy in my life” greatly to the gratification of his sisters as you may suppose.

Your old friend B. W. P. sends all good wishes — and so do all my girls.

Yours very faithfully & gratefully

Anne B. Procter

March 8<sup>th</sup> 1853.

In June we lease 13 Upper Harley St

964.

TO LUCY BAXTER

11 MARCH 1853

My text is taken from *American Family*, pp. 48–52, and from an American Art Association catalogue, April 20–21, 1921, lot 759.

1853

March 11, Charleston

I am sure Miss Lucy deserves a much pleasanter letter than I can write in return for that capital one you sent me through Uncle Oliver who covered it in an envelope of his own, which also contained very good reading. And to-day has come Mamma's letter of Tuesday, so that I am kept in pretty good news of Brown-house and all the persons in that ark, which I wish I was there myself.

Upon my word and conscience Miss Lucy I dont know what is going to happen to me tomorrow; whether I shall go South or take the steam boat and rush upon New York. But this I know I am getting very brown-house-sick and homesick too — and as for lecture-sick. O Steward! bring me a basin! I loathe and abominate the sight of the confounded old MSS; and persist wherever I go in telling every body that I am a humbug. So you are all reading Villette to one another — a pretty amusement to be sure — I wish I was a hearing of you and a smoakin of a cigar the while. The

<sup>115</sup> Julia and Eleanor Cator (later Lennard).

<sup>116</sup> Mrs. Procter's step-brother.

good of Villette in my opinion Miss is a very fine style; and a remarkable happy way (which few female authors possess) of carrying a metaphor logically through to its conclusion. And it amuses me to read the author's naïve confession of being in love with 2 men at the same time; and her readiness to fall in love at any time. The poor little woman of genius! the fiery little eager brave tremulous homely-faced creature! I can read a great deal of her life as I fancy in her book, and see that rather than have fame, rather than any other earthly good or mayhap heavenly one she wants some Tomkins or another to love her and be in love with. But you see she is a little bit of a creature without a penny worth of good looks, thirty years old I should think, buried in the country, and eating up her own heart there, and no Tomkins will come. You girls with pretty faces and red boots (and what not) will get dozens of young fellows fluttering about you — whereas here is one a genuius, a noble heart longing to mate itself and destined to wither away into old maidenhood with no chance to fulfil the burning desire. Not that I should say burning — *les demoiselles ne brulent pas* — *Mais elles s'ennuient voyez vous à être seules*. So do men too for the matter of that, at least men of my sort — not Cro who grows fatter every day, and is in such an intolerable state of Joufflue good humour that its quite unbearable. *Bon Dieu* why [doesn't] he bore himself as I do and long to be back to — to Kensington of course?

Yesterday night the "fast" lady of C[harleston] gave me a supper. How she did bore me! She told me I was the man of all the world she wished to see, though she knew she wouldn't like me — nor I her — on which I didn't contradict her — and when she told me she was disappointed in me — I told her quite simply I didn't care a fig whether she was pleased with me or not <sup>117</sup> — and that is the feeling your humble servant has regarding most people. But I like them as I like, to like me; and you know 3 young ladies

<sup>117</sup> There is a mellower version of this incident in the *Roundabout Papers*. "Once in America a clever and candid woman said to me, at the close of a dinner, during which I had been sitting beside her, 'Mr. Roundabout, I was told I should not like you; and I don't.' 'Well, ma'am,' says I, in a tone of the most unfeigned simplicity, 'I don't care.' And we became good friends immediately, and esteemed each other ever after." (*Works*, XII, 182)

and a middle-aged one whom I wish to keep as my friends and about whose good opinion I'm not indifferent at all. If one goes through the world uneasy to know what Jack and Tom are thinking of you, or, as a young lady says, if having got the admiration of Charly & Willy you are still unhappy until you have secured Dick & Harrys — what an insupportable effort & humbug Life would be! Now I shouldn't be surprised, if every body should begin by liking Miss Lucy Baxter a great deal — and I hope and suspect I shall see you move through that pleasant little buzzing and flattering crowd, quite serene and undisturbed by their compliments, until TOMKINS makes his appearance for whom and for whom alone you'll have any flutter or disquiet.

I dont think there is much in this letter — is there? Nor have I much to say — except to tell of a black ball I have been at, and I have just finished talking about that and negroes in general to one Miss Minny Thackeray, whose turn for a letter it was — so I cant repeat the black talk over again — it would be like the lecture you see. But they interest me very much especially the little pickaninnies with their queer faces and ways which are just exactly half way between the absurd and the pretty, and so create in my mind a strange feeling between pleasure & pity. Yesterday where I dined I felt my elbow pinched by a very little hand, and looking down saw such a little elfin bit of a brat with such a queer smile and grimace holding me up a silver basket with bread — And the day before at dinner there was one little negro-boy with a great peacock's feather fan whisking the flies away, whilst another niggerkin yet smaller was deputed to do nothing but watch the process of the dinner, which he did standing back against the sideboard and making endless faces at the child with the fan. The goodness of the masters to these children is very pleasant to witness. I wish some of our countrymen could see it. I wish we knew many things about America at home; where there will be one person before very long please God who will be able to say that people here are not all cruel, & that there are some gentlemen and ladies, O wonder of wonders! as good as our own!

Good bye dear Lucy and all round your bed & elders and young-  
ers — believe me always sincerely your friend

W. M. T.

965.

TO HARRIET THACKERAY

11 MARCH 1853

Hitherto unpublished.

March 11. Charleston. S. Carolina.

My dearest Fininkin. Isn't it your turn now to have a letter? Here is a page with a picture already done on it. of a young lady who sells pea-nuts and whom Eyre brought home the other day when she was so good as to sit for her portrait — What interests me in this place is the negro-children I think. I am never tired of watching their little queer half pretty half funny faces — It's a great error to suppose they are unhappy, they are the merriest race ever seen — they are tended by their masters with uncommon care — They have the best of food, of doctors when they are ill, of comfortable provision in old age. Slaves they are and that's wrong: but admitting that sad fact, they are the best cared for poor that the world knows of. Eyre & I went to a black ball the other night.<sup>118</sup> It was such queer melancholy fun! The men danced capitally they are house-servants in the town mostly, as grave & polite as if they had been noblemen. But the women were preternaturally hideous all of them and dressed in such white frocks with tiaras & feathers and white satin shoes (a few) and black scraggy shoulders and arms showing so queer in the white dresses. Not one of them was to compare with the pretty peanut girl with her slim figure & sweet voice. We came from Richmond in bitter frost & snow, & found ourselves here in heat thunder-showers & summer. I get hundreds of visits and scores of invitations to dinners & suppers as usual; and of course more and more wearied of the stale old lectures every day

<sup>118</sup> Compare Crowe's description (*With Thackeray in America*, pp. 147-148).

— though everybody seems to like them.<sup>119</sup> I think the pleasantest thing I have had here has been a kiss from a little girl, who was a little a very little like you. Whenever I see 2 young sisters I'm fond of them, and think of *my* 2 women; who either are younger and *will* be their age, or older and *have* been their age. I wish you could have seen the little nigger who sang a song for me last night in the street! a little imp of two feet high who sang the song of the Figlia del Regimento<sup>120</sup> to nigger words of his own! It was quite surprizing to hear the sweetness of the child's voice Yesterday at dinner I felt my elbow scratched and looking down saw a little little negro with a bread basket offering to me. His master says the child hits him sometimes in the back to make him attend. At most of the tables there are a couple of these pretty little imps with great peacock-fans brushing the flies away — that is the first part of household duty w<sup>h</sup> they learn. The ladies of a family universally wash their own teacups after breakfast — Each slave only does one set of duties — the washerwoman for instance does nothing but wash, & has a little black girl to help her, the cook has a kitchen maid, and so on: besides its being wrong: slavery is 6 times as dear as free labour. People having 12 servants to do what 2 will do in England. So you have snow at Paris. I wonder whether I am going myself back into snow, or southward into the summer? I don't know a bit what my movements tomorrow will be but there's *one* thing I know that wherever I am I love and bless my dearest children God bless them & G P and Granny says Your Papa

To sell and shell peanuts is Margaret's occupation She makes foo dollars a day often at this trade — not for herself but for her mistress. Margaret is free. She dono how old she is thinks about 16. She earns 5 dollars a month wages. She goes to Bethels Chapel Methodists. She wears a silk frock Sundays donoo what colour frock sortagrey earrings and a bonnet — a blue bonnet and blue ribbons inside She can't write but she can read a little — not so

<sup>119</sup> See the account of Thackeray's visit to Charleston which William C. Courtenay wrote in 1903 for General Wilson (*Thackeray in the United States*, II, 274-279).

<sup>120</sup> Donizetti's *La fille du régiment* (1840).



as to amuse herself — ony read. She has heard of England: not much only that it is a fine place She made her own jacket She can sing: but she has never been to the play. She laughs ‘Coloured people ain’t allowed to go’ Margaret says. She has no sweetheart — never had one Margaret says.



966.

TO MRS. BAXTER

12 MARCH 1853

Address: M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter. | 286 Second Avenue | New York City. Postmark: CHARLESTON MAR 12. My text is taken from *American Family*, pp. 52-54. Envelope owned by Mr. Beyer.

Charleston, 12 March, 1853

My dear Mrs. Baxter. My fate for the next fortnight at least, seems pretty well decided since I wrote to Miss Lucy yesterday; and it is ordained that I go tomorrow to Savannah stay a week there and return afterwards to this place to give the rest of my sermons. And from this I shall go to Richmond most probably and say out my say there: if their enthusiasm lasts 4 weeks, I am sure of a great welcome at the pretty little cheery place — such a welcome as is better than dollars, — much pleasanter than the dreary acquiescence of the audiences here. But you will go on writing to Charleston, won't you, please? . . . So Mr. Crowe & I sit up in my room, and draw pictures of niggers & saunter about & get through the day as we can — of course there are dinners & suppers in plenty. Plague take 'em! I wish they did not come so thick.

I shouldn't have written today, (for I suspect Lucy & her Mamma will get their letters on the same morning) but for these resolutions come to last night; and this enclosed letter of Anny's which I think you'll like to read. I fancy my friends are pleased with my pleasure; and I am sure your kind mother's heart will understand my pleasure at having such a dear noble girl belonging to me. She was writing this one day that I at Washington was thinking of a Valentine for Lucy & Libby. Why, in 5 or 6 years, she will be able to do the writing business; and I can sit on the sofa as easy as the Professor of Deportment in Bleak House.<sup>121</sup>

Last night a bigwig of the place, Mr. King,<sup>122</sup> gave a supper in

<sup>121</sup> Mr. Turveydrop. See chapter 14 of Dickens's novel.

<sup>122</sup> Mitchell King (b. 1783) was a Scotsman who had come to Charleston in 1805. He was called to the Charleston bar in 1810, where he enjoyed a distinguished career until his virtual retirement in 1844. Having served as Recorder of Charleston and Judge of the City Court from 1842 to 1844,

my honour. He promised a small party: he had 40 gentlemen: and of course as many handshakes and introductions took place. Professor Agassiz,<sup>123</sup> (a delightful *bonhommius* person as frank and unpretending as he is learned and illustrious in his own branch) told me Mr. King *dared* not ask a small party: for all who weren't asked of the society here would be offended at the omission.

Enter the Committee of the Lectures with 665\$ for your humble servant. That's very well for three lectures isn't it? And outside 3 gentlemen are waiting to take me a walk into the country. So I shake Mr. and Mrs. Baxter & Mr. Strong by the hand, and give my paternal benediction to the young ladies & their brothers and put on my hat and sally forth.

967. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY  
14-19 MARCH 1853

Extract published in *Biographical Introductions*, VII, xlv. My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Mrs. Fuller.

Savannah, Georgia,  
March 14-19,

I got my dearest Nancy's and Minny's letter of the 14th. Feb. at Charleston, a few days since, and this is another anniversary in our family, though there's only one of us that remembers it, for Nancy was a baby, and Minny wasn't born; when the dear dear little sister<sup>124</sup> died whom I recollect so well. My impression of her is of angelic sweetness and affection. Her voice though she hadn't learned to speak and smile are quite present to me. I wonder

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he was known during the rest of his life as Judge King. His later years were chiefly devoted to study in his fine private library. See the notice of his life in John Belton O'Neill's *Biographical Sketches of the Bench and Bar of South Carolina* (2 vols., Charleston, 1859), I, 347-377.

<sup>123</sup> Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz (1807-1873), the geologist, who since 1848 had been Professor of Natural History in the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard. From 1851 till 1853 he gave winter lectures as Professor of Comparative Anatomy in the Medical College of Charleston, South Carolina.

<sup>124</sup> Jane Thackeray. See above, No. 134.

whether those sweet little cherubs develop in an after world and grow, and note us who love them?

March 16. I was interrupted when I had got so far, I wonder what the Literary Society of Young Men of Savannah <sup>125</sup> thought of the tears in my eyes when they came to visit me? I was writing at the hotel with the bed for a desk, such a bed — such a fine insectuous night! Luckily I was grumbling about my quarters to a gentleman that morning, who insisted on bringing me and Eyre to his own house where we are most comfortably and hospitably lodged and cared for, and where I have had the 2 best nights sleep these i's have enjoyed for many a long day — for my bed room at the Hotel at Charleston was on the great thoroughfare passage of the Hotel w<sup>h</sup> is kept open all night for travellers South and North, so that there is ceaseless trampling of feet until 6 1/2 o'clock when a gong jangles followed by another gong at 7/30 another at 8 and so on. Mr. Andrew Low <sup>126</sup> is my host here, and we have struck

<sup>125</sup> On the invitation of the Young Men's Literary Association Thackeray gave four lectures in Savannah, the first two being delivered at St. Andrew's Hall on March 15 and 17. His subjects were Swift; Congreve and Addison; Steele and the Times of Queen Anne; and Prior, Gay, and Pope. (*Savannah Daily Morning News*, March 15-17)

<sup>126</sup> Though Low (1812<sup>?</sup>-1886) was born in America, he came from an English family and spent much of his life in England. In 1844 he married Sarah Cecil Hunter of Savannah, by whom he had two daughters. He was a member of the firms of Andrew Low and Company of Savannah, commission merchants, and of Joshua Dixon and Company of Liverpool, and he had the reputation of being one of the wealthiest men in the South. His mansion on Abercorn Street facing Lafayette Square, where he entertained Thackeray, is now the headquarters of the Georgia Society of the Colonial Dames of America.

After the outbreak of the Civil War, in which Low of course sided with the Confederacy, Thackeray found occasion to mention his former host in a *Roundabout Paper*. Telling of an encounter with an American acquaintance at the Christmas pantomime in London in 1861, he writes (*Works*, XII, 343): "To make the grand comic performance doubly comic, my neighbour presently informed me how one of the best friends I had in America — the most hospitable, kindly, amiable of men, from whom I had twice received the warmest welcome and the most delightful hospitality — was a prisoner in Fort Warren, on charges by which his life perhaps might be risked. I think that was the most dismal Christmas fun which these eyes ever looked on." Low had been arrested in Cincinnati on November 3, 1861, while returning from England

up a kindness because he has 2 daughters in Europe: whom he goes to see every year. He is a widower: and the climate here is said to be enervating always, and is specially unwholesome in summer. The place is approached by a red muddy river like the Nile, with great swampy stretches of grey flats, lying to the right and left negro houses here and there, and groves of darkling cedars and now and again palmetto-trees sprouting up. Along the red river you see white steamers padeling flinging out great rolling banners of smoke, or across the stream shoot black canoes with black rowers and black passengers, and then you come to a quay with a hundred ships, and the crews lazily etc., etc., this is getting to be like page 132 isn't it? I have not the slightest desire to write page 132, or go into the professional descriptive line while talking with my gals. Yesterday I drove out to a negro settlement on a Mr. Faversham's <sup>127</sup> plantation and saw: this let's see — (this is a bad pen Eyre Crowe has got the good one and I don't like to deprive him of it).

[*Picture of negroes*]

I can't draw it, I can't draw without the drawing pen — but it was

to Georgia. He was confined at Fort Warren in Boston Harbor for several months before being allowed to pass through the Union lines, and he secured his release only on the condition that he "effect the discharge of a political prisoner whose exchange shall be satisfactory to the Secretary of War." Low passed most of his later years at his English home in Leamington, where he died. (Keeper's Record Book of Laurel Grove Cemetery, Savannah; Records of the Chatham County Court House, Savannah; *The War of the Rebellion*, ed. Fred C. Ainsworth and Joseph W. Kirkley, Series II, II, 1897, pp. 1031-1040)

<sup>127</sup> It seems almost certain from information supplied by the Savannah Unit of the Georgia Writers' Project that Faversham (whose plantation, we learn from Thackeray's diary of this year, lay on the road to Bonaventure) was Robert Habersham. Whereas the name Faversham appears in none of the local records, the Habershams were large landowners in this part of Georgia. "Robert Habersham acquired Lapithlowly, now known as Deptford, and Causton's Bluff previous to Thackeray's first visit in 1853. Preceding the War between the States he cultivated 700 acres in rice at Causton's Bluff and Deptford. No doubt, Thackeray was interested in seeing a large rice plantation under cultivation, and this land of Habersham's was chosen because it could be reached by the old Skidaway Road en route to Bonaventure, then a large cotton plantation."

the first negro village, and it gave me a sensation. I went into their houses: they are not uncomfortable — they have half a pound of bacon a day, plenty of flour, nice treacle and a little tobacco — they are kindly treated that's the truth — no planter but is anxious you should see his people at any hour and unknown to him if you like — Of course there are bad and savage masters too, but the general condition is far from unhappy. They are no more fit for freedom than a child of 10 years old is fit to compete in the struggle of life with grown up folks; and the physiologists who take that side of the question say they never can be.

Yesterday (to-day is the 17th.) I did not know but that I was going to New Orleans wh. is a 6 days journey; and where some folks say I might make a great deal of money. But now I think I have given up N. O. and shall go and "play out my engagements" at Richmond and Charleston and then make for the West, those big lakes not very far from Cincinnati and so to Buffalo Canada, etc. — and then — o then — Lora Mussy! how happy I shall be to set my nose Eastward, and to see 2 young women again! Where shall we go? But I shan't have much time for a holyday; as all my best igsertions must be spent in getting ready the new lectures — Praps we'll go to Scotland though, if Keir<sup>128</sup> asks us — at his house I might read some of those books wh. I must get up for the lectures about Men of the World:<sup>129</sup> by means of wh. I hope to make a good bit of that little fortune wh. will keep you and me when I am old and you when you are blessed horphans.

I enjoyed the quiet all yesterday inexpressibly, lolling about the house all day, reading, smoking, yawning. It is the first quiet day I have had in the States, except one I spent at the Baxters at N. York. For the trample of the great hotels is ceaseless; and I wonder how the people get any time at all for thought or reading. They do read though, at least works of light literature and remember my books with quite a curious accuracy. Why, if we get

<sup>128</sup> Stirling of Keir.

<sup>129</sup> Further information concerning this projected series of lectures, which ultimately was replaced by *The Four Georges*, will be found below, No. 1039.

the International Copyright, I shall get as much money on this side of the water as at home; and lord, what fortunes you will have. The first dividend of *our annual income* you'll get about the 15th. April — and I think that money will be the sweetest of any I ever had, except the first few guineas earned.

I read in the paper of snow twelve inches thick falling in New England, here all windows open, peach trees in most lubly blossom; leaves coming out, fish salad for dinner, balmy hair blowing — This letter can't go till to-morrow; and I think I shall leave a little bit for God bless you then.

Saturday 19. Yesterday your Papa performed for the first time in a theatre. Who wd. ever have thought of seeing him on a stage? The room where I usually act was engaged — and I had such a dirty little theatre instead. The proceeds of the 4 lectures are about the smallest, I shall get in the States: but it is only a little place — a friendly pretty little place; and Mr. Low my host has made me and Eyre as comfortable as mortal man could be — in such hot weather. It doesn't agree with me I think, and I'm glad I am going out of these enervating damp climates — I wish you could have seen a little negrillon of 5 years old <sup>130</sup> toddling about with the plates at dinner yesterday, and listening to the young ladies making music afterwards! Here's a stupid letter: but it ends with a God bless you for Granny and G. P. and my dearest Nanny and Minny.

968.

TO JAMES T. FIELDS

19 MARCH 1853

My text is taken from Fields' *Yesterdays with Authors*, p. 26, where the date is given.

My dear fellow, I remember I asked you in that letter <sup>131</sup> to accept a silver mug in token of our pleasant days together, and to drink a health sometimes in it to a sincere friend. . . . Smith and

<sup>130</sup> See below, No. 1212.

<sup>131</sup> Fields had written to inform Thackeray that the letter sent with the memorial mug had been stolen.

Elder write me word they have sent by a Cunard to Boston a packet of paper, stamped etc. in London. I want it to be taken from the Custom-House, dooties paid etc., and dispatched to Miss [Sarah Baxter], New York. Hold your tongue, and don't laugh, you rogue. Why shouldn't she have her paper, and I my pleasure, without your wicked, wicked sneers and impudence? I'm only a cipher in the young lady's estimation, and why shouldn't I sigh for her if I like. I hope I shall see you all at Boston before very long. I always consider Boston as my native place, you know.

969.

TO ?

23 MARCH 1853

My text is taken from a facsimile in a Henkels catalogue, March 28-29, 1913.

Charleston. March 23.

My dear Sir

Thank you for your cheque for 343 \$ wh<sup>ch</sup> I received last night, & for the kind letter accompanying it. My stay in Savannah was made so pleasant by the friends whom I found there, that you may be sure I shan't want any inducement to visit you, when I again come to your country & I hope you'll like the 2<sup>nd</sup> series of lectures as well as you have been pleased to receive the first.

I send my best thanks to the young men who were so kind to me; and am yours especially, & very truly

W. M Thackeray —

970.

TO DR. JOHN BROWN

25 MARCH 1853

My text is taken from *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, pp. 321-322.

Charleston, S. C.

March 25, 1853.

My dear Brown — I thought this very day how I would write a letter to Rutland Street, Edinburgh, and shake hands with some

friends there; and behold with this morning your kind letter comes and remembrances pleasant and sorrowful of you all. I hope indeed and indeed your wife is better. I have been inventing plans for coming to Scotland in the summer, but who knows how Fate will lead a man so many weeks hence. The same post brings me news that my dear old stepfather has had a brain attack from which he is recovered, but at seventy-two my mother will not like to be away from him nor the children to be away from her, and when I go home it must be to them. So Dr. Last drives in his chariot now! Je <sup>132</sup> lui fais mon compliment. I wish it was driving to the railway to meet me. What is this about my being in love, Miss Mackenzie has told you? That was but a very mild attack of the disease; or an infinitesimal dose of *similia similibus*. I defy the fever pretty much now, and rather wish I could catch it.

I have no time to write letters scarcely, much more a book. I eat as usual 7 dinners a week, at other folks' charges, the lectures do pretty well, and I have laid by, but at 8 per cent (that is the common interest here), £200 a year; 6 weeks more will give me £50 a year more, and next year — I come home of course *interea* — will help me to £150 more. This will make me easy against the day when work will be over, and then, and then who knows what Fate will bring. The idleness of the life is dreary and demoralising though: and the bore and humiliation of delivering these stale old lectures is growing intolerable. Why, what a superior heroism is Albert Smith's, who has ascended Mont Blanc 400 times!

It's all exaggeration about this country — barbarism, eccentricities, nigger cruelties, and all. They are not so highly educated as individuals, but a circle of people knows more than an equal number of English (of Scotch I don't say; there, in Edinburgh, you *are* educated). The negroes are happy whatever is said of them, at least all we see, and the country Planters beg and implore any Englishman to go to their estates and see for themselves. I think these 4 sides of paper might contain all I have got to say regarding the country, which I can't see for the dinners, etc. To-morrow I go to

<sup>132</sup> *Letters of Dr. John Brown* reads so.



Richmond on my way to New York and thence into Canada; and in July or before, I hope to see that old country again which is after all the only country for us to live in, — not that there are not hundreds of pleasant people and kind, affectionate, dear people, but O for Kensington and home! Good-bye, and how do you do, my dear Mrs. Brown, and remember, Sir and Madam, that I am always yours affectionately,

W. M. Thackeray.

971.

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

25-28 MARCH 1853

Hitherto unpublished.

Charleston. 25 March. Richmond 28<sup>th</sup>

My dearest old Mother. The childrens letter has just come in, bringing the news of my dear good G P's illness and recovery. What a comfort the girls were with you! A friend of mine had such an attack and has got as rid of it, as I of the erisypelas when I was a boy — but it must have been an awful time to my dear tender-hearted old Mother — I was writing to you yesterday and talked about your surviving us all. You are fated to a great age I'm sure, and I don't think my course is to be a long one — I've no reason why. My health is famous but when mayn't it drop? — If I last another year there will be 300£ a year for you *young* ones — that is one comfort: and I can fancy meeting my dear old Mother in a better place, & her saying to me 'Well my dear I think I made myself very needlessly unhappy about you & those Mosaic books when we were below yonder.' I wish myself in the Steamer and across the water when I hear of G P being ill and my mother in trouble but the greatest comfort to him I know will be to have you and the children with him, and to think that I am putting by money for them. I'm getting quite a saving turn really, I don't think about money except that is so much a year and I'm thankful to God for giving me the means of earning it. The lecturing is very humiliating now to me: but humble pie is pleasant eating if its for

the girls' benefit: and so I think of them and their mother out of the reach of poverty, and Paillasse <sup>133</sup> tumbles with a pretty good grace — Where shall we go in the summer? I mean we five? — a cottage at Richmond wouldn't be a bad place: whence I could communicate with London easily, and get ready the new set of lectures.

I am glad I have turned my face Northward — that pretty smiling Savannah I cant but fancy a malarious place: and I see some friends come back from Havana with such fine mosquito bites on their necks & arms, that

Here came a visit and a serious of interruptions on Friday at Charleston: now it is Monday and Richmond again after a night in the Steamer to Wilmington, a day & night in the railway to Richmond and 3 hours roosting in bed from 6 o'clock in the morning till 10 — yesterday it was beautiful warm weather and Spring time in North Carolina. The Peach blossoms were all out in the orchards lighting up here and there a sandy wilderness of a hundred miles of fir trees through w<sup>h</sup> the rail-road cuts. But in the night it began to feel cold: and here I am with a fire in my room (I'm trying to make this pen write comfortably but it won't) — at the snugget hotel I have been in in this country. I treat myself to a sitting-room here, w<sup>h</sup> I dont genly do elsewhere as they charge awfully high for 'em — though perhaps it would have been worth my while to make myself comfortable for the sake of the writing I *might* have done had I had room & leisure. From this to New York — from New York to Montreal. What a comfort it will be to see red-coats, and hear the Queen's English again! I made a pleasant journey from Charleston though I wouldn't like those steamers with towers of cabins on the decks, and the machinery working in open-air, on a rough night at sea. We had a little bit of a cabin to sleep in and the window at my head open all night only 24 hours off; and on the road last night the cars covered with hoar frost.

Try and get Fraser's Magazine and an article about the Slaves in Demerara <sup>134</sup> the inevitable result of a wrong beginning is a

<sup>133</sup> See above, No. 746.

<sup>134</sup> "Concerning Free British Negroes," *Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1853, pp. 114-126.

wrong ending every way you calculate the sum. The free Negro appears to be more brutal dirty & degraded than the Slave. The slaves we have seen are unquestionably happy enough: they cost seven or eight times as much as an English servant, for one of our's will do the work of 4 blacks in full health; and in sickness & age we have not to provide for John & Jeames (more shame to us) at Charleston if it rains nobody will have their servants out for Cuffee catches cold very readily and the Doctor charges a dollar a visit. Fancy Lady Londonderry <sup>135</sup> caring on a winter night whether her *gens* were suffering from cold or not! — The blacks are not the White's equals say what we will: they are slaves in their own country, & not fit for liberty elsewhere: but we've no business to make slaves of them; there's no gainsaying that, though being slaves here now, to free them immediately would be ruin to them and their masters too.

Nanny's letters delight me. It would do you good to read them — In the last but one there was such a pretty account of G P complimenting his wife — told with so much grace & humour & feeling. When my weary old quill is worn to the stump, please God she'll be able to use that honest pen of her's. I hope she won't be in a hurry to think about marrying: as all young people of imaginative temperaments do. I have been reading *Villette* and *My Novel* <sup>136</sup> — I think the latter is very dexterously brewed & bottled small beer, and *Villette* is rather vulgar — I don't make my *good* women ready to fall in love with two men at once, and Miss Bronte would be the first to be angry and cry fie on me if I did.

I am to have 4 days here, and Eyre Crowe is just gone off to the neighbouring city of Petersburg to see if the only off-day of the 4 can't be disposed of there advantageously in lecturing.<sup>137</sup>

<sup>135</sup> The former Frances Anne Emily Vane-Tempest (1800–1865), who in 1819 had become the second wife of the third Marquess of Londonderry (1778–1854) and thereby the step-mother of Thackeray's friend, Lord Castle-reagh. She was for many years a prominent London hostess.

<sup>136</sup> These novels, by Charlotte Brontë and Bulwer-Lytton respectively, are advertised as "just published" in *The Spectator* of January 29, 1853.

<sup>137</sup> For the dismal reception accorded Thackeray's lecture in Petersburg, see *With Thackeray in America*, pp. 140–141.

What a wearisome life it is! but 30£ is 4 8/ a year. And so Good bye and God bless all: especially my dearest kind old G P and keep him in good health till the return of his & my dearest Mammy's affectionate Son

W M T.

972.

TO JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON

1 APRIL 1853?<sup>138</sup>

*Address:* J. R. Thompson Esq<sup>re</sup> | &c —. Hitherto unpublished.

Dear Thompson

I saw your Rocker was in a délabré condition and bought a two-penny one w<sup>h</sup> I beg you to sit in sometimes and smoke a cigar and think (as I shall of your kindness very kindly) of

Yours very sincerely & gratefully

W M Thackeray

973.

TO JAMES T. FIELDS

2 APRIL 1853

*Address:* J. T. Fields Esq<sup>re</sup> | Mess<sup>rs</sup> Ticknor & Fields | Boston. | Mass.  
*Postmark:* NEW-YORK APR 3. Hitherto unpublished. Original in the hand of Eyre Crowe.

Clarendon. New-York

April 2. '53.

Dear Fields

I am sorry you have fled from New-York, just as I had reached that city. Will you kindly have the bag of clothes forwarded to me here. As they are for my private use, my annual supply, & from my usual tailor, I hope I shall be charged no duty upon them. Whatever it may be will you please to pay it; & draw for the amount on yours very truly

W. M. Thackeray

<sup>138</sup> This note is written on the back of a bill-form printed for "the American Hotel, Richmond, Va. . . . 1852." It was probably sent on April 1, the day Thackeray left Richmond during his first visit to America.

974.

TO MRS. PROCTER

4 APRIL 1853

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript given Lady Ritchie by George Murray Smith.

Direct to me at: Clarendon Hotel,  
New York.

March<sup>139</sup> 4. 1853.

My dear Mrs Procter,

Thank you for that kindest letter <sup>140</sup> just received. Those hands stretched out from home are very welcome, and I'm longing to get home every day. I arrived at New York from the South yesterday,<sup>141</sup> and this too is a kind of home to me. I have a great number of pleasant acquaintances here, very snug clean quiet comfortable quarters at the Hotel, and intend to enjoy for a week the luxury of being a gentleman, and not a pulpit quack. Then next Monday I begin another circuit: very likely the last of 'em: for I sicken at the business and have got to think the lectures as bad as my very worst critics can find them: including that poor old rheumatic sufferer against whom, directly he is ill, all my wrath vanishes. How lucky he has been to find such a constant friend in B. W. P! What a deal of pain his poor old shoulders have to bear! (I'm writing with an abominable gold pen which makes the style reel as well as the writing). I didn't read Forster's article about Esmond; <sup>142</sup> I shall never read anything he writes about me again,

<sup>139</sup> A mistake for April.

<sup>140</sup> Of March 8, printed above.

<sup>141</sup> Returning from Charleston to New York Thackeray had as his companions the daughter-in-law of Charles King and her ten-year-old child, later Mary King Clarke. In "Thackeray's Kindness to Children," *Critic*, XLIII (1903), 28-30, Mrs. Clarke has left an account of the trip, which was made "on one of those miserable little side-wheelers then running between those two ports!" She also describes a dinner given by her grandfather not long after, at which William Cullen Bryant was present and Thackeray was the guest of honor.

<sup>142</sup> See above, No. 918.

poor old boy. When he is sick I think of the time when I was, and that makes peace between us.

When I wrote to you from Richmond how stupid I was not to tell you that I went to see Pierce Butler<sup>143</sup> not of my own wish but in order to try and see his girls and report on them. But one is at school, and the other though I asked him particularly about her, said I remembered her as a child and so forth, I could not see. She passes for being very clever, is like her mother, and her father is said to be very fond of her. He lives in a very elegant house — doesn't look thirty years old; is very busy at money making I hear; and I saw no end of Puseyite books in his rooms, on tables and book cases, by which of course I judge he is of that sort — successful too among the ladies (I don't mean anything wrong you know) but specious eloquent winning and a *petit maître*. He wouldn't bring Sally down though for all my asking and I was obliged to go away. I purposely called on him on my last day in Philadelphia (he came to me on my first) because I knew he would be offering hospitality which would rather have choked me you understand.

I shall make about £3000 here by the next month's end, and have another thousand lying about here and there — so let's hope when I stop there will be something for those girls to whom you send the cake: and thank you for it. My Nanny writes me the most delightful letters: and I say she shall be the writer in the family soon, and I shall subside into a professorship of Deportment.<sup>144</sup> But I want to come home and get to work again, that's the truth, the idleness grows wearisome to me; and I want again to have the grumble and excitement of the yellow cover.

I wish Doyle would come out and make a pictorial tour of the States for Punch, like Br J. & Robinson.<sup>145</sup> It would be capital, it would suit him wonderfully — would it I wonder suit Bradbeer and Evam?

If you had seen the South you wouldn't have signed the

<sup>143</sup> See above, No. 938.

<sup>144</sup> Like Mr. Turveydrop. See above, No. 966.

<sup>145</sup> "Brown, Jones, and Robinson," a series of cartoons that Doyle began in *Punch* during 1850 and afterwards published as a separate volume.

Womanifesto — I never saw more jolly people. I never saw servants so indulged, cared for, comfortable and lazy. In many of the States slavery will die from its deadness — four blacks do the work of one white, and these four have their families; piccaninnies bed-ridden parents, and all of whom the Master has on his hands. I have a hundred invitations to go to plantations. They are eager to show the economy of their houses. The Southern gentry are as a body the most generous and kind people. The negro flourishes and increases here enormously — they are better off here than they ever have been since their race began, than they will be when they are free (read the account of the Demerara negroes in Fraser <sup>146</sup>) I think it's wrong, but I have no tears for them. If you could but see them in their silks and satins going to church! at their balls dancing with such a prodigious grotesque gravity! the little children in the houses trotting about doing service for you — the fondness they have for their masters — you would see what a deal of happiness there is among the four millions of hereditary bondsmen. I don't know what may happen in far off rice and cotton fields. I tell you only what I saw.

Next week I go to Montreal — and soon after shall see Niagara I suppose and O how glad I shall be to tread an English deck again, and feel the ship at midnight through the roaring waters working towards home! Shall I come back here for £2000 more? I think they get tired of a lion after they've seen him, I can't say whether I shall roar ever again.

Good bye and God bless you all. Where are you to go after Harley Street. I send my love to Adelaide Sartoris too. That's a plaguy book that Villette. How clever it is — and how I don't like the heroine. Give a kind remembrance to all who ask of me, and believe me,

Affectionately yours,  
W. M. T.

I should like another letter addressed here very much.

<sup>146</sup> See above, No. 971.

975.

TO MRS. BAYNE

5 APRIL 1853

My text is taken from *Thackeray in the United States*, I, 144-146.

Clarendon Hotel, New York, April 5, 1853.

My dear Mrs. Bayne, — I received your kind letter at Washington, where I passed some three weeks pleasantly enough among the great people of the Republic, and receiving a great deal of hospitality from them and our Minister, Mr. Crampton, the most hospitable of all possible diplomatists. I saw the two Presidents (they came together to my lecture) and dined at the White House in the reign of the late Sovereign, Mr. Fillmore. Then I went away into Virginia, crossing the pretty Rappahanna (where you know the Esmond family had their large estates). It gave me a queer sensation to see the place, and I fancied the story was actually true for a minute or two — and that one might ride over yonder hills and come upon the old Mansion House, where the little Colonel lived with his jealous wife.<sup>147</sup> But what am I talking of? Colonel Esmond is forgotten in this country, and I suppose, in ours. Here the reign of novels is for a brief season, indeed, and "My Novel" and "Villette," have long since had the better of Mr. Esmond and his periwigged companions. I have not made a fortune in four months, but a snug little sum of money, which will grow, let us hope, now that I have made a beginning. Perhaps I may come back another year with another venture, but all this depends upon the Fates and Tomorrow, of which no man is the master. At Charleston I met your young kinsman, Rankin,<sup>148</sup> poor fellow, at the hotel, where he was robbed of £20, a great slice out of a subaltern's travelling supply. I shall see him again in Montreal next month, most probably, where I shall find winter still lingering in the lap

<sup>147</sup> See the Preface to *Esmond*.

<sup>148</sup> A young English engineer, left stranded in Charleston by the theft of his luggage. A gift from Thackeray enabled him to get back to his regiment by the end of his furlough. He died in 1855 during a mining operation at the siege of Sebastopol. (Crowe, *With Thackeray in America*, pp. 157-159)



of May, having left spring and almost summer a fortnight since at Savannah and Charleston.

I have come away from the South not so horrified as perhaps I ought to be with slavery, which in the towns is not by any means a horrifying institution. The negroes in the good families are the happiest, laziest, comfortablest race of menials. They are kept luxuriously in working time and cared for most benevolently in old age — one white does the work of four of them, and one negro that can work has his parents very likely and young children that can't. It is the worst economy, slavery, that can be, the clumsiest and most costly domestic and agricultural machine that ever was devised. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the tirades of the Abolitionists may not destroy it, but common sense infallibly will before long, and every proprietor would be rid of his slaves if he could, not in the cotton-growing States I mean, but in households and in common agricultural estates.

It is a dreary unpicturesque country for the most part: I have not seen a dozen picturesque views through all my wanderings, nor even cared to use a pencil except to sketch a negro or two: and these are wonderful for their grotesqueness, oddity and pathetic drollery, so to speak. O, what a comfort it will be to see the old country again and to shut up these wearisome lectures! I am so sick of them that I vow to revolt day after day. It is only the thought of those young [ones] at Paris that makes me continue this ambulatory quack business. I have made many kind and pleasant friends, some whom I hope to like and remember all my life. There are just as good (not so many) ladies and gentlemen here as with us, and I have lost my heart twice or thrice quite satisfactorily, and recovered it too, not in the least injured by the temporary abstraction during my stay here. The luxury of this city is prodigious: and surely Solomon in all his glory or the Queen of Sheba when she came to visit him in state was not arrayed so magnificently as these New York damsels. I send my very best regards to all our kinsfolk and friends and that judicious critic who preferred reading about Marlborough to seeing Wellington's ob-

sequies. I hope D.V. to be home before many months are over, and I am always yours most sincerely.

W. M. Thackeray.

976.

TO ALICE JANE TRULOCK

5 APRIL 1853

My text is taken from *Thackeray in the United States*, I, 148-150.

New York, April 5.

My dear Miss Trulock, — You know what a dreadful letter writer I am, otherwise your kind note would have had an answer long ere this: and now perhaps I am coming back so soon that I might tell you my good wishes and not write them. When the coming back is to be I don't know; but I am so weary of reading those lectures (though some of them are so beautifully written as you know) that I may revolt any day: and shall probably ere a couple more months are over. I have just come back from the South and Slavery, which is not near so horrible in reality as in Mrs. Stowe's book — and having left Spring and hot weather and longed to throw my winter clothes off at Savannah and Charleston, I am going to Canada next week where there are still great coats and furs even, I believe, and snows and sleighs and winter. I stay here for a week doing nothing and going out to dinner almost as much here as in London. How I *wouldn't* like the girls to live here! I never saw such luxury and extravagance such tearing polkas such stupendous suppers and fine clothes. I watched one young lady at 4 balls in as many new dresses, and each dress of the most "stunning" description. Fancy Anny and Minny in yellow and silver — the Lord forbid! Anny writes me delightful letters from Paris and Minny sends funny little scraps. She has grown very tall Nan writes and they seem as happy as affection can make them. . . .

Perhaps I shall come back to this country with a fresh set of lectures for next winter: if I have as good luck with them as with the last there will be a snug little sum of money for the girls when

I die — and the rate of interest is about twice as high here as at home: I am already worth £200 a year by what I have put by in this country. It would take a long long time to put by as much at home. . . .

The ladies are so pretty that I have lost my heart very satisfactorily in two or three places, and found it again not a bit the worse for being lost. I haven't written a book nor any letters scarcely, except to the children and their Granny, and now and then to the Elliots. The tour has done me good though; but the very best day of it will be that when I see Liverpool Quays again, on my way to my young ones.

Have you found successors for them? I hope you have and that you will always remember how grateful their father is to you. Mr. Crowe sends you his remembrances. He has been of the greatest comfort to me in the journey, and has never once ceased to make puns or to be in a good humour. Goodbye dear Miss Trulock and believe me ever, Sincerely yours,

W. M. Thackeray.

977.

TO LUCY BAXTER

15 APRIL 1853

Published in *American Family*, pp. 58-59; facsimile of "Lucy's Birthday," pp. 59-60.

Miss Lucy I wish you 100 happy returns of this happy day <sup>149</sup> I wish the verses were prettier and likewise the bouquet. But Mr Crowe went out and ordered it, that is all I have to say, And now they've brought the flowers home (tinned up in that queer way) the verses read much too solemn and pompously for they. And so

<sup>149</sup> "After his return from the South," writes Lucy Baxter (*American Family*, pp. 11-12), "Mr. Thackeray found there was to be a little celebration of my seventeenth birthday. There was to be music, dancing, and flowers, for what was called in those days a 'small party'. Mr. Thackeray made the occasion memorable by the verses he sent with some flowers. With them came also the quaint little rhymed note, striking a lighter key."

The poem with which the letter concludes is printed from the text given

for your prosperity perpetually I pray and send my very best compliments to your Papāy and your Mammāy, likewise to those darling pink bonnets Miss Libby & Miss Sarāy With whom last night we enjoyed ourselves so very much at the play. Subscribing myself your faithful friend

W. M. Thackerāy.

With some flowers for Lucy's Birthday

April 15. 1853

Seventeen young rosebuds in a ring  
With clustering sister flowers beset,

---

in facsimile as noted in the head-note. However, the Berg Collection gives a somewhat different manuscript reading as follows:

Lucy's Birthday  
by W M Thackeray

Seventeen rosebuds in a ring,  
Thick with sister-flowers beset,  
In a fragrant coronet,  
Lucy's servants this day bring.  
Be it the birth-day wreath she wears;  
Fresh & fair, & symboling  
The young number of her years,  
The soft blushes of her Spring!

Types of Love & Youth & Hope,  
Constant friends your mistress greet;  
Be you ever pure & sweet  
Growing lovelier as you ope!  
Cherished nursling, fenced about  
By fond care, and tended so  
Scarce you've heard of storms without,  
Thorns that bite, or winds that blow; —

Kindly has your life begun,  
And we pray that Heaven may send  
To our flowret a bright sun,  
A warm summer, a sweet end:  
And, where'er her dwelling place,  
May she decorate her home;  
Still expanding into bloom,  
And developing in grace.

New York. April 15.

Twined in a fragrant coronet,  
Will Lucy's servants this day bring.  
Be this the birth-day wreath she wears;  
All fresh and bright and symboling  
The number of her budding years,  
The blushes of her maiden-spring.

Emblems of Love and Youth and Hope!  
True hearts and friends your Mistress greet,  
Continue to be pure and sweet,  
And grow lovelier as you ope!  
Delicate nursling! fenced about  
By fondest care, and cherished so  
You scarce have heard of storms without  
Of thorns that bite, and winds that blow.

Kindly your virgin life's begun  
And still, we pray, that Heaven may send  
A genial air, a ripening sun,  
A happy time, a happy end.  
Fair child of Spring! where'er your place,  
In father's hall, or husband's home;  
Live on, expanding into bloom,  
Developing in modest grace!

W M T.

978.

TO GEORGE BAXTER

20 APRIL 1853

Published in *American Family*, pp. 54-55.

13 Young St Kensington —

My dear Baxter. I mustn't let the pilot go on shore without shaking you by the hand, and saying a last God bless you to you and all yours who have been so kind to me. I can't believe that we shall not meet many many times before our life's journies are ended; and you will pay us a visit in England, or I & my girls will

come over to you — Wherever we are (There they go cheering from the 'Arabia' as we pass her) I shall always have for you the most grateful feelings of regard. Now that we are really under way, it is best I think that the affair should be ended so — partings are the dreariest events of life and were always best done quickly. God bless your kind wife and all her young ones; and Strong and his children 'My heart is quite full as I think of your kindness, and I am & hope I shall always be Sincerely your friend

W M T.

Wont the girls write directly?

979.

TO JAMES T. FIELDS

20 APRIL 1853

My text is taken from Fields' *Yesterdays with Authors*, p. 24.

Good by, Fields; good by, Mrs. Fields; God bless everybody, says W. M. T.

980.

TO GEORGE B. JONES <sup>150</sup>

20 APRIL 1853

My text is taken from *Thackeray in the United States*, I, 154.

From the "Europa," April 20, 1853.

Dear Jones, — No one can be more astonished than myself at finding myself actually under weigh and bound to Europe, and I

<sup>150</sup> Of the firm Jones, Ball, and Co., jewellers (*Boston Directory*, 1853). Jones, his wife, and George Lunt (1803-1885), United States district attorney for Massachusetts from 1848 to 1853 and editor after 1857 of *The Boston Daily Courier*, had been fellow guests with Thackeray at the Tremont House in Boston. Among Lunt's rather trivial memories of Thackeray's visit, recorded in "Recollections of Thackeray" (*Harper's Magazine*, LIV, 1877, pp. 256-265), is a paragraph about Mrs. Jones: "[Thackeray] saw in Boston many cultivated and attractive ladies; but I think he admired, more than others, one married lady whom he knew in private life rather than in general society, and in whose parlor I often met him. It was a domestic scene in which he seemed completely at home, and where he conversed freely of his own

send a parting word and a check for the sum that I owe you, and expected to pay across the counter of Jones, Ball & Co. I shall come back, please God, early in the Fall, with a fresh batch of sermons. I grew so ashamed of repeating those old ones that I could do it no more, and only came to my resolution of departing one-half an hour before my berths were taken this morning.<sup>151</sup>

Shake Fields and Lunt cordially by the hand for me, and give my very best and kindest regards to Mrs. Jones, and believe me,

Sincerely yours,

W. M. Thackeray.

981.

TO MRS. BAXTER

3 MAY 1853

*Address:* Mrs. Baxter, | 286 Second Avenue | New York. | *Per Collins Steamer from Liverpool. Postmark:* 3 MY-1853. Published in *American Family*, pp. 55-58. Original owned by Mrs. George A. Martin, envelope by Mr. Beyer.

13 Young St Kensington.

Tuesday.

Isn't it provoking? I have 2 pooty letters one for Sally and one for Lucy & Libby — and behold they are 4 miles off, and its too late to fetch them before post. They were written on board. We had capital weather all things considered 10 days 1/2 passage: at Liverpool on Sunday, here yesterday: and seeing that Lady Stanley of Alderley had a ball that night I plumped into the midst of the London world at once — and now and now it seems like a dream that Second Avenue, and those 6 months in America. Here's the old club, and the old comfortable books I have seen almost all my old friends including the *frying-pan* — I bore being near it without

household ties in England, which he so sorely missed in another land. Of this lady, distinguished for her personal attractions and her unpretending good sense, he used to say, 'She would be a countess any where.' "

<sup>151</sup> Thackeray's sudden departure is described by Crowe, *With Thackeray in America*, pp. 171-173. For the party which he had given to twenty or thirty of his American friends at Delmonico's shortly before, see George William Curtis's "A Little Dinner with Thackeray," *From the Easy Chair* (New York, 1892), pp. 173-180.

beginning to fry — I care neither for frying-pan nor fire now — Crowe has gone away to his family like a fond worthy fellow as he is — and we are parted and he seems like a dream too — Where are all the people I was so intimate with two days ago? — those pretty women, those good fellows, that kind Bishop of Montreal<sup>152</sup> and jolly Captain?<sup>153</sup> We all shook hands at parting on the tender steamer and on the shore didn't care about each other a bit any more — Fate driving each different ways & to pursue different selfish interests — But though it is a whole fortnight (no 13 days) since I saw 2<sup>nd</sup> Avenue, I've not forgotten *you* yet — No, please God, — I look at the Sunset very very kindly, and do you know I haven't had the heart to move my watch from New York time? — I pulled it out last night and showed it to the people at the ball and said There thats the *real* time — They said Isn't this a beautiful ball and says I — Pish this is nothing — Go to New York if you want to see what a ball is — I saw as I spoke the stately Kethockan,<sup>154</sup> I saw the young ladies dressed in stripes rainbows and a thousand colours — I saw a young person whirling round with Wilson Eyre the beautiful tobacco-odoured youth, and then on a settee talking to him — Balls says I indeed! as if there could be any balls after New York!

I have a little business that keeps me here a day or two and then to Paris to the children. I am writing in a scamper so as to be in time for the post: w<sup>h</sup> I couldnt write any sooner on account of business I have had, and 10000 friends whom I must perforce see — but the mail must n't go away without a shake of the hand to dear friends in the West, and a God bless you all.

— I dont think I shall send that letter to Sally though, its full of wit and jibes and scorn — I want to keep 'em down, and do my best: but up they will come, and I tore up one two three on the voyage because they were so bitter.

<sup>152</sup> Francis Fulford (1803-1868), first Bishop of Montreal from 1850 to 1860 and Metropolitan of Canada from that time until his death.

<sup>153</sup> Thackeray had sailed from New York aboard the *Europa*, Captain Shannon commanding, on April 20 (*New York Times*).

<sup>154</sup> So reads the original. Miss Baxter prints *Knickerbocker*.



And so good bye and God bless all yours my dear M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter — saying so seems like shaking hands and coming down the steps again. It was best to do it at once though, wasn't it? Ah me how dreary my house looked! I couldn't sleep all night in the lonely place — and I daresay was thinking about the Second Avenue. I send my love once more to all friends there, and am yours always very gratefully & faithfully

W M Thackeray.

982.

TO MRS. BAXTER

10 MAY 1853

Published in part, *American Family*, pp. 61-65.

May 10. Kensington.

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter. The letters from the dear old brown house have just come in and find me still in London laid up for a day or two with a face blistered & hideous with creosote from that unlucky tooth. I wanted to go to a public dinner tomorrow and speak something about America out of a full grateful heart: but this accident makes me too hideous for appearance in public and may delay my visit to Paris for a day or two.

I am thankful to find how glad my friends are to see me — their welcome is as cordial as welcome can be. If God Almighty denies me that greatest blessing of all a wife to love me — aren't there many compensations? I wish I could walk over to the 2<sup>d</sup> Avenue this morning and show you a letter just come in from Anny — such a noble tender letter. There are others here whom I have told you of whose affection cheers and honours me I think I may say: and if I may speak farther to you who have listened so kindly & often to my egotistical prattle — I hope please God that the love and friendship I have had in your family may even go so far as to do some public benefit — the remembrance of you all sanctifies your country in my eyes — when people speak here sneeringly as Londoners will talk I break out indignantly and tell them how much good and worth and love and good-breeding there is in the country

of wh<sup>h</sup> they talk so flippantly. And I pray Heaven it may be my chance as it will be my endeavour to be a Peacemaker between us and you and to speak good will towards you.

I wonder shall I come back in the fall or wait till next year? My publishers outbid each other for books, and I can make as matters stand as much money in the next 12 months here in Europe, as yonder where I have some dear friends. Will you please tell Felt to <sup>155</sup>

I haven't time to day to send the young ones a letter — What fun it would be if they would come over with Uncle Oliver! I shan't try to get them cards for the grand balls though. To know that society you must live in it long: poor pretty M<sup>rs</sup> Sturgis was complaining sadly of want of friends and the coldness of English-women, & that after being 4 years in London, at the head of a splendid house too, she had no intimate friend. Poor poor little M<sup>rs</sup> Synge what will she do when she comes? I saw Bingham's brother <sup>156</sup> t'other day (B is home by this time) Humphrey talked about America in a manner so pert and odious that I should have liked to wring his little neck. His is the arrogance of a little almost deformed man. The grand ladies' is ignorance not arrogance generally they are quite as good as other folks, nay in some respects better than our's. Lady Stanley was quite pleased at my bursting into her ball; my elegant apparition made quite a sensation. My praises of the American women are going all about the town, & Lady S says are outrageous. Some of the immensest big-wigs have asked me to dinner: but I refuse all to go to the children. My dears (this of course is to the 3 young ladies) I would rather sit in the brown house than at the bigwiggiest table. When I come out next Sir Erskine Perry wants to come with me (he is the brother of my sisters) He wears a wig he is a widower he looks 10 years younger than I do he has 5000*£* a year — One of his daughters a sweet little girl of 17 rosebuds whom I left quite pretty and blushing has been stricken with some malady and I found when I came back a pale little shrivelled old woman with a wrinkled hand. He

<sup>155</sup> A leaf is missing from the letter here.

<sup>156</sup> Humphrey Mildmay.

has been absent for 12 years from his 3 girls who are our childrens playmates and they are fonder of me than of him. How happy Anny & Minny must be to know their father and have him back! they said to their Aunts.

Here comes *such* a grand carriage to the door. Who a mussy is it? Ho Ho! It is THE AMERICAN MINISTER and *Miss Wilcox* <sup>157</sup> left the card — Lucky she didn't see me with my pantomime face. Bless you dear Mary! Mary is her name. I told you I would learn it. I sate with her 2 hours t'other day, such a delightful time — only — only Ingersoll sate there the whole 2 hours and never would budge. I have cut down the 17 rosebuds into a shorter measure as thus

Seventeen rosebuds in a ring  
Thick with sister flowers beset  
In a fragrant coronet  
Lucy's servants this day bring

Be it the birthday wreath she wears  
Fresh & bright & symboling  
The young number of her years  
The soft blushes of her Spring &c <sup>158</sup>

wh<sup>t</sup> tune do you like best — New or old Metre?

This seems like talking at home doesn't it? with all of you girls sitting with your work and ankerchiefs & the lady of the house on the — here comes another knock M<sup>r</sup> Crowe's brother <sup>159</sup> — I must shut up the letter — no more talking with the brown house to day Thank you for your letters my dear girls, I'll try &

<sup>157</sup> Ingersoll, whom James Buchanan replaced as American Minister to England in 1853, had a niece named Mary Wilcox (George Ticknor Curtis, *Life of James Buchanan*, 2 vols., New York, 1883, II, 100).

<sup>158</sup> The remaining stanzas are given in a manuscript in the Berg Collection quoted above, p. 256, n. 149. It was this version, rather than the first (printed in the text of No. 977 above) that Thackeray chose for publication in *Miss Powers' Keepsake* of 1854.

<sup>159</sup> Joseph Crowe.

come back, I'll try & do all that every one asks me and I intend to be always your affte old friend

W M T.

Here we are together again I need not say who are uppermost in our thoughts

H B M

Oho! <sup>160</sup>

10 MAY 1853

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Dr. Radin, who owns the original.

May 10, Kensington

My dear Mr. Chambers

I am going to Paris to my daughters directly, and can't have the pleasure of dining with you and Mrs. Lehmann.

Very faithfully yours,

W. M. Thackeray.

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<sup>160</sup> The postscript is written by Mildmay, the final *Oho!* by Thackeray.

984. TO MRS. ELLIOT AND KATE PERRY

15-17 MAY 1853<sup>161</sup>

Hitherto unpublished. The passages between daggers have been overscored.

19 Rue d'Angoulême St Honoré Sunday.

Till my daughters come back from church, let us have a little talk with their aunts. It is very pleasant being here: my mother is so happy, the dear old G P so kind & good — the children are in excellent condition: and my bouncing Anny quite as good and clever and honest as when I left her.<sup>162</sup> Yesterday was a little soirée of the faithful of the house. It seems odd to be in my mothers house & a stranger in it: — † a heavy old Swell † walking round the simple circle and the people being afraid of me. It makes me intolerably more pompous and awkward. They have got my picture (a copy by Lawrence of the original drawing) hanging up in the little drawing room; and it takes up so much room and swaggers so that I can't help always looking at it. I have been to see none of the big wigs — only the friends of former days, and my bussom fühlt sich jugendlich erschüttert<sup>163</sup> as I walk about the place & recal old times dear old times youth pleasure struggles poverty first love — que sais je? Friday I had a great walk with the children and we went on to a pelouse where I used to walk when I was coorting their mother — The place seems immensely improved, splendid cheerful & imperial. How grand the chestnuts

<sup>161</sup> Thackeray arrived in Paris on Thursday, May 12. This letter was written the following Sunday and Tuesday.

<sup>162</sup> Lady Ritchie describes her father's homecoming in *Chapters*, p. 164: "I can still remember sitting with my grandparents, expecting his return. My sister and I sat on the red sofa in the little study, and shortly before the time we had calculated that he might arrive came a little ring at the front-door bell. My grandmother broke down; my sister and I rushed to the front door, only we were so afraid that it might not be he that we did not dare to open it, and there we stood until a second and much louder ring brought us to our senses. 'Why didn't you open the door?' said my father, stepping in, looking well, broad, and upright, laughing. In a moment he had never been away at all."

<sup>163</sup> *Faust*, "Zueignung," l. 7.

look and the great purple domes of the Tuileries behind! Why, it's finer than Broadway I dew declare. You know its 2 years since I been here. To day I'm going with the children to dine with my old friend † Stevens the Dentist. † He has a villa beyond St Denis, and lives in the lap of luxury there with a pretty, young, ladylike wife who brought him 15000£ fortune. Tuesday it is to be my Aunt, next day Tom Fraser the Correspondent of the Chronicle — good fellow Tom Fraser — all the stories scandals mishaps fortunes of this old acquaintance and that come up — it is being young again for a little and the gap of years and selfish griefs loves fortunes is jumped over: and I'm back in the kindly boyish time for a little. What a pity it is that all literary men's writing looks as if it was made for a book, as a writing master can't write nor a dancing master dance a quadrille like a gentleman; — Come back girls from church and let us be off to † Stevens' † Tuskulum. There comes to him of a Sunday a delightful old M<sup>r</sup> Pickwick of a man the Curé of Pierrefitte old Abbé Bourguignon who takes his wine, and chirps out little songs of his own composition.

I laughed last Tuesday as I was sitting glumly at home and a carriage drove up and in it sate WILCOX did she come to you on Monday? Gilbert <sup>164</sup> is the man to pull the teeth out. I'm so proud because I behaved so well — I had a pleasant trip across with Edward Ellice St whose talk is always agreeable: and was more sick crossing to Boulogne than in the whole Atlantic passage. You remember dont you? I went to America an immense time ago when I was a young man. † What was the name of that girl I fell in love with? † I forget. Now it is Tuesday — and I must tell you that I begin to be tired of doing nothing and want to be at work — The girls have made really a remarkable progress in pianofortification, and I believe will play quite well — They have a good young governess here too young & too pretty to come away: besides she goes into the world here and is much admired; and in England you know that can't be — Ah me when shall I get some one to replace her? Shall I come back childless for a little and look out

<sup>164</sup> Henry Gilbert, dentist, 3 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East (*Watkins's London Directory*, 1855).

for a Governess? — That may possibly be (The piano is going like fury in the next room so that my style's incoherent.) What is to be done? I am all in a puzzle, but I am J J K's faithful

W M T.

Look out heveryware for a Governess for me.

985.

TO THE BAXTERS

18-19 MAY 1853

Published in part, *American Family*, pp. 66-70.

19 Rue d'Angoulême St Honoré. Paris. 18, 19 May.

It is not a month ago, and New York seems to me years off. Is it possible there were people there quite sad when I came away, and that I was half ready to cry at leaving them? We don't use any more pocket-handkerchiefs now — we think very quietly about dear friends across the Atlantic — Since I've been here especially I have been in such a whirl and jangle that solitude is out of the question, and even quiet thought: my room is opposite a braziers who begins at day-break with a thousand clinking hammers: I cant hear myself speak to you across the water. An hour before breakfast, (this is 2 hours before breakfast) the girls begin whirring away on the piano. They have made immense progress: they will really play very well and all for love not of music but of their father. — they know what tunes I like — solemn old fashioned airs of Haydn and Mozart and intend to treat me to these. Anny is grown a complete young woman — not pretty a bit — but with a healthy fair complexion and proportions of the Miss Berryman order <sup>165</sup> and hands & feet w<sup>h</sup> w<sup>d</sup> frighten folks at New York. Minny is no beauty neither but quite pretty enough for me: and I would not change them for girls 10 times as handsome. Don't I thank God as I think of them that they are so fond of me? — I

<sup>165</sup> See above, No. 945.

am puzzled what to do next though — The excellent governess whom they have had here is much too young & pretty to come to a single man's house, and too proud to bear the subordinate position these ladies must take in London: where people slight them don't invite them &c &c Here her daily lessons over she goes into the world with her mother and is anybody's equal. It's a funny little world my old folks live in — quite unlike the great one to w<sup>h</sup> I'm accustomed and I walk round my mother's little circle a stranger and a heavy old swell annoyed at the airs w<sup>h</sup> I can't help fancying I give myself. My portrait the original of the print as large as life swaggers in the little drawing-room so and looks so pompous from every corner that I can't help looking at it. I've not been well since I have been here. That has given the kind old step-father an opportunity to administer globules — He is 72 and the brave old soldier who mounted breaches and led storming parties is quite a quiet old man lean & slippered.<sup>166</sup> My mother is as handsome and as good as ever: and all her little society worships her — You see I am falling into the regular small-town small talk. I have not been into the world at all: and have been here a week and it seems an age. From a twaddling society what can you have but twaddling? It's hard that there should be something narrowing about narrow circumstances. The misdeeds of maids-of-all-work form no small part of the little conversations I hear: and yesterday morning I caught Miss Minny in the kitchen with a rueful face taking leave of Louise our ex-maid, who was going away and who had been kind to my girls. I did not like to give her more than 10 francs: but am glad I arrived time enough to console her parting hour with that gratuity. Now what am I to do without a governess and ought I to take the girls away from one who teaches them so capitally and shall I begin a novel in 20 numbers or shall I get ready to come back to New York? — here are a set of questions and I've nothing but these egotistical queries to write.

The advance of this place in material splendour is wonderful: they are pulling down and building up as eagerly as in New York; and the Rue de Rivoli is going to be the grandest street in the

<sup>166</sup> *As You Like It*, II, vii, 158.



World — all the houses as tall as the St Nicholas — and the palaces and the gardens looking so ancient and noble. The place swarms with Americans I'm told: and I'm quite angry to see how like Broadway beaux are to the Boulevard dandies. Borrowing their coats from Frenchmen — for shame! Silly monkees why don't they have tails of their own — I mean coat-tails — and not ape these little creatures? — I wish I had not forgotten the name of your relative here — her who writes to Sarah about the fashions — I would like to go & talk to some one who knows you. Bingham Mildmay bounced in on me just as I was closing my last letter; and it was all for the sake of you that we shook hands so cordially.

Thursday. Having just assumed one of Lucy's garments, I did to it what I always do at dewy morn when I fall in with her neat little handy-work; (I think of the ship state-room, and myself rolling about in the queer operation of kissing the collar of a shirt.) Yesterday I spent by myself for the most part: refused all invitations went to see the pictures, went to dine at the Trois Frères, went to the play by myself — and enjoyed the amusement not a little and the solitude still more. Met 2 fellow passengers out of the Europa; one a Philadelphia Quaker in an imbroydered waistcoat and yellow gloves walking the streets at 5 o'clock — going to dine with 18 Americans at Véry's he said. I think I should like to have been one — that twang sounds very friendly indeed to me: and in fact I feel just as much at home on your side as on our's. So Sarah and Mildmay had a many walks and rides, had they? Lucky dog! And I that used to come for weeks and weeks & could never get a chance — there was the milliner or the French mistress or something — Poor old fellow! — Will they never bring the breakfast? If the old folks had been but a little earlier, I should not have written that last sentence and got through the letter without jibes & scorn. But these grow milder as time passes: and when I think of your kindness and constant welcome I promise you there is no scorn in my mind then. God bless you all. Write to Kensington toujours please: and as many as will to Yours ever  
W M T.

986. FROM MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH  
TO MRS. BAXTER  
25 MAY 1853

Hitherto unpublished.

19 Rue d'Angouleme  
S<sup>t</sup> Honoré  
May 25<sup>th</sup>

My dear Madame

My son has been with us a fortnight, & each day & any time of the day, gives expression to feelings of affection & admiration for the kind friends whom he has lately dwelt among; & I have been so accustomed to identify his true joys as my joys & his true friends as my friends, that I fancy myself well acquainted with the kindly natures who have so well understood & appreciated him. I like to think that you will be pleased to receive a word of earnest thanks from his old loving Mother —

I had a foolish fear of his going across the Atlantic, of which I ought to be thoroughly ashamed, implying as it did a mistrust where faith should be perfect, & doubts, which have been succeeded by convictions of genuine kindness — How good you have all been to him, he will return to you with delight, feeling that he has a home in y<sup>r</sup> hearts & if he takes my dear Annie & Minnie, as in all probability he will, I shall know that they have a maternal friend among the many who will welcome them — & you & y<sup>r</sup> charming daughters will love these children as you love their Father — We are at this moment awaiting the appearance of a governess to be their companion & instructress if it is decided that they return to Kensington — I would fain keep them under my wing, if it were possible, but they make their Father's home w<sup>h</sup> is of the first importance, & I yield my place to the stranger — We are waiting anxiously the arrival of your compatriot M<sup>rs</sup> Becher Stowe — I cant help spelling her name as I once spelt my own, & feel a certain dignity attached to myself from having borne one that has been rendered so illustrious — You have such great lights in y<sup>r</sup> western

world that one is *almost* led to believe in the extinction of our old world luminaries before them, but it wont be so, we shall each trim our lamps & run the race that is set before us, run with patience & love, which is the object of Christian life — Do your “spirits” think this? <sup>167</sup> — if so I will believe in them — or will they show us any beneficial results of their new locomotive power? meanwhile the turning of tables occupies many an evening hour, while young ladies & gentlemen find great virtues in the magnetic chain —

I should so like to hear that there is a probability of y<sup>r</sup> coming to this charming city, so delightful always, yet so sad as the grave of its own liberties & the liberties of Europe — but the day of their resurrection will come — don’t wait for it, if I am to shake my Son’s friend by the hand & present to you my dear husband & make the acquaintance of y<sup>rs</sup> & your children, for I am well stricken in years though I dont find that the heart grows cold under the “frosty pow” but that as I live I love on & am thankful to find another friend to whom I can say

I am gratefully yours

Anne Carmichael-Smyth

987.

TO MRS. PROCTER

JUNE 1853

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript given Lady Ritchie by George Murray Smith.

The Athenaeum.

June 1853.

My dear Mrs Procter,

I thought to come yesterday and say Yes, I will dine with you with a great deal of regret on the 8.th. But yesterday passed and here is my second day in London <sup>168</sup> over too and I have not been

<sup>167</sup> See above, No. 897.

<sup>168</sup> Thackeray returned to London on May 29. This letter was written shortly after his arrival, but not, presumably, the second day, which would have been May 31.

able to come. However, I shall see you before that last sad meal, and am yours always and in all streets,<sup>169</sup>

W. M. T.

988.

TO MRS. BAXTER

3 JUNE 1853

Published in *American Family*, pp. 71-74.

Friday 3.

I thank the kind elders round the oak table for their friendly letters and remembrances — and they will please consider this present as written individually to each though addressed as in duty bound to my dear M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter to whom I give my arm when we go in to dinner you know, before Grace is said, and we all fall to. I can not send you much of a letter — If it were full of what I am doing it would be full of eating and drinking. There is feasting here for me at all hours if I like: and my reputation for a great appetite is very different here from what it used to be at New York. Yesterday I transacted breakfast luncheon and dinner out of doors; meeting M<sup>rs</sup> Stowe <sup>170</sup> at the second of those meals with whom I was very agreeably disappointed. In place of the woman I had imagined to myself after the hideous daguerreotype I found a gentle almost pretty person with a very great sweetness in her eyes and smile. I am sure she must be good and truth-telling from her face and behaviour: and when I get a country place and a leisure hour shall buckle to Uncle Tom and really try to read it. I told Lord Shaftesbury <sup>171</sup> though (who seems to worship M<sup>rs</sup> Stowe) that there were other people besides blacks in America & that there were 23 millions of whites who interested me still more than the

<sup>169</sup> See above, No. 963.

<sup>170</sup> Mrs. Stowe arrived in Liverpool from America on April 11. She was taken up with enthusiasm by London society, particularly by the Duchess of Sutherland, who gave a reception for her at Stafford House on May 8, and lavishly entertained until her departure for Paris on June 1.

<sup>171</sup> The philanthropist Anthony Ashley Cooper (1801-1885), seventh Earl of Shaftesbury.

niggers. What feasts I had at Barings and Sturgis's! On Wednesday I asked two Americans to dine here: and as my invaluable plate is still at the banker's, we had to serve the soup with a teacup. I rather expect this fact will appear in the American papers some day, as an instance of my avarice or my poverty, and warn you before hand what the real state of the case is.

If the young ladies had been staying with me I could have got them a great ball for last night. Young M<sup>r</sup> Beaumont of Northumberland <sup>172</sup> gave it: the youthful owner of 100000*£* a year. Two of the young ladies of the ball were at my dinner, they wore white filmy dresses all over Vandykes; and one of them was covered with a sort of sprouts of roses, very neat. After a week of this though I think I shall break down. I get confused about the people I meet & don't meet, and they figure before me as in a dream. Can you understand why this letter is so stupid? Is it not possible that I have a headache? — Yes, but the Steamer will not wait over tomorrow; and I know you'll be disappointed at Brownhouse unless you have a line.

I am looking out for a quiet sea-side place where I may settle down and write a book. By this you will understand that my visit to New York won't be till next Autumn probably: and then who knows perhaps I may bring the girls with me — yes, but then what girls will there be left in the Brown House? Cupid may carry off every one of my three pretty Daguerreotypes <sup>173</sup> between this time & next year: but I feel perfectly certain we shall all meet and have good times again, and never for a moment suppose that we are parted.

If you please, Uncle Oliver, to give a hearty shake of the hand to Hicks <sup>174</sup> de ma part, and congratulate him on his safety. Baring

<sup>172</sup> Wentworth Blackett Beaumont (1829–1907), later (1906) first Baron Allendale, of Bretton Hall in Yorkshire and Bywell Hall in Northumberland, who had succeeded to his father's properties in 1848. His estates brought him £34,670 annually in 1883 (Bateman, *Great Landowners*, p. 33), and he was also the owner of large lead mines.

<sup>173</sup> Mrs. Fuller informs me that these daguerreotypes have not been preserved.

<sup>174</sup> Thomas Hicks, a painter who had a studio in White Street, New York.

looked glum when I talked to him about eight per Cent and railroad shares in America: <sup>175</sup> he would rather I would take four I think — Well, this may cause me to pay 3 visits to America in place of 2. Be sure I shall be glad of any excuse that brings me.

I have found one of the missing sheets that to Miss Sarah and send the same, and the very kindest regards and remembrances to you all from yours dear M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter gratefully ever

W M Thackeray

989.

TO ANNE THACKERAY

9 JUNE 1853

Hitherto unpublished.

June 9. 1853.

My dearest Nan must have a paternal God bless you to day — Many such please God may I send you. You see every year now as you grow older we shall grow more intimate, at least I hope and think so: and as it is an ascertained fact that I can't live without female friends I shall have a pair at home, in my own women, who'll understand my ways, laugh at my jokes, console me when

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Christopher Cranch ("A Few Reminiscences of Thackeray," *Critic*, New Series, VII, 1887, pp. 315-316) describes an artists' party given by Hicks in the winter of 1852-1853 which Thackeray attended.

<sup>175</sup> Thackeray invested the bulk of the money that he received during his American lecture tours in bonds of the Michigan Central and New York Central Railroads. In March, 1858, he entered his half-yearly dividends from each source in his diary as £97 and £81. Since his Michigan Central securities were 8% convertible bonds, maturing in 1869, it would appear that his holdings in that road totalled £2,425. The New York Central issues available to him brought either 6% or 7% interest, and he must consequently have owned between £2,700 and £2,314 of the bonds of that company. In February, 1862, for reasons given in the *Roundabout Paper* called "On Half a Loaf" (*Works*, XII, 341-347), he sold all his American securities, realizing, according to an entry in his 1862 diary, £3,895. Had he retained his Michigan Central bonds, and had his daughters converted them into stock in the spring of 1864 when the shares of the road reached 157, a very large profit would have been obtained over and above his original investment. See Henry V. Poor's *Manual of the Railroads of the United States for 1868-1869* (New York, 1868).

I'm dismal &c, as is the wont and duty of women in life — Less & Less of the season every year seems to suffice for me now: and I have had almost enough now in ten days: after the twentieth at any rate I will have no more,<sup>176</sup> unless I should give way to a project I have sometimes of uttering a lecture about the United States; w<sup>h</sup> no doubt people would crowd to hear. Several persons have urged me to do this; and if I had my Secretary here who knows what might happen? But without one I cannot positively get on; and dawdle through the days meanwhile, doing nothing.

I have seen all the Cole girls and the Brookfields and Hyndford House<sup>177</sup> and gave the Lectures in a present to Loo Perry on the 1<sup>st</sup> of June her birthday. What shall be my dear Nan's birthday present? You two can have what you want any day as well as a birthday. Thats why I dont think of such gifts for you.

The edition of the Lectures is nearly all sold and a new one ordered. People are thinking of other things now however, and whether we are to have a war or not is the question over w<sup>h</sup> all men look glum. Hyndford House is in the middle of Brompton High Street — There's a very good and large drawing room very handsomely furnished: and the house is odd comfortable & snug. Poor Flora Perry does not mend — its sad to see her wan face and withered figure. The Fanshawes are going to live at Cardiff for 2 years in a cottage w<sup>h</sup> Lady Bute<sup>178</sup> gives them. I haven't found the Governess, though 20 people are in quest for me. Jacky Bennet is come home from Nice quite well. I have engaged a nice young footman<sup>179</sup> out of a club, as Successor to Jeames. M<sup>rs</sup> Leech sends you her love and looks very pretty: & Miss Leech cant come be-

<sup>176</sup> Thackeray remained in London till June 24 but did not lecture on America.

<sup>177</sup> Colonel and Mrs. Charles Carmichael were now living at Hyndford House, 16 Michael's Place, Brompton.

<sup>178</sup> Lady Sophia Bute (1809-1859), widow of the second Marquess. Her son, the third Marquess, who was the great magnate of Glamorganshire, had one of his principal seats at Cardiff Castle. In 1883 his 21,402 acres in that county brought him £100,000 annually (Bateman, *Great Landowners*, p. 69).

<sup>179</sup> Charles Pearman, who was Thackeray's manservant until 1858. He accompanied his master to America in 1855-1856 and kept a diary which is described in *Lambert Catalogue*, p. 89.

cause she is promised to her Sister & the School. M<sup>rs</sup> Procter's party last night was the last she gives in her house — Lady Molesworth is furious against me for not having come to her or written to her and doesn't believe I had a toothache at all — I think these are all the news I have for the present: and I am my darling Nannys affectionate Father

W M T.

990. TO NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR <sup>180</sup>

17 JUNE 1853

Hitherto unpublished.

June 17.

My dear Senior

As the Lord has delivered me into your hands be gentle to his Servant. My works are.

The Paris Sketch Book

Comic Tales & Sketches

The Irish Sketch Book

Contributions to Fraser & Punch.

Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo

VF. Pendennis. Esmond

Lectures w<sup>h</sup> latter please accept from yours truly

I have American reprints of most of these at your service.

ever yours

W M Thackeray.

<sup>180</sup> The economist (1790-1864). His article on "Thackeray's Works" appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1854, pp. 196-243.



991. TO SIR EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON

21 JUNE 1853

My text is taken from the second Earl of Lytton's *Life of Edward Bulwer First Lord Lytton*, I, 548-549.

36 Onslow Square, Brompton,  
June 21.

Dear Sir Edward Lytton — Looking over some American reprints of my books, I find one <sup>181</sup> containing a preface written by me when I was in New York in which are the following words: —

“The careless papers written at an early period and never seen since the printer's boy carried them away, are brought back and laid at the father's door, and he cannot, if he would, forget or disown his own children.

“Why were some of these little brats brought out of their obscurity? I own to a feeling of anything but pleasure in reviewing some of these juvenile, misshapen creatures, which the publisher has disinterred and resuscitated. There are two performances especially (among the critical and biographical works of the erudite Mr. Yellowplush) which I am very sorry to see reproduced, and I ask pardon of the author of *The Caxtons* for a lampoon which I know he himself has forgiven, and which I wish I could recall. I had never seen that eminent writer but once in public when this satire was penned, and wonder at the recklessness of the young man who could fancy such satire was harmless jocularly, and never calculate that it might give pain.” κ. τ. λ.

I don't know whether you ever were made aware of this cry of *peccavi*; but with the book in which it appears just fresh before me, I think it fair to write a line to acquaint you with the existence of such an apology, and to assure you of the author's repentance for the past, and his present sincere goodwill with which he is —

Yours most faithfully,  
W. M. Thackeray.

<sup>181</sup> The Appleton edition of *The Yellowplush Papers*, Thackeray's preface to which was written in December, 1852.

992.

## TO THE BAXTERS

25-30 JUNE 1853

Published in part, *American Family*, pp. 74-79, 102-103.

I don't know whether the morning papers will announce that 'Mr Thackeray has left town for the season.'<sup>182</sup> but if I had staid a week longer I think I should have been buried there, or had another fever; the dinners are so severe and my powers of self-restraint so miserably incompetent before the daily temptation. I had a sort of pleasure in refusing the 3 last and best dinners of all, at Lord John Russell's (who is very pleasant at his house in the country) at Little Holland House,<sup>183</sup> where some of the pleasantest and handsomest women in London were sure to be; at Lord Lansdowne's at Richmond who has a delightful villa there and takes care to assemble good company. Doesn't this read like a passage out of Moore's Diary?<sup>184</sup> You will please burn it, at least take care that future ages shan't have the letter, else posterity will pronounce me a sneak, w<sup>b</sup> I don't think I am. I am tired of the great world pretty well, and am as glad to get quit of it after 3 weeks idleness and lounging and gormandizing as if I had been born a Marquis. I think of the future for my girls and what they are to do in the tramp and bustle of that London life, and have a mind to cut the belle société altogether, and go and live among my equals. Well they have their tramp & bustle too, their crowding to parties long dinners squeezey balls, flatterers toadies and what not just as in the Grandee world. I went to a concert at the house of a cousiness of mine<sup>185</sup> who has a fine mansion in Portman Square, and 6000£ a year to bestow upon anyone who marries her; there were as many sneaks about her as in the very politest circles, and people were as eager to get to her party as to a Duchess's — it's only in the degree.

<sup>182</sup> Thackeray left London on June 24.

<sup>183</sup> Where the Prinseps lived.

<sup>184</sup> Lord John Russell's edition of Tom Moore's *Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence* began to appear in 1853.

<sup>185</sup> Miss Mary Ann Thackeray, who lived at 22 Portman Square.

the human nature is the same everywhere. And then the good society is incontestably better than the second-chop — the dinners are so much better and shorter. O ye Gods! What fine dinners I have had in the last 3 weeks! How sick I grew of them! Did I write the afflicting news that I have been obliged to have out 3 teeth? Miss Sally, I shall never fall in love any more. There's a pretty girl with whom I could do it though: there was a little talk about her coming with my girls as their governess and dame de compagnie — But says I 'No my dear you are a great deal too good looking. Knowing the susceptibility of this aged heart I'm determined to put it to no more temptation than I can help — She is left behind and my heart is perfectly easy. I think of writing a book the Adventures of a Gentleman in search of a Governess' I have had some amusing scenes in quest of that person: 2 days ago had all but engaged one — a Swiss, clever, 30, agreeable, lively well-mannered — I begged her just to write down the address of the lady with whom she lived and behold! she can't write — or writes about as well as a cook maid. I have signed and sealed with Bradbury and Evans for a new book <sup>186</sup> in 24 numbers like Penderennis — Price 3600£ + 500£ from Harper and Tauchnitz. It's coining money isn't it? and if I can make another expedition to a certain country as remunerative as the last, why, 2 years hence will see my girls snugly provided for. Thank God. I don't (I believe) take any pride out of this prosperity but receive it with a thankful heart. Curtis's article touched me very much. I hope that is the right view of the character.<sup>187</sup> So with all it's shortcomings may

<sup>186</sup> *The Newcomes*.

<sup>187</sup> "The popular Thackeray-theory, before his arrival," Curtis had written ("Thackeray in America," *Putnam's Monthly Magazine*, June, 1853, pp. 638-642), "was of a severe satirist, who concealed scalpels in his sleeves and carried probes in his waistcoat pockets; a wearer of masks; a scoffer and sneerer, and general infidel of all high aims and noble character. Certainly we are justified in saying that his presence among us quite corrected this idea. We welcomed a friendly, genial man. . . . We conceive this to be the chief result of Thackeray's visit, that he convinced us of his intellectual integrity; he showed us how impossible it is for him to see the world, and describe it other than he does. He does not profess cynicism, nor satirize society with malice. There is no man more humble, none more simple."

God Almighty find it and deal with it. And I like to think that I have left that sort of good opinion behind me amongst those I love in your country. So poor old James has been assaulting me in a lecture! Well, my hide is strong enough not to wince under his old kicks. — I think you must have your glasses to read this small writing. I have only my old gold pen at hand w<sup>h</sup> is for drawing not writing generally, and scribble where do you think Miss Sarah? at Dessein's Hotel *in Sterne's Room!* <sup>188</sup> I came to bed instead of travelling on to Paris through the night. It has been pouring with rain all day, and the wind has got comfortably up so as to blow quite a gale. I'm not very well, and shall go on only to Amiens to night; and so M<sup>r</sup> Baxter gets a long letter, because it is raining, and I have nothing to do. That was why you used to get such long visits at New York from sheer selfishness of course — but a selfishness not altogether unkindly. I wish this was 3 pages of the book — that would be 75 dollars: but it's only twopence you see, w<sup>h</sup> I bring to my dear kind friends at the Brown House.

Sterne's picture is looking down on me from the chimney piece at w<sup>h</sup> he warmed his lean old shanks ninety years ago. He seems to say 'You are right. I *was* a humbug: and you, my lad, are you not as great?' Come, come, M<sup>r</sup> Sterne none of these tu quoques — Some of the London papers are abusing me as hard as ever I assaulted you — one fellow says *The perjured historian* of &c — meaning me, I only read 3 lines though & think it is the same man who abused me elsewhere — one Richards who has a grudge against me about his wife. I was called in *bien malgré moi* to interfere in their family quarrels,<sup>189</sup> and conducted my arbitration with such admirable justice that they both detest me. You are all away taking

<sup>188</sup> A later visit is described in *The Roundabout Papers* (*Works*, XII, 393-402). "After Sterne's death," writes Governor Cross (*The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne*, New Haven, 1929, p. 383), "Demein renovated his inn, adding a theatre, and fitted up a room in honor of his famous guest, hanging over the mantel a mezzotint of Reynolds's *Monsieur Sterne d'Yorick*, and painting on the outside of the door in large characters STERNE'S CHAMBER. There numberless Englishmen down to Thackeray slept, in the fancy that they were lying in the very place where Sterne once stretched his lean shanks."

<sup>189</sup> See above, No. 571.

your pleasures from the brown house. Again poor Charley Pomeroy has had his tooth out no doubt. I saw Bingham on Tuesday at a rich bankists, Mr Raikes Currie,<sup>190</sup> who has a funny & amusing young son who has been at New York. I go about praising you Americans to all that will hear Hush! between ourselves I know some of what I say is unjust: and that I speak too favorably: but if you could hear the vulgarity and ignorance and outrecuidance on our side! It sets me in a rage when I listen to it.

Monday at Paris. I travelled from Calais with a very honest expectoratory countryman of yours, who gave utterance to all his inward emotions quite freely He shook me warmly by the hand (his was not kept as Miss Smith of Washington likes them) <sup>191</sup> and said I have heard of what you have been saying about *as* Sir! & I'm glad what I said did give pleasure and has been heard elsewhere. It is pleasant to be again in quiet with the dear old and young folks Our next move is a mystery though — whether it shall be Switzerland or Devonshire or where. Then it is probable I shall pass October & November in Paris, and the winter — why, suppose we say Rome for the winter? It sounds a pleasant life, Don't it Madam? But I'm so doubtful as never to count upon the month before me; and have seen too much of the weary old world to look for any especial degree of pleasure in any particular corner of it. I was saying to the girls yesterday suppose we go & write the book at Saratoga Springs? but you see that would make us too common and do away with the novelty agin the lecture season in 1854; when Lucy will be married and Libby engaged and Sarah — ah where will Sarah be? I saw one of my ex-loves <sup>192</sup> yesterday with 2 pretty babies very happy handsome & friendly. — I am twaddling — it is before breakfast. It is not good to write before breakfast. Now I daresay there is an American letter for me at my house at London — go and get thy breakfast.

Thursday June 30. Since this your letter has come to my mother

<sup>190</sup> Raikes Curry (1801–1881), M. P. for Northampton and owner of Bush Hill, Middlesex.

<sup>191</sup> See above, No. 950.

<sup>192</sup> Mrs. Brookfield. See above, No. 960.

and I'm very sorry indeed to hear of your illness; and I'm in a hurry to save the post having been out with the children unexpectedly till now: & on Wednesday we go for the Rhine & Switzerland I believe & wherever I am I am always the B H's

affectionately

W M T.

993.

TO SARAH BAXTER

4-5 JULY 1853

My text is taken from *American Family*, pp. 79-84.

4th of July, Hip, Hip Hurra, 1853

For the last 10 days the undersigned has been so undecided ("undersigned" "undecided" — not good language, and then that blot oughn't I to begin a new sheet) — Well I think I have at last determined that we set off on Wednesday to Hambourg w<sup>h</sup> will be our first halt and where I shall try and do some of my new book. It won't be a good one — not a step forwards as some ambitious young American folks would have it; but a retreat rather — however if I can get 3000£ for my darters, I mean 3000 *to put away* besides living, I will go backwards or forwards or any way. It torments me incessantly, and I wander about with it in my interior, lonely & gloomy as if a secret remorse was haunting me. I saw a pretty American girl in a carriage in the Rue Vivienne today. She was like you, she had your colour &c — a great gush of feelings came tumbling out of this bussam at the sight. I wanted to run after the carriage to stop it and speak to her and say "Do you know anything of one S. B. of New York?" The carriage whisked away leaving me alone with my feelings — O ye old ghosts! I declare I saw nothing of the crowded city for a minute or two so completely did the *revenans* hem me in — Nothing is forgotten. We bury 'em but they pop out of their graves now and again and say Here we are Master. Do you think we are dead? No, No, only asleep. We wake up sometimes we come to you we shall come to you when you are ever so old; we shall always be as fresh and mischievous

as we are now. We shall say Do you remember S.S.B. do you remember her eyes? Do you think she had 2 dimples in her cheeks and don't you recollect this was the note of her laugh, that used to be quite affected at times but you know the music of it, you poor old rogue? Yes the laugh and the looks flash out of the past every now and then, and whisk by me just like that carriage in the Rue Vivienne. A novel thought! Suppose I make the hero of the new book in love with some one? And then suppose I make him jilted? He won't break his heart. I don't think he'll have much of a heart, and besides breaking it in the very first numbers would be preposterous. (Another blot on the next page this ink is very liquid.) I wrote your mother about sleeping in Sterne's room at Calais; was n't it queer? I wonder whether all literary men are humbugs and have no hearts. I know one who has none. Why you may marry anybody you please & I don't care: I dare say there is some young fellow at Newport or Saratoga at this very minute — and I'm amused I give you my honour I'm amused. *L'autre* and her lord & master <sup>193</sup> are reconciled and I'm not in the least annoyed: and one of my loves being here the other day with two babies I nursed the youngest with a graceful affection that the father himself couldn't have equalled. . . . Is n't the dinner coming? What a pocket full of news I am giving you!

July 5

Charles Pearman, my new servant, arrived from London last night, and brought me no letter from you. Do you know Mademoiselle that this is most igstordinary and unpleasant? How can you tell that he did n't come from London solely in order that I might have that letter? and now — rien — nothing — nix! We all march tomorrow morning. Shall I have time to fill this sheet ere we go — Ingrate! I should have had time but I have nothing to reply to. A friend of many people here, an Irish Doctor,<sup>194</sup> has

<sup>193</sup> Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield.

<sup>194</sup> Sir Joseph Francis Olliffe (1808–1869), who was knighted on June 13, 1853. He took his M. D. degree at the Sorbonne in 1840 and soon built up a large practice among the English living in Paris, becoming physician to the

just been to be knighted in England; and so they are going to give him a dinner; and so I am to be in the chair and make the speeches; that is my last appearance at Paris, & tomorrow O for fun & freedom & fresh air!

What letters have n't I been answering all day! — No more small hand-writing Miss Sarah, no more cramped hand, no time for that. But I *will* send this away from Paris, and before I get farther from you; although I know there's nothing in it but that I'm yours &c &c &c.

One of the letters was from Mrs. Gore — Tell Mrs. Dering this, please; Miss C. yesterday was married to the Lord — . . . <sup>195</sup> a sad scapegrace I'm afraid ruined long ago. How can such a couple get on? How could I write a congratulatory letter to Mamma? I tried & it was as glum as a funeral. All I could say by way of consolation was Marriages that seem to augur very well often turn out very unhappy — therefore this that looks so bad *may* turn out quite the reverse. It was pleasant to get a heap of fine invitations from London and think one was free of them — Did I tell you in page 1 or 2 that I think of passing a good bit of the winter here? My dear kind old stepfather gets very old. His goodness to the children has been admirable. They are a little too much for him & even for my mother I think but they will be very unhappy without them so instead of going to Rome as I thought, why we will sit down here in a little tranquillity, and I'll try & do my duty filially as well as paternally. O how I wish you would all come here for the winter! What would n't I give to hear somebody laugh, and see somebody smile! I don't like to think of your dear kind mother's illness; and the non-receipt of these letters somehow fills me with a queer disquiet about you. I have been reading Nile Notes.<sup>196</sup> Do you know it's uncommonly clever? Or

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British Embassy in 1852. Thackeray was the close friend both of Olliffe and of his wife, the former Laura Cubitt (d. 1898).

<sup>195</sup> Cecilia Anne Mary Gore (d. 1879) married Lord Edward Thynne (1807–1884), sixth son of the second Marquess of Bath, on July 4, 1853.

<sup>196</sup> *Nile Notes of a Howadji* (1851) by George William Curtis. See above, No. 992.



is it because of that Criticism in Putnam that my grateful eyes are opened to Curtis's merits. The book is capital . . . too luscious to read much of at a time; but I send the author my regards and am glad to like what he has done so. Now I will shut up this. Now I will send my love to you all: now I take Sarah's two hands, the last you know, and look in her face (don't smile in that saucy way Miss) and say Good bye, dear Sarah, always remember I'm your affectionate old friend

W. M. T.

994.

TO MRS. SCOTT

5 JULY 1853

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> Scott | 50 Upper Albany St | Regents Park. *Postmark:* JY 6 1853. Hitherto unpublished.

19 Rue d'Angouleme Paris.  
July 5. 1853.

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Scott.

How can the children see each other hundreds of miles off? To-morrow they'll be at Frankfort. Your note was only brought to me from London last night: and that was a false rumour about the girls having been in London. How many false rumours haven't there been about me and young ladies!

I am going to try to find a pleasant quiet place to begin to work in — As for *Esmond* that is such an old story that I forget the book — a melancholy novel wasn't it, & a dismal imitation of the old style. I suspect who was the Reviewer in the N. British <sup>197</sup> though, and am his and Scott's & yours

Very sincerely

W M Thackeray.

<sup>197</sup> *Esmond* was not noticed in *The North British Review*, but there are complimentary allusions to Thackeray in an article on Mrs. Gaskell's *Ruth* (pp. 166–167), published in the May, 1853, issue of that magazine.

[For fragments of a letter to Mrs. Elliot and Kate Perry, 13-15 July, 1853, see letter 36, Appendix XXVI.]

995.

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

18 JULY 1853

Hitherto unpublished.

Baden. July 18. 1853.

My dearest Mammy must have a letter to day on the w<sup>h</sup> two and forty years ago she performed the famous feat of producing the undersigned wonder to the world — A fine band playing the Russian Hymn woke me up to a sense of the festive morning, and now as it is pouring with rain I think the opportunity is good for travelling, and have ordered the baggages to be packed, and we shall sleep to night at Basle most likely. I have had a hard week's work: and am in to No 2 <sup>198</sup> by this time hoping to finish said Number before the month is over. But I can't but see it is a repetition of past performances, and think that vein is pretty nigh worked out in me. Never mind: this is not written for glory but for quite as good an object namely money; w<sup>h</sup> will profit the children more than reputation, when there's an end of me, and money and reputation are alike pretty indifferent.

The children are famous: but they want something to do. When we are moving it is well enough: but when I am absorbed in my work, and thinking of it out of work-hours I am a bad companion for them or any one: and they pretend to read French and German for a couple of hours but I guess they dawdle: and I can't be on the look out — to see & keep their young noses to the grind-stone. If I find fault, it puts me in a flutter for a day before & after. O model Governess where are you and where can I find you? This place is as beautiful as heart can desire: so pretty that I wonder rather why I go — pleasant little society & so forth for me at least: but the girls are too old and too young — too old for the children, & too young for the out young ladies — Come quick O model-Governess!

<sup>198</sup> Chapters 4 to 6 of *The Newcomes*, published for November.

I found Machabb at Church yesterday looking as spruce and young as ever: while Mesdemoiselles were off to a Convent to hear a musical service there. It is pleasant to see the English Clergymen serving at a Catholic altar: & reading the commandments the [ &c? ] from it. There's a congregation of a couple of hundred people: and there was a good little sermon of 20 minutes just as I like them and there was one large grey-headed sinner who you may be sure said his prayers of thanks and love and contrition — How good you (That's natural & costs you nothing) and my dear old G P have been to the girls for this long year! — How grateful I ought to be for much of what has happened in it! I mean of advance in worldly prosperity. This has been the year, that we used to despair sometimes of ever seeing — the year of putting money away. May we have 2 or 3 more such: if it please God, before my working days are over —

Honest old Miss Claphams are here: and recal the days of my youth to me — I'm obliged to go back into those well-remembered regions to get materials for the Commencement of the new story.<sup>199</sup> One of Dickens's immense superiorities over me is the great fecundity of his imagination. He has written 10 books and lo I am worn out after two. Perhaps Bulwer is better than both of us in this quality. His last book<sup>200</sup> written at 50 is fresher & richer than any he has done. If I last so long: I daresay I shall be busy in Parliamentary Reports: or Historical Studies more possibly at that age. And the drawing what has become of the drawing? — So, one by one, the flowers of one's youth fade away.

I don't know a bit where to tell you to write to us — Let us say Lausanne, I think that will be a good point. I don't want to travel much: but to drop on another friendly place like this where I can light, and give birth to No. 2. — The girls are singing as they pack in the next room. Isn't it pleasant to hear their kind voices? A M<sup>rs</sup> Hogg, M<sup>r</sup> Harness's niece, a London acquaintance has been very kind to them: and we have been very comfortable at the hotel; and have had a great deal too much to eat at the table

<sup>199</sup> See *Memoranda*, Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth.

<sup>200</sup> *My Novel*.

d'hôte: and I have only lost 3 or 4 naps at the Rouge et Noir: and in a word Baden has been a *success*. May the next halting place answer as well — So we go on from stage to stage: until the Journey is over: and theres no more pleasure, no more pain, no more birthdays. God bless my dearest old Mother this and all other days in the year prays her affectionate Son.

W M T.

996.

TO LIBBY STRONG

18 JULY 1853

Published in *American Family*, pp. 181-184.

Basle. 18 July, 1853.


My dear Libby, Just to show that I don't forget my promise to write to you on this the 18<sup>th</sup> birthday <sup>201</sup> you have known in this wicked world, I tear a leaf out of a book (for I have no desk with me upstairs,) and I write a God bless you and a many happy returns of the day to you and all others who were born on your day. We are set out on a little tour. It's ever so many weeks since I have heard from the Second Avenue and the last news I had of it was that a bakers shop had been burned and some people killed jumping out of windows. We have come from Baden to day, where we spent 10 very jolly days, and I should have made you some verses: but, Miss, I was better employed spinning prose for my family, and getting on at a fine rate.

This is just like an American hotel, and I was showing my daughters a regular American table d'hôte (there were a score of you all at supper as we dined at a separate table) and just as I was saying how comfortable it was to see them all again: how I felt back in the old country (your's you know is the old country with me) I'm sorry to say no less than 5 people — two of 'em ladies — put their knives down their throats, at w<sup>h</sup> those girls laughed. It was all very well of me to say 'My dears, theres no *crime* in using a knife

<sup>201</sup> Miss Strong was only seventeen (*American Family*, p. 181).



as we use a fork or a spoon' but still I wish they hadn't a done it, for I know the Europeans laugh at the practise and I don't want you to be laughed at. There were girls with hair you know, & little Vandyke collars just as I remember them in a

certain country: and my  warmed towards them from certain recollections I have: but I wish, I wish they had not used their knives in that way. I see more Americans than English abroad: I see some of 'em turning round to each other, & whispering that's so and so — meaning some one who was born on Miss Libby Strong's birthday. Are you having a good time, & being all happy? I wish I *could* see you all this minute. How is Bleaker? <sup>202</sup> Is his name Tommy Bleaker or Billy or what? Are you gone to Newport or Saratoga? Is your father well and Ben? Are your aunt uncle & cousins pretty cheerful? Will you kiss them with my respectful compliments, and accept the same (w<sup>h</sup> I will pay I hope next year) from your affectionate old friend W M T.

See in what pretty ways I can write I shall be in London in September and I expect a many American letters there from the Brown House in 2<sup>d</sup> Avenue N. Y.

*See in what pretty ways I can write I shall be in London in September and I expect a many American letters there from the Brown House in 2<sup>d</sup> Avenue N. Y.*

<sup>202</sup> Miss Strong's young man, probably a son of Anthony J. Bleecker, the proprietor of an auction house, who lived at 781 Broadway and was on Mrs. Baxter's visiting list.

997.

TO MR. AND MRS. SYNGE

18 JULY 1853

*Address:* Mr or Mrs Syngé | 13 Young St | Kensington. | London. *Postmarks:*  
20 JUIL. 53 STRASBOURG, 21 JY 1853. Hitherto unpublished.

Baden. July 18. 1853

My dear lodgers <sup>203</sup>

If there are any *American*\* letters for me will you please address them Poste Restante. Lausanne. Suisse — I should have written before had I known where to bid my friends communicate with me: and now it is but on the chance of Lausanne that I write.

We have been here 10 days and had a capital time — that is I have been hard at work and the daughters have had all the pleasure of sunshine good spirits good dinners and youth. There are numbers of our *countrymen* floating about. It amuses me to see here and there at Inns & Railway Stations, a new portmanteau w<sup>th</sup> J. Tomkins Washington D. C. painted on it. — I like the place so much that I wonder why I go away — Early in September I must be in town. Perhaps with the girls You'll have room for us all you know: and here and everywhere I am yours

Very sincerely

W M T.

\* Please, S, ask at the Athenæum.

<sup>203</sup> The Synges lived at 13 Young Street during the autumn and winter of 1853.

998. TO WILLIAM BRADFORD REED

21 JULY 1853

My text is taken from Reed's *Haud Immemor*, pp. 11-13, as far as *have so be-laboured your*. The rest of the letter follows a facsimile of the last page of the original in *Thackeray in the United States*, I, opposite p. 163. Some phrases are supplied from a transcript made by Mrs. Fuller.

Neufchatel,  
Switzerland.

July 21, 1853

My Dear Reed:

Though I am rather slow in paying the tailor, I always pay him; and as with tailors, so with men; I pay my debts to my friends, only at rather a long day. Thank you for writing to me so kindly, you who have so much to do. I have only begun to work ten days since, and now, in consequence, have a little leisure. Before, since my return from the West, it was flying from London to Paris, and *vice versa* — dinners right and left — parties every night. If I had been in Philadelphia, I could scarcely have been more feasted. Oh, you unhappy Reed. I see you, (after that little supper with Mc Michael) on Sunday, at your own table, when we had that good Sherry-Madeira, turning aside from the wine cup with your pale face! That cup has gone down this well so often, (meaning my own private cavity), that I wonder the cup isn't broken, and the well as well as it is.

Three weeks of London were more than enough for me, and I feel as if I had had enough of it and pleasure. Then I remained a month with my parents; then I brought my girls on a little pleasuring tour, and it has really been a pleasuring tour. We spent ten days at Baden, when I set intrepidly to work again; and have been five days in Switzerland now; not bent on going up mountains, but on taking things easily. How beautiful it is! How pleasant! How great and affable, too, the landscape is! It's delightful to be in the midst of such scenes — the ideas get generous reflections from them. I don't mean to say my thoughts grow mountainous and

enormous like the Alpine chain yonder — but, in fine, it is good to be in the presence of this noble nature. It is keeping good company; keeping away mean thoughts. I see in the papers now and again accounts of fine parties in London. *Bon Dieu!* Is it possible any one ever wanted to go to fine London parties, and are there now people sweating in May-fair routs? The European Continent swarms with your people. They are not all as polished as Chesterfield. I wish some of them spoke French a little better. I saw five of them at supper, at Basle, the other night, with their knives down their throats. It was awful. My daughter saw it, and I was obliged to say: "My dear, your great-great grandmother,"<sup>204</sup> one of the finest ladies of the old school I ever saw, always applied cold steel to her vittles. It's no *crime* to eat with a knife," which is all very well: but I wish five of 'em at a time wouldn't.

Will you please beg McMichael, when Mrs. Glyn,<sup>205</sup> the English tragic actress, comes to read Shakespeare in your city, to call on her — do the act of kindness to her, and help her with his valuable editorial aid? I wish we were going to have another night soon, and that I was going this very evening to set you up with a headache against to-morrow morning. By Jove, how kind you all were to me! How I like people, and want to see 'em again! You are more tender-hearted, romantic, sentimental, than we are. I keep on telling this to our fine people here, and have so belaboured your country with praise in private, that I sometimes think I go too far. I keep back some of the truth: but the great point to try and ding into the ears of the great stupid virtue-proud English public, is that there are folks as good as they in America. That's where M<sup>r</sup> Stowe's book has done harm, by inflaming us with an idea of our own superior virtue in freeing our blacks whereas you keep your's. Comparisons are always odorous M<sup>r</sup> Malaprop says.<sup>206</sup>

I am about a new story but don't know as yet whether it will be

<sup>204</sup> Mrs. Becher. See above, No. 1.

<sup>205</sup> Mrs. Isabella Dallas Glyn (1823-1889), who had made her London debut in 1847. *The Dictionary of National Biography* records no American tour by Mrs. Glyn until 1870.

<sup>206</sup> The credit — such as it is — for this aphorism belongs to Dogberry (*Much Ado about Nothing*, III, v, 18).



any good. It seems to me I am too old for story-telling: but I want money and shall get 20000 dollars for this of wh<sup>h</sup> D V I'll keep 15. I wish this rubbish were away. Then I might put written rubbish



in its stead. Not that I have anything to say but that I always remember you & yours & honest Mac: & Wharton & Lewis & kind fellows who have been kind to me and I hope will be kind to me again. Good bye my dear Reed & believe me ever sincerely yo[urs]

W M Thackeray.

Pardon this rubbishing picture but I didn't see it & cant afford to write page 3 over again.

999.

TO OLIVER STRONG

21 JULY 1853

Hitherto unpublished.

Neuchatel. July 21.

My dear Strong. I do not igsactly know what day it is. Our brains are dazed with seeing of mountains and wandering from inn

to inn. I think it is 3 days ago since I wrote to your daughter Libby, though, *le billet que voici*:<sup>207</sup> and remembering a kind letter of your's and a debt I owe you, and being alone, and starving myself for a threatened illness, and unfit to write for money, let us do a little bit for love.

With a hundred dollars a week three people and a servant can travel here; not making journies every day. For this, 3 days in a week you may treat yourself to a voiturier who drives you 4 miles an hour, nor will threats prayers or bribes induce him to go farther. But then the country is so noble that it were a pity to go quickly through it: and the sight of these grand & peaceful scenes of nature leaves a great sense of calm & friendship after them; as the meeting (now & then) with a fine character in life. I have such a sweet calm lake before my eyes! with pink Alps in the distance and a faint blue sky — and — what nonsense it is at our age to put landscapes into black & white! Switzerland swarms with Americans: they haunt us at every place: and when I see a fellow sucking a cigar and who cant speak a word of French and who carries on by means of grins & pats on the back and signs an ignoble dialogue with railway-porters, and when the English folks turn round with a sneer and say Are *these* the Americans you are always bragging about? What can I say? They are only what John Bull was in 1815. ludicrous with his jargon, extravagance, and follies but then we sent out our grands seigneurs too, and gentlemen & ladies whom the world couldn't surpass nor I doubt equal. I wish some of your's would come. If you could but have heard M<sup>rs</sup> Boggs of the U S A speaking through her nose at the Inn at Malleray last night surrounded by the sweetest sights skies landscapes odours of nature: with tinkling cows coming home, with sunset blushing on the white village — buildings, and the beautiful hills veiling themselves in purple shadows — by Jove it was death & discord to hear M<sup>rs</sup> Boggs — There was a gentleman of the party though who delivered his opinions not nasally but orally. I think this is not very civil is it? to write a man a note filled with abuse of his own countrymen: but, you see, I don't say these things except to Americans, and always

<sup>207</sup> Thackeray's letter of July 18.

turn the tu quoque on our own folks whenever they dare to be saucy.

These little things sitting in the calm evening without any dinner or any breakfast, I faintly meditate by the sunset lake — and as often will be the case about the hour of sunset, my heart, w<sup>h</sup> knows that much of geography, flies over to the West, and lands amongst you and holds out its hands, and says God bless you all, and blows its nose to conceal its emotions — If it be but a kind word, why not say it? And so I greet all you people young and old, and all Centurions <sup>208</sup> of my acquaintance, and am yours dear Strong very sincerely always

W M Thackeray

1000.

TO SARAH BAXTER

26 JULY-7 AUGUST 1853

My text is taken from *American Family*, pp. 85-91.

Vevey, July 26, 1853

The fourth of July landed a little letter which has been 3 weeks on its way since, before it found the person to whom it was addressed — I got it at Lausanne the day before yesterday — a glum little letter. . . . What for do you reproach me? . . . Haven't I written you 3 letters for one? . . .

I think I should have liked to hear of that gallant young P[omeroy] being made happy — I like him because he's handsome and honest. And as for you I think you have got so much character, resolution and good temper that you would make yourself happy in making other folks so — and would accomodate yourself to deficiencies in savoir vivre like a young philosopheress. Besides that young fellow, as far as I could see, is a thorough gentleman and why should not his belongings be so? . . . B[ingham] <sup>209</sup> is spoiled by the heartlessness of London — which is awful

<sup>208</sup> Members of the Century Association of New York, Thackeray's favorite American Club.

<sup>209</sup> Henry Bingham Mildmay.

to think of — the most godless respectable thing — thing's not the word but I can't get it — I mean that world is base and prosperous and content, not unkind — very well bred — very unaffected in manner, not dissolute — clean in person and raiment and going to church every Sunday — but in the eyes of the Great Judge of right & wrong what rank will those people have with all their fine manners and spotless characters and linen? They never feel love, but directly it's born, they throttle it and fling it under the sewer as poor girls do their unlawful children — they make up money-marriages and are content — then the father goes to the House of Commons or the Counting House, the mother to her balls and visits — the children lurk up stairs with their governess, and when their turn comes are bought and sold, and respectable and heartless as their parents before them. Hullo! — I say — Stop! — where is this tirade a-going to and apropos of what? — Well — I was fancying my brave young Sarah (who has tried a little of the poms & vanities <sup>210</sup> of her world) transplanted to ours and a London woman of society — with a husband that she had taken as she threatens to take one sometimes just because he is a good parti. No — go and live in a clearing — marry a husband masticatory, expectoratory, dubious of linen, but with a heart below that rumpled garment — let the children eat with their precious knives — help the help, and give a hand to the dinner yourself — yea, it is better than to be a woman of fashion in London, and sit down to a French dinner where no love is. Immense Moralist! I think I'll call in Anny now, and give her a turn at the new novel. I see a chapter out of the above sermon and you know I must have an i to the main chance — <sup>211</sup>

*(The same evening)*

I called in Miss Anny at the above moment of writing, and we had a good time till dinner-time the story advancing very pleasantly. I am not to be the author of it. Mr. Pendennis is to be the

<sup>210</sup> "The Catechism," *Book of Common Prayer*.

<sup>211</sup> The London marriage mart is, in fact, a principal theme of *The New-comer*.

writer of his friend's memoirs and by the help of this little mask (w<sup>h</sup> I borrowed from Pisistratus Bulwer <sup>212</sup> I suppose) I shall be able to talk more at ease than in my own person. I only thought of the plan last night and am immensely relieved by adopting it. Alexander Smith <sup>213</sup> is a grand young fellow and has shot one or two bow shots immensely high, but he is not up to the great Keats or the great Alfred yet and [I] doubt whether he ever can be — As for my small beer; why talk about [it] in the same breath? — Well Small beer is good of its sort — some day you'll have my little barrel,<sup>214</sup> and I hope you'll relish a glass or two.

There's such a magnificent landscape or lakescape at my windows as I write. The sun just now has been departing westwards, *your-*wards so splendidly! There's such a crowd of Americans at this hotel — Almost all the women pretty, some of the men so awfully vulgar. I read in the Strangers' book:

NAME	COUNTRY	PROFESSION	WHENCE COME	WHITHER GOING
<i>Smith F.</i>	U. S. A.	<i>Clergyman</i>	<i>Genève</i>	<i>Over the whole lot.</i>
<i>Smith T.</i>				

Fancy *Genève* and "*over the whole lot*" ! There it is in the Strangers' book.

August 7

Bon Dieu! It is 12 days since this little note was begun: It has been stopped because I had not calculated the steamers well, because I was busy writing, because we have been travelling — to Geneva to Lausanne to Vevey again and thence to Butte, Freyburg, Berne — It has cost 80£ for one month for 3 people and a servant, travelling gently and living soberly, 400 dollars — so you see what you may do: but if you travel hard you must add other 100 dollars to this reckoning. At Vevey among the 100,000 Americans I saw the name of B[leaker]. Can it be Lucy's young man? — and there was a lady, I think her name was P., who I am sure must be Mrs.

<sup>212</sup> 'My Novel,' by Pisistratus Caxton, or *Varieties of English Life* purports to be by the hero of *The Caxtons*.

<sup>213</sup> The 'spasmodic' poet (1830-1867), whose *Life Drama and other Poems* was published in April, 1853.

<sup>214</sup> Thackeray's *Ballads* appeared in 1855.

C.S.'s sister like her in person and in voice especially — and I was going to speak to her but she had a nice little son whom she bullied so that I could not open my mouth. I pass whole days sometimes and scarce open it, if the people are not to my liking I cant speak, and seem igh and aughty — I'm in low spirits about the Newcomes. It's not good. It's stupid. It haunts me like a great stupid ghost. I think it says why do you go on writing this rubbish? You are old, you have no more invention &c. Write sober books, books of history leave novels to younger folks. You see half of my life is grumbling; and lecturing or novel-writing or sentimentalizing I am never content. . . . Are there any more letters come from America for me? Yesterday we were walking up a hill from Freyburg, I come to a carriage, and a voice from within calls out How is Miss Baxter? Fancy a voice calling out How is Miss Baxter on the top of a Swiss hill! It was a friend of Mrs. Sturgis's — and the lonely cavities of my heart echoed how is Miss Baxter — Anny and I had been talking about you just before and she had been telling me how my stepfather, when I was away and the girls had been out on a walk, would say to them on their return "O I have had a visit from Miss Sally Baxter!"

This is Sunday. We go to Church when we are abroad but yesterday we met the clergyman at the table d'hôte and he was so awfully pompous, grandiloquent and stupid that I couldn't go to hear him sermonize. We may go towards England tomorrow, or to Munich — I never know. I have no will of my own and don't care to have one when there is no call for it. I think about you constantly and very very very kindly — and of all of you. Why does everybody else bore me, the great world & all, and why do I feel so at home always in that Brown House? God bless all there: and never for a moment go for to doubt that I am your affectionate old friend.

W. M. T.

Berne, August 7

1001. TO BRADBURY AND EVANS  
1 SEPTEMBER 1853

My text is taken from an undated George D. Smith catalogue.

Whitefriars

My dear B. and E.

I am come back with 4 numbers and want very much to see you about the Illustrations. An American Letter too has missed me in my absence offering £10 a number from Harper's provided they could get my numbers 6 weeks before it was printed here — so unless we put off till Nov. I lose £240. Query. Shall I or shant I break faith with the Public? Shall I have Doyle to illustrate? These are the points to be determined by you and yours W. M. T.

Send a Boy to Kensington with a line in the morning.

1002. TO DR. AND MRS. BROWN  
1 SEPTEMBER 1853

Hitherto unpublished.

Kensington. Sep<sup>r</sup> 1. 1853.

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Brown and Doctor. Our travels are all over for a while. We have been in Switzerland on a very pleasant two month's tour and we have written 4 numbers of the Newcomes, and now we are come to start through the press that remarkable work. So you see my dear Brown & Doctor that visionary letter <sup>225</sup> in the long hand contained untrustworthy information and more fibs than commonly appear let us hope above my autograph. I have 100 letters to write and send but a line accounting for silences: whereabouts: &c. and the stay here as at present arranged is but short. We purpose passing 2 or 3 months near my old folks at Paris: and if all things go rightly Rome will be our winter's quarters. I want to show my girls and myself too perhaps that abode of

<sup>225</sup> I have not traced this letter.

Scarlet Abomination. I only send you now a hasty greeting, and am <sup>216</sup> your friend in all hands.

W M T.

1003.

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

1 SEPTEMBER 1853

Hitherto unpublished.

September 1.

My dearest Mammy. I made free to open Eliza's letter, as that lady has gone on a visit to the country just as we are come back. We arrived yesterday post haste from Frankfort, where Anny's Heidelberg letter was put in the post: and where I was laid up for 3 days with an attack of I dont know what dyecallems beginning uncommonly like the affair 3 or 4 years ago: <sup>217</sup> but ending more happily and quickly than that. I think I had been working too hard or it was too hot or something I am well now or all but thank God: and hope to be with you at Paris before very long. The girls wanted to come to London, or I think I should have left them with you en passant: & come to do my business by myself. I wrote you at Aix did you get the letter? and am writing now for your letters to Baden — for w<sup>h</sup> I didnt send until now, not knowing my movements until 1/2 an hour before they took place. It has been a good tour: though my mind was so bent on my work that I scarcely saw the mountains over my head. I wrote about Pauline, and she will no Doubt be best to go on with: while we stay near you — If that apartment next to yours can be had reasonable, I would like that: and we could make common kitchen — If not, the Rue Ponthieu I suppose — I want to try and see the French world for a month or two: and make a regular business of it: then to see the artists and Rome: and so forth struggling & scheming you see always. I am come out to dine by myself: & have left the girls with kind

<sup>216</sup> The letter thus far is in Thackeray's slanting hand; the last few words are in his upright hand.

<sup>217</sup> See above, No. 628.



little M<sup>rs</sup> Synge. Mary never called on her as I begged her: but I suppose her domestic griefs give her good reason.

I have just arranged with R. Doyle to do the pictures for my new book: and now that is agreed on feel almost sorry I am not to do them myself: but it will be a great weight off my mind and I can now move about Whithersumever I will. Bon Dieu how dreary Kensington looks! My little lodger passes all day alone there cheerily waiting for her husband who does not return till 7 or 8. She will have a little companion soon <sup>218</sup> though, to judge by signs outward & visible. She and the girls get on very well together. Every body likes them thank God — and Anny's happiness and pleasedness and good-humour soothe and charm away my weary old blue devils. Pray God she may continue in that cheery mood always! —

I have written 12 letters to day and should not have touched a pen by rights — I send the draft: and my love to my dearest Mammy & G P. Whom please God I shall see very soon.

W M T.

1004.

TO LADY MOLESWORTH

6 SEPTEMBER 1853

Hitherto unpublished.

Brighton. Wednesday.

September 6.

My dear Lady Molesworth.

Thank you very much for the kindest of invitations. Indeed I would be delighted to come to you; but stern Duty keeps me here or close to London. I am bringing a new book out: and I am just recovering from a feverkin: and I love my daughters who are without a governess and whom I can't leave for more than a day. And I know what you are going to say kindly — 'Bring those young folks too.' But it's not good to bring young girls out pre-

<sup>218</sup> The Synge's first child, Robert Follett Synge (d. 1920), later (1919) K. C. M. G., was born on December 8, 1853.

maturely. They are a *gêne* to grown people in country houses, & I can't think of asking my friends to accept me with my young incumbrances. We had a famous tour in Switzerland: but the end thereof was not so pleasant I got a smart fever at Frankfort and am only just getting rid of the effects of the languor and subsequent debility. Do you remember what a kind letter you wrote me when I was ill before? I do: and that's why not very many months ago (on occasion of the famous tooth ache), I was hurt that you should think I could be otherwise than grateful and pleased to come to such a kind friend. What with my business, and my illness I have seen nobody: but lurk about eating a solitary mutton chop at a club and going to bed at 9 o'clock. Friend Elliotson — it is satisfactory to state — says I am all right; and is gone away to Switzerland himself for a holyday. Your party sounds uncommonly pleasant: I would give a whole guinea a day to come: but duty is duty and I am, you see, forced to say no.

We are going to Paris presently for 2 or 3 months; and hope to spend Xmas and a month or two afterward at Rome. Thank you for thinking of me: and believe me always most sincerely yours

W M Thackeray.

1005.

TO BRYAN WALLER PROCTER  
SEPTEMBER 1853

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript given to Lady Ritchie by George Murray Smith.

Kensington.

Monday. 1853.

My dear Procter,

I am so sorry to think that t'other day when I was at Brighton, I might have seen you and didn't. They only told me afterwards at your house how you were all away. I came back from Switzerland ailing and took my complaints to the Club, Brighton, where I often have left them before.

I shall value the books <sup>219</sup> very much, my dear old friend, and the picture of the giver. Shall I come down and see you tomorrow or next day? I daresay I will. We are off again very soon for two or three months at Paris, and then for four or five at Rome. I can go where I like now there are no pictures to do, and there was more than one good reason for giving Doyle that job.<sup>220</sup> But the chief reason was — well if you can serve your friend and yourself too, aren't you lucky?

I wonder whether that is true about Mr Fielding? I think he had brutalized <sup>221</sup> his life and his intellect suffered by the bad women's company he kept: but haven't we sometimes laughed at Macready for being jealous of the memory of Garrick?

I read Don Quixote nearly through when I was away. What a vitality in those two characters! What gentlemen they both are! I wish Don Quixote was not thrashed so very often. There are sweet pastoralities through the book, and that piping of shepherds and pretty sylvan ballet which dances always round the principal figures is delightfully pleasant to me — it would kill any book now to make it so long, and introduce all those long fantastic processions interludes and the like. Also I read in Tacitus leisurely with an uncommonly good French translation and began to read Monte Christo at six one morning and never stopped till eleven at night.

I hope I shall come tomorrow to Brighton, and to tea at half past seven or so at Bedford Square.

Always yours,

W. M. Thackeray.

<sup>219</sup> No doubt the two volumes of Procter's *Essays and Tales in Prose*, the preface to which is dated October 13, 1852. A portrait of Procter serves as frontispiece to this work.

<sup>220</sup> Doyle's quarrel with *Punch* had made him eager for commissions of any sort, and he must have been particularly pleased to receive such a plum as illustrating *The Newcomes*.

<sup>221</sup> Lady Ritchie's transcript reads *beautified*.

1006.

TO MRS. PROCTER  
23 SEPTEMBER 1853<sup>222</sup>

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript given Lady Ritchie by George Murray Smith.

Brighton & Sussex Club,  
1853

Goodbye, my dear Mrs Procter. I think I had best go to London and gather my people together and cross the water. I shall be in London no doubt twice or thrice before the march upon Rome, and here and there and everywhere am,

Yours,  
W. M. T.

1007.

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH  
23 SEPTEMBER 1853

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> Carmichael Smyth. | 19. Rue d'Angoulême St Honoré | Paris.  
*Postmarks:* 1853 23 SP, SEPT. 53 PARIS. Published in part, *Thackeray and his Daughter*, pp. 58-59.

Saturday.

My dearest Mammy. I only got last night the last proof-sheets of No 1 of the Newcomes: Doyle has been 3 weeks doing the engravings and they are not so good as mine now they are done. And I have been delayed by Governesses, and this m<sup>rs</sup> comes a letter w<sup>h</sup> may defer the Roman trip altogether a proposal from a publisher to edit Horace Walpoles letters w<sup>h</sup> is just the sort of work I should like — such as would keep me at home pleasantly employed some evenings and pottering over old volumes — (I'm flying from pen to pen to see w<sup>h</sup> will answer best) of old biographies & histories. When the Imaginative work is over, that is the kind of occupation I often propose to myself for my old age. This and the Governess business may keep me 3 or 4 or 6 days more. But dont please be disquieted on my score. The little trip to Brighton always braces

<sup>222</sup> See below, Appendix XIV, 23 September 1853.

and benefits me. If I dared to have 3 houses at a time I would have taken a lodging there for a fortnight. My good nature has kept me out of a fortnights work here, for my lodgers, the best of people, put me out of my way, and I can't write for them.

The girls especially Minny want a woman always with them. Three hours a day of Miss Colmache isn't enough. There came a Gerwoman the other day: well enough recommended as times go. But I found I couldn't live with her. There are some people, ever so many, shut me up or drive me to my own room and this would be one: and I must send her a congé and look elsewhere. Now that the Roman trip is doubtful the Governess is not so necessary perhaps — the Girls will have Pauline in the morning, & my dear old Mammy other times: but I wanted to try somebody at Paris before embarking on the Italian journey with them. If I don't go — we may look about and wait a little.

We had a pleasant little journey to Oxfordshire did the children tell you? — and as for that Brighton it's wonderful how it seems to answer with me. I found myself longing to get to work: and wrote a ballad <sup>223</sup> there. Day before yesterday, with quite a juvenile pluck. As for appetite it is quite marvellous how that grows there. I wonder is Kensington unwholesome, or is it only fancy on my part?

Charles has been hunting all over the house for fancied goods of his what a strange mania! We have seen the poor Brookfields and the moral I have come to is 'Thou shalt not pity thy neighbour's wife'. Keep out of his Harem; & it is the better for you & him. I send you a line only to tell you that I'm quite well: we shall let the Emperor go through Boulogne before we land there: and then may we have a couple of nice months with my dear old G P & Mother.

W M T.

Have you got a servant for us? We liked Catherine very much & as she knows a little English all the better. Eliza is spoiling Charles, & the whole house here with 2 masters at sixes and sevens.

<sup>223</sup> "The Organ Boy's Appeal," *Punch*, October 1, p. 141.

[For fragments of a letter to the Rev. William Brookfield, 24 September, 1853, see letter 38, Appendix XXVI.]

1008.

TO MRS. BAXTER  
27 SEPTEMBER 1853

Address: M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter | 286 Second Avenue | New York. | via Southampton.  
Postmark: 27 SP 1853. Published in part, *American Family*, pp. 91-95.  
Original in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library, envelope owned by Mr. Beyer.

September 27, 1853.

I cant hope to answer all three kind letters to day, my dear M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter, but Mamma ought to have a word of thanks & acknowledgment, and here it is written at the last hour as usual from the haunt <sup>224</sup> of myself and other old fogies who are beginning to people the place again with their old white heads and pink faces. — We get rosy about the gills in this country with old age, whereas in your country old gentlefolks take — another colour. Poor Sarah writes me a long nice kind dismal letter confirming your melancholy accounts of her — She says she looks old and withered and all her beauty is gone. My dear I should like very much to see. I met Mildmay yesterday who asked have I heard from N.Y. and is Sarah going to be married? and he laughed. But he came very eagerly across the street after me and I am not so silly as to suppose it was to know about *my* health he passed the crossing. Humphrey inherits a great property by his fathers death <sup>225</sup> — I forget how much Sturgis said, but something like 15000£ a year, and Bingham no doubt comes in for a handsome portion. But I have said my say that I would rather see your young woman located in a wigwam than mistress of a house in May Fair where no love was — and dont think I should ever forgive her if she married Bing. How sorry I am I didn't see young Bleaker. — and Libbie, has not

<sup>224</sup> No doubt the Athenæum Club.

<sup>225</sup> Humphrey St. John Mildmay, father of Humphrey and Henry Bingham, died on August 9, 1853.

Libby a young man? I feel like a sort of great grand Uncle to all those girls.

We I & mine have just been into the City buying things for our trip to France & Italy — plated forks & spoons not liking to take our valuable and ancient plate — Next year at this time or when the equinoxious gales are over (they have been blowing hurricanoes these 3 days) shall we be thinking of crossing to America? Who knows what Fate has in store for us between this & then? I am awaiting the end of this day with a queer sort of feeling — this day week I dreamed I met an Uncle of mine <sup>226</sup> whom I had not seen for a long time, & after talking about America together I agreed to dine with him to day. Now my Uncle has been dead these 12 years and if I dine with him? It would be a funny dream if it came true and what a paragraph it w<sup>d</sup> make in the paper! I have just sent the girls home in a Hansom Cab to their huge delight, and stop on the way to scribble this two-penny gossip to New York. We agree that the pictures M<sup>r</sup> Doyle is doing for my book, are not so good as my own — What would life be without grumbling? I trust my dear friend that if you know me for a hundred years to come you will never find me otherwise than good-natured & discontented.

I have been twice to look for the friend who is to advise me about your husbands law suit but he is not forthcoming — all the lawyers are away just now. The girls & I were just come from my law-chambers, <sup>227</sup> in Lamb Court opposite Mess<sup>rs</sup> Warrington & Pendennis who are as real barristers as I am. Events in Europe look so very glumly that I doubt if we shall get to Italy There is going to be a great quarrel with Tuscany apropos of their putting this young tract & Bible distributor into prison — We have a grudge against the Pope a grudge against the Austrians a war perhaps with Russia at this moment — the Lord deliver us well out of these possible and probable evils — but if that last inevitable tremendous war w<sup>d</sup> must come some day sh<sup>d</sup> begin tomorrow afternoon at 2.30 or any other time or day I shouldn't be surprized; and my daughters must come out and live on the S Michigan Railway.

<sup>226</sup> Francis Thackeray, who died in 1842.

<sup>227</sup> See above, No. 673, note 215.

This twaddle and slipslop might find its way into the fire instead of the bag of the Hermann tomorrow (I see the great white bags flumped down on the deck) but if it tells nothing else it tells of affection and kind memory of dear friends w<sup>h</sup> please God I shall always keep as long as my name is so & so. One walks straight away from this busy world back into your's and I see the old room and sit in the yellow arm chair and taste the old welcome dinner and wine, and look at the girls and Wyly quite quiet by his father and hear a wonderful remark from George. God bless them all  
says Yours dear M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter most sincerely W M T.

And M<sup>rs</sup> Snelling <sup>228</sup> just let us run across the Avenue and say How do you do M<sup>rs</sup> Snelling? How do you do all & Goodbye.

1009.

TO LORD HOLLAND

OCTOBER 1853

Hitherto unpublished.

67 Champs Élysées Thursday.

My dear Lord Holland

I am engaged to dine with Lord Howden to day, or I should have been delighted to dine with you — I think I shall knock at your door at Naples before very long: & two nights I have been to look at Lady Holland's windows hoping that I might find you at home; but there were no lights. Tomorrow Jules Janin and J. Lemoigne of the *Journal des Debats* dine with me at the Cabaret. Have you ever met J J? He is the most wonderful company more amusing than 20 vaudevilles but only to be heard to advantage at a bachelors party — before ladies as mute as a fish.

Our rendezvous is at the Rotonde in the P. Royal at 6 o'clock punctually. If you can come to hear him chirp over his cups I know you will be amused. Do say yes, & be for once the guest of

Yours very sincerely

W M Thackeray.

<sup>228</sup> Mrs. Baxter's sister and the wife of Andrew S. Snelling, a broker with offices at 49 Wall Street. The Snellings lived at 96 East 21st Street. (*New York Directory*, 1853-1854)



1010.

TO EYRE CROWE  
13 OCTOBER 1853*Address:* Eyre Crowe Esq. &c &c Hitherto unpublished.

October 13.

My dear Eyre.

Since you were here this morning Maria has been over, and announces that it is my Mother's birthday and she wants the girls to spend the evening with her. Of course they forget all about their engagement with Professor Crowe and leave the house without so much as a message of excuse to you. Coming home to dress I hear of the omission and apologize for these incorrigible little scapegraces. Look in tomorrow or next morning, will you, on the way to the Louvre?

Yrs

WMT.

1011. TO LIBBY STRONG AND LUCY BAXTER

17-18 OCTOBER-3 NOVEMBER 1853 <sup>229</sup>Published in *American Family*, pp. 184-189.

Somewhere in October &amp; November.

Paris. 1853.

My dear little birds. There is no use in getting out of temper and scolding and rating me in that way. I know very well that I owe you a letter: and that you are going about saying to everybody Why doesn't Mr Thackeray answer us? Weren't we very kind to him? Didn't we make him some brandy-peaches and pickled-walnuts (I just think how clever it would have been had I said pandy-breaches and wickled-palnuts ho ho ho! You will kill me with laughing if you go on in that way!) Didn't he kiss us both when he went away (*now* you are caught. I have put this in just in order that you mayn't show the letter. You daren't now. I defy you).

<sup>229</sup> Thackeray arrived in Paris on October 4. This letter was begun thirteen days later, continued the following day, and finished on November 3, when Thackeray wrote two other letters to the Baxters.

And we write to him the prettiest little letters, and we always think kindly of him, and he owes us a letter this ever so long! — O you little absurd birds! (I wish I could hear you pronounce them 2 woerds absuerd buerds in your New York tone! You are sitting on one perch and I will knock you both down with one little stone.

I think I have told you all the news in the preceding page and you may rely upon every word I have said as correct. I was so glad to hear from Mamma, I mean Mother I mean Aunt Anna, that you were both married and living in great comfort in Fifty Sixth Street — I don't like Libbie's marrying a pastry cook but *que voulez vous?* We have our prejudices in Europe: when my youngest girl was married to the black footman I was for a long time inconsolable but the little tawny graces of my infantile grandson have reconciled me to his mother's choice and the bandy legs and woolly head of his father.

Do you know what all this is about? Well I will tell you. My daughters & I are going out to tea with their Granny. We went to dress together. I mean at the same time you know I am in that elegant coat & waistcoat *que vous savez* — the very garments — and I thought I would begin a letter to you, and write a little stuff-and-nonsense until they were ready. Here they are. Away we go to tea. Good night Mesdemoiselles L.L.

We have been here for a fortnight — this is written the next morning you know) — And I don't know whether we shall make out our visit to Rome this winter. It is always a hard matter to get a family on the march — the botheration of moving — the tears of Grandmother &c. I wish the girls would let me go by myself for a month, & they w<sup>d</sup> but they wouldn't forgive me afterwards. I don't know that Paris is very pleasant. I know 2, 3, 4 distinct sets of people, and between them all cant see anyone comfortably. The best way is to do as at New York, go to nobody, only to one house, say a brown one at the Corner of a street, and neglect all the rest of the world. Did I tell you that I have bought a pretty little house at Brompton? <sup>230</sup> look-

<sup>230</sup> Thackeray lived at 36 Onslow Square, Brompton, from May, 1854, till March, 1862.

ing into a very pretty square (Onslow Sq<sup>e</sup>) — the girls are to have a floor to themselves and a little bath-room. I know where I got the hint of the bath-room: and we shall give up old Kensington and go and live there. But the house is not so roomy as Kensington. I can only make out at the most 2 spare bed rooms. I got your Mother's letter yesterday: and I went right away to see for M<sup>rs</sup> Bayley but she is gone. Two nights ago at the theatre I saw the fat face of an old acquaintance from Providence R. I. Creighton isn't his name? a podgy little dandy. I was glad to set eyes on him. People from your country whom I knew there cant understand I daresay, how glad I am to see them. What makes me like it so? — the Brown House, and one or two more — but the B. H. most of all.

Yesterday (This is written weeks and weeks after the other part) me and the gals, went to Fountainebleau; and the wind blows fair for Rome now I think. I shall be glad to be on the move again, so as to be quiet. Do you know that when we were in that pleasant forest yesterday, and walking through those trim old gardens all carpeted with red leaves and admiring that quaint old palace, I often wished for some young ladies? Corbin gave us a grand dinner last Saturday. He had a Lord on each side of him and the whole feast was very splendid: and Bancroft Davis has just arrived and I see your compatriots flaunting about everywhere in grand barouches with splendid livery-menials and cockayds in their hats — & I wish I wish for you girls that's the truth — No one has such good tea — such good peaches — such good walnuts — Why isn't Second Avenue next door that I might leave my books and papers and step in where I know I should be welcome if it was only to talk nonsense like this

Good bye young ladies accept my respectful salutations  
Remember me to Aunt Snelling & to George & to Wyllie and  
so Good B.

WMT

1012.

TO MRS. BAXTER

3 NOVEMBER 1853

My text is taken from *American Family*, pp. 95-97.

Maison Valin, Champs Elysees

3 November, 1853

My dear Mrs. Baxter: I have been a long time without sending de nos nouvelles to the Brown House. What with pleasure business many relatives I am scarce master of my own time here. Now I must walk with the children, now I must go and see my old parents, now the sun shines so provokingly that its impossible to remain at home — so the day passes, and old friends do not get their proper share of it. It has been a busy month since we arrived here — on 4 October I see by Sarah's little pocket-book <sup>231</sup> — w<sup>h</sup> gives me many a recollection dismal and pleasant — There is Jan 18, Philadelphia, Lecture III. I remember the people were all kept waiting whilst I finished certain rhymes to "born". There's New York, April 15 and on that day the only entry is Lu. What can that mean? and 5 days after comes "Left New York by Europa" and then England & then Paris & then Germany & Switzerland, and England and Paris again — Soon it will be Rome most probably. What a number of places and agitation of life! I begin to feel most tranquillity of mind in a railway carriage now; and retirement in an inn. Certainly here the place does n't favor industry — Anny & I have been only able to compose one number of the *Newcomes* <sup>232</sup> all this month — I'm leaving off writing now altogether — and have sat many a day for hours with the paper before me and not been able to invent 6 lines. Is n't this paper abominable? I have no other. Miss Anny in her great handwriting has used up all the good paper for the *Newcomes*. I wish there were reams of it so covered . . . And now I am at an end of this blotting paper: and my dear Mrs. Baxter's affectionate friend always

W. M. T.

<sup>231</sup> Thackeray's diary for 1853. See Appendix XIV.

<sup>232</sup> Number V, chapters 13 to 16.

1013.

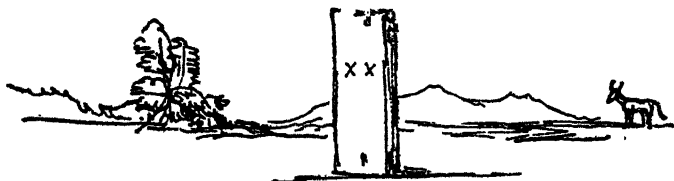
TO SARAH BAXTER

3 NOVEMBER 1853<sup>233</sup>

My text is taken from *American Family*, pp. 98-102.

Paris, Nov., 1853

As Miss Sarah is only to have one side of paper, we must have recourse to the tight upright hand, and you will see Miss, by counting the letters that you have quite as much as you send me. I have been writing to your mother and the girls until I feel quite New York sick. There's no merit in liking you — no more than in liking peaches or pickled walnuts — its because I cant help myself you see, I daresay I've told you so a thousand times over.



*Sketch by Thackeray for Miss Sarah Baxter's Birthday, Representing the Twentieth Milestone on the Road of Life, with the Artist in the Distance*

Every honest man repeats himself continually. If a man does not, be on you guard against him, as he is on himself. Three days ago dining with my Aunt I thought this day 12 months I was coasting Wales on my way out to America, and I filled a glass, Miss, & drank to some people's health silently swallowing the wine & sentiment. I think when I come back to New York I shan't come and see you any more. It would be the best way, depend on it. We have had such a good time *Wir haben uns alle so Lieb*<sup>234</sup> that we shall never be able to beat it. You won't

<sup>233</sup> This was the third letter that Thackeray wrote to the Baxters on November 3.

<sup>234</sup> An echo of August von Kotzebue's "Trost beim Scheiden":

Wir sitzen so fröhlich beisamen,  
Wir haben uns alle so lieb,  
Wir heitern einander das Leben:  
Ach, wenn es doch immer so blieb!

Cf. F. M. Böhme, *Volkstümliche Lieder der Deutschen im 18ten und 19ten Jahrhundert* (Leipzig, 1895), p. 248.

like me with my hair dyed I know and I have grown so fat it is quite awful — then you write that you are so old and changed! At thine age, friendess, that conceives itself well. At twenty years one is no longer young in your climates, and when one has had so much of griefs!

What is it that makes you miserable? I wish I could hear. On a certain subject you told me I was not to write to you. It's that one I suppose. Now that I am thousands of miles away from them, I opine that the tears of twenty years dry up very quickly. . . . A girl I was very fond of asked me once for advice about a matrimonial matter, and whether she should take an old gentleman whom she only esteemed, and I gave her what do you think for advice? — None: that's a case in w<sup>h</sup> no doctor can prescribe & the patient only can determine. She ended by marrying another man whom she esteemed and they have children of course and I believe they are very happy as times go — But what idle talking! each case is different from every other.

I think I have nothing to tell you, and this is a very stupid letter. Last week I went to a ball given by the young men of our Embassy to all sorts of wonderful people of the Theatres, Operas &c — the &c is awful — Such toilettes, such dancing! such wicked, happy, careless, beautiful folks! It was curious to see them; & I am glad I went — It was for the first time in my life that I saw the thing, which was as correct as one of your balls or ours for all I could see — & the women, O the beautiful dresses and daring gaiety! Corbin had a dinner the same day of heavy American and British company, from w<sup>h</sup> I went to the young men's party. And I have given some restaurateur-feasts myself w<sup>h</sup> have been tolerably pleasant having a notion to make Punch pay for them by a series of Gastronomic articles<sup>235</sup> — and I have been racketting about as usual: getting now and then a day to myself away from fashionable gossip from family gossip qui n'est guère moins supportable: and I have had some capital days and walks with my girls the sight of whose happiness makes me

<sup>235</sup> These articles were never written.

happy. Shall I write you a pleasanter letter soon? next week? tomorrow? This is not one — only to say <sup>236</sup> that I am

Yours sincerely always

W. M. T.

This is a postscript written in a hurry — to pray your good father not to mind the awful price of this letter w<sup>h</sup> it is too late to pay it w<sup>h</sup> it is written in the office of a newspaper correspondent with 6 people talking round about. I have just come out of the height of good society, Lady Cowley,<sup>237</sup> Lady Sandwich, Lady Waldegrave, Lord Bath and here's quite another set, and a pleasanter perhaps — C. C. Clifford<sup>238</sup> is related to the Duke of Devonshire — with the bar sinister, a very worthy good young man. I don't know Lefevre — the Speaker's son <sup>239</sup> I suppose — I didn't see Hatty.<sup>240</sup> I only care for Hatty "on fire" and a few, very few more. . . . I wish I was where this letter is a going. It wasn't worth while to keep the letter open for these fadaises, was it? What compliments you have got to paying me of late! — I went and got your last letter and read it over before I came out. Hence all these little remarks. I had quite forgotten the compliments: but not you Mademoiselle whose gift pocket-book is very near full now, & the year run over & a deal of care and pleasure with it. Farewell and God bless you all. Write

<sup>236</sup> *American Family* reads *see*.

<sup>237</sup> The former Olivia Cecilia Fitzgerald de Ros (1807–1885), who had married Henry Richard Wellesley (1804–1884), second Baron Cowley and later (1857) first Earl Cowley, in 1833. Lord Cowley was Ambassador to France from 1852 until 1867.

<sup>238</sup> Charles Cavendish Clifford (1821–1895), later (1892) fourth Baronet, who was private secretary to Lord Palmerston from 1850 to 1857, M. P. for the Isle of Wight from 1857 to 1865, and M. P. for Newport from 1870 to 1885.

<sup>239</sup> Charles Shaw-Lefevre (1794–1888), later (1857) first Viscount Eversley of Heckfield, who was Speaker of the House of Commons from 1839 to 1857, had no surviving sons. Thackeray probably refers to George John Shaw-Lefevre (1831–1928), later (1906) first Baron Eversley of Old Ford, the son of a younger brother of the Speaker.

<sup>240</sup> Hatty Elliot.

1853

TO GEORGE BANCROFT

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me soon; if directly I shall have the letter before I go to Rome — where and elsewhere I shall always remember S.S.B. . . . Ajew. Ajew. . . .

1014.

TO GEORGE BANCROFT

18 NOVEMBER 1853

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript in the Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

London

18 November

1853.

My dear Bancroft,

My friend Mr. S. Lawrence is the bearer of this note: and I recommend him to your good offices during his stay in New York. You have a specimen of his handy-work in the portrait of the undersigned. I think Lawrence is the best drawer of heads since Van Dyke; and recommend him to a gentleman who has an eye to appreciate good art and who knows: perhaps a head to be drawn by a good artist. Lawrence has done all the philosophers and literary men here Carlyle Dickens F. Maurice Kingsley Ashburton, Monteagle que scais je? Every body who knows him likes and respects him and I beg you and Mrs. Bancroft to receive him only half as kindly as you received

Yours always sincerely

W M Thackeray

I am here in London for a day or two, and hope to pass the winter in Rome. We spoke of you at the Molesworths yesterday, and you have no idea how good-natured the world has grown. Shouldn't you like to be going to dine where I am today at the Colonial Secretary's 17 Portman Square? <sup>241</sup> I know you would,

<sup>241</sup> The town house of Henry Pelham Clinton, fifth Duke of Newcastle, was located at 17 Portman Square (*Royal Blue Book*, 1851). He was Secretary for War and Colonies in the Earl of Aberdeen's cabinet from December, 1852, until June, 1854.



though you say not. And how I should like to be coming to dine with you! I know there would be two pretty {girls} I beg pardon ladies, Miss Bruce perhaps one, Mrs. Charles Strong another and that would make 3. I am sure I shall [be] rushing over suddenly some day, as suddenly as I fled — and if ever there came back from the United States a traveller who speaks & thinks more gratefully of his friends there than I do — why I guess I should like to see that man.

I send my very best regards to Mrs. Bancroft and am Yours always my dear Bancroft most sincerely

W M Thackeray

1015.

TO GEORGE TICKNOR

18 NOVEMBER 1853

Hitherto unpublished.

London.

My dear M<sup>r</sup> Ticknor

November 18. 1853.

My friend M<sup>r</sup> S. Lawrence goes to take portraits in America and I do think him the most able designer of a head almost since Vandyke. He has done numberless of the Literati, political and scientific people, college dignitaries and the like in this country, is esteemed and liked wherever he goes; and I recommend him to your good offices when he comes to Boston. His voyage gives me an opportunity of shaking a hand or two of kind friends across the water. I send my heartiest remembrances to M<sup>rs</sup> Ticknor & your daughters. I wonder will it be very long before I sit in that library again, with that good supper and talk afterwards, or in the morning-room with the piano and the winter outside?

I am going to pass my Christmas at Rome but next Xmas, who knows what may happen? I should like to spend a night or two of it at your fireside and see some faces that I shall be very glad indeed to behold again by that hospitable light.

I send kind greetings to any one who remembers me and am always my dear M<sup>r</sup> Ticknor

W M Thackeray.

1016.

TO GEORGE BAXTER

18 NOVEMBER 1853

Hitherto unpublished.

18 November. 1853.

My dear Baxter,

My friend Mr S. Lawrence is the bearer of this, and I know you will all be kind to him for the sake of the lovely youth whose picture he painted and who is (. . .) <sup>242</sup>

How well Lawrence would draw you! My dear Mrs Baxter, you must insist upon having your husbands head taken off — and you young ladies do your utmost to make the good little painter happy. He has an immense family is one of the best of creatures, and O how I wish I was going to see the faces and hear the voices w<sup>h</sup> he will see (and hear. . . .) <sup>243</sup>

Off to Paris tomorrow then to Rome. <sup>244</sup>

1017.

TO JOHN THADDEUS DELANE <sup>245</sup>

22 NOVEMBER 1853

My text is taken from *The Times*, November 23, 1853.

### TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir, — Allow me a word of explanation in answer to a strange charge which has been brought against me in the United States, and which your New York correspondent has made public in this country. <sup>246</sup>

<sup>242</sup> A small part of the page, which evidently contained a drawing, has here been cut away.

<sup>243</sup> The last words of this sentence and Thackeray's signature were on the other side of the fragment cut away.

<sup>244</sup> In *American Family* (p. 97) this sentence is printed by mistake as a postscript to Thackeray's letter to Mrs. Baxter of November 3.

<sup>245</sup> Delane (1817–1879) was editor of *The Times* from 1841 till 1877 and a good friend of Thackeray's later years.

<sup>246</sup> "Severe strictures have been passed upon Mr. Thackeray for saying, in speaking of a certain event that occurred, 'when Mr. Washington was heading

In the first number of a periodical story which I am now publishing appears a sentence in which I should never have thought of finding any harm until it had been discovered by some critics over the water. The fatal words are these:—

“When pigtails grew on the backs of British gentry, and their wives wore cushions on their heads, over which they tied their own hair, and disguised it with powder and pomatum; when Ministers went in their stars and orders to the House of Commons, and the orators of the Opposition attacked nightly the noble lord in the blue riband; when Mr. Washington was heading the American rebels with a courage, it must be confessed, worthy of a better cause, — there came to London, out of a northern county, Mr.,” <sup>247</sup> &c.

This paragraph has been interpreted in America as an insult to Washington and the whole Union; and, from the sadness and gravity with which your correspondent quotes certain of my words, it is evident he, too, thinks they have an insolent and malicious meaning.

Having published the American critic’s comment, permit the author of a faulty sentence to say what he did mean, and to add the obvious moral of the apologue which has been so oddly construed. I am speaking of a young apprentice coming to London

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the American rebels with a courage, it must be confessed, worthy of a better cause.’ It was hoped that a man of so much perception and sagacity as Mr. Thackeray has had credit for would have avoided any of those offensive flings which have too often appeared in the works of foreign writers when speaking of the United States. That single passage lost Mr. Thackeray a great many friends in America, and they were friends who admired his genius, but who love their country a great deal better than him, or any other writer. Nor is it supposed that such expressions fall gratefully on the ears of intelligent Englishmen. These things may seem very trivial to an author who writes voluminously, but no Englishman who is looking for lasting fame among the Anglo-Saxon race would forget that already the majority of his readers are found on this side of the Atlantic; and writers who have their eye fixed upon the future should, above all others, remember that in a humane and enlightened age like this, any disrespectful or malignant word dropped against an entire nation will ‘return to plague its inventor.’” (*Times*, November 22)

<sup>247</sup> *Works*, VIII, 13. These words remained unchanged when *The Newcomes* was published in book form.

between the years 1770-80, and want to depict a few figures of the last century. (The illustrated head-letter of the chapter was intended to represent Hogarth's industrious apprentice.) I fancy the old society with its hoops and powder — Barré or Fox thundering at Lord North asleep on the Treasury-bench — the news-readers at the coffee-room talking over the paper, and owning that this Mr. Washington, who was leading the rebels, was a very courageous soldier, and worthy of a better cause than fighting against King George. The images are at least natural and pretty consecutive. 1776 — the people of London in '76 — the Lords and House of Commons in '76 — Lord North — Washington — what the people thought about Washington, — I am thinking about '76. Where, in the name of common sense, is the insult to 1853? The satire, if satire there be, applies to us at home, who called Washington "Mr. Washington;" as we called Frederick the Great "the Protestant Hero," or Napoleon "the Corsican Tyrant" or "General Bonaparte." Need I say that our officers were instructed (until they were taught better manners) to call Washington "Mr. Washington?" and that the Americans were called rebels during the whole of that contest? Rebels! — of course they were rebels; and I should like to know what native American would not have been a rebel in that cause?

As irony is dangerous, and has hurt the feelings of kind friends whom I would not wish to offend, let me say, in perfect faith and gravity, that I think the cause for which Washington fought entirely just and right, and the Champion the very noblest, purest, bravest, best of God's men.

I am, Sir, your very faithful servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.

Athenaeum, Nov. 22.

1018.

TO ANNE THACKERAY

22 NOVEMBER 1853

*Address:* Miss Thackeray. | Maison Valin. Champs Elysées 67. | Paris. *Post-*  
*marks:* 22 NO 1853, 23 NOV. 53 CALAIS. Hitherto unpublished.

Tuesday.

My darling women

I am kept for a day or two more by illfuelza, by my proofs, by a newspaper controversy all of w<sup>h</sup> let us hope will be ended by Thursday evening. & on SUNDAY evening we will all set off (D V.) to be in time for Marseilles & Rome.

God bless Granny & G P. My cold has been bad but much better.

W M T.

1019.

TO ?

24 NOVEMBER 1853

Hitherto unpublished.

Thursday

24 Nov<sup>r</sup>

Dear Sir

I leave town this very day and shall be away until Easter — or I should have had much pleasure in complying with the wish expressed in your kind note. When I return to London, pray be so good as to call upon me & believe me

Very faithfully yours

W M Thackeray

1020.

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

30 NOVEMBER 1853

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> Carmichael Smyth | 19 Rue d'Angoulême St Honoré | Paris.  
*Postmarks:* MARSEILLES 30 NOV. 53, PARIS 2 DEC. 53. Hitherto unpublished.

My dearest Mammy. Just a little word on the cover.<sup>248</sup> I suppose the girls give the events. We go to day at 4, steam all night stop at Genoa at Leghorn a day each, reach C. Vecchia early on Saturday mg. The sea is as calm as Putney. The weather glorious. Whilst I was dictating to Anny at Lyons, Minny took & mended her stockings. It was a bitter cold journey & now all is Summer again. God bless my dearest old G P & mother prays  
 W M T.

Marseilles. 30 Nov<sup>r</sup>

1021.

FROM ANNE THACKERAY

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

30 NOVEMBER 1853

Hitherto unpublished.

My darling Granie & G P this is at Marseilles on Tuesday morning,<sup>249</sup> at least I think its Tuesday, but I have lost all idea of time now its the 30<sup>th</sup> That I know for we are going by the boat in two hours. I cant say we have liked our Journey very much I have but not Papa. Its been so bitterly cold coming down the Rhone in the steamer, But Lyons I thought the most beautiful of cities. It really is jolly we slept there the first night or the second I dont know a bit O yes it was the 2<sup>d</sup> & came down again to Avignon yesterday, & from there in the railr<sup>d</sup> at night to here where we have slept very sound indeed. Papas cough

<sup>248</sup> This note is written inside the flap of the envelope which encloses the letters which follow from Annie and Minnie to Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth.

<sup>249</sup> The journey to Marseilles is described at greater length in *Chapters*, pp. 167-169.

is almost quite gone, Isnt it queer notwithstanding the biting cold wind all the way, perhaps it was G P's medicine. We came with the most splendid Turks & some Spaniards with 30 pieces of luggage, and about 17 great boxes like some of those at Kensington. Tell Pauline how we walked upon the Pont d'Avignon wasnt it queer that its the most splendid vu f<sup>m</sup> it. Av: with its towers & palaces built on a hill & the river meandering away There are the most beautiful old ruined castles all along the river but I am sorry to say I was so cold that I liked being down stairs even better than looking at them. On Sh[ipboar]d it was horribly stupid with nothing to do but look at the people asleep or read Murray, for 20 hours that isnt very good fun. The best of all was getting into the steamer by torch light at Lyons There was such a fair & such screaming & jostling. Goodbye my dearest dears Pa Grannie would you write a few words to Brodie I forgot it before I went. Give my love to Everybody. God bless you.

P S Min has told about the :E G:

1022.

FROM HARRIET THACKERAY  
TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH  
30 NOVEMBER 1853

Hitherto unpublished.

My dearest Grannie I hope you & G P are quite well To day we are to go to the steamer which is to take us to Italy so I suppose we shant be able to write to you till Rome I hope you got back safely to G P after the excursion of the Cap we had a long journey that first day we went to Challons & got there at four then we went on to the Lyons boat & got there at one then at six the next morning we went on the boat again till we came to Avignon which seemed a beautiful Place then we got in a railway & got here at half past ten, & I think we will go at 12 today, this seems a very nice town with a great many Turks, we traveled with three but they didnt smell very nice how sick I shall be when this reaches you you will think of us over

1853

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

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three basons. Papas Cough is wonderfully better I think he hardly Coughed once yesterday. Poor Charles had an axident yesterday we went into a place to dine & Charles was to come too but we went in & had some soup & Charles never came so Papa thought it was modesty & we found him outside he said he had tumbled into a hole & had cut his clothes we are in a very nice inn & look on the water if you see Amy & Pauline or Laura or Maria give them my love, Papas gone out to take the Places do you know that Anny left her eyeglass behind I hope it was found the Rhone was very pretty at the end but it was so cold it is very warm here & we have got our window open, I suppose you will write at Rome Give my love to G.P. the Turks have got such queer peticoats on & Garters Good bye y<sup>r</sup> affectionate

Minny

30<sup>th</sup> december <sup>250</sup> 1853

1023.

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

5 DECEMBER 1853

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> Carmichael-Smyth | 19 Rue d'Angoulême St Honoré | Paris.  
*Postmarks:* ROMA 6 DEC 53, PARIS 13 DEC. 53. Published in part, *Chapters*, pp. 177-178; additions in *Biographical Introductions*, VIII, xxx.

My dearest Mammy. This shall serve as envelope to the girls letter, w<sup>h</sup> I see is full of raptures and pleasure: and that is something déjà worth travelling for — One can't but be made happy by Anny's happiness and obstinate determination to be pleased with everything Minny takes matters much more quietly: and requires a great deal more to stir her than her Sister. Did a letter I left at Maison Valin for Miss Shawe go off, please? (Do you see the (con)nexion between the above 2 sentences?) <sup>251</sup> Our journey has cost us, how much do you think? 1200 francs.

<sup>250</sup> A mistake for November.

<sup>251</sup> The contrasting temperaments of his daughters recalled to Thackeray's mind a similar contrast in his wife and her sister Jane.



I thought 1000 w(ould have done) it. We have very comfortable quarters at the Hotel where I lived before,<sup>252</sup> and where the Landlord never sent me a bill for 3 months during w<sup>h</sup> I got no letters: so I was bound to come back to him and m'en suis bien trouvé except for some animal that bit me furiously while I was asleep yesterday on the sofa. It cant be a bug of course — the chambermaid declares she has never seen such a thing, nor so much as a flea, So it must be a scorpion I suppose I am glad I brought a sarving-man. He has been useful in a score of ways, and is quite honest active and willing. We went to St Peters yesterday and Miss Anny & I agreed Pisa is the best: the other is a huge Heathen parade: all the Statues represent lies almost: & the founder of the religion utterly disappear under the enormous pile of fiction and ceremony that has been built round him, I'm not quite sure that I think St Peters handsome: — yes as handsome as one of those splendid strumpets I saw at the ball at Paris.<sup>253</sup> The front is positively ugly that's certain: but nevertheless the city is glorious — we had a famous walk on the Pincio, and the sun set for us with a splendor quite imperial. I wasn't sorry when the journey (from Civita Vec)chia<sup>254</sup> was over having eighty or ninety louis in my pocket, I should have been good meat for the brigands had they chosen to come. Everybody I have met is more or less a thief or a beggar If I had given the postillions 5 louis a piece they would have said it was too little. I gave the last fellow a double pour-boire and he remained half an hour in the hotel, bawling for more, and roaring because part of his money had been paid in copper. Every miserable official at every post house, customs, what not holds out his swindling hand and begs — and the earth swarms with myriads of priests and friars who neither toil nor spin. but live on the people and perform fetish and interpret the Will of the Gods. Quamdiu? I wonder when it will be over? — And I wonder when my daughters are coming to breakfast? I, you must know, went to

<sup>252</sup> See above, II, 157, note 60.

<sup>253</sup> See above, No. 1013.

<sup>254</sup> The trip of Thackeray's party from Marseilles to Rome is described in *Chapters*, pp. 169–176.

bed at eight o'clock last night, and slept without a turn till past 6. And today what shall we do? What Governess shall we find? What friends? We saw none yesterday. God bless my dearest old Mother & G P.

W M T.

Hotel Franz. Via Condotti. Monday. Dec<sup>r</sup> 5. Address care of Messrs Macbean.<sup>255</sup> Bankers

1024. TO MRS. BAXTER AND SARAH BAXTER

17 DECEMBER 1853

Address: M<sup>rs</sup> or Miss Baxter | 286 Second Avenue. | New York. Published in *American Family*, pp. 104-109.

Via della Croce 81.

Rome. Saturday 17 Dec<sup>r</sup>

Just as we were leaving Paris ever so long ago, on the 28 of November I think I got a letter from my dear M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter, with a line of postscript from poor SSB who could write no more having been ill in her bed for many long days — And ever since then I have been so hustled and hurried that I have not had time for a letter to my friends in the sunset — though the very first day I saw him setting behind St Peter's you may be sure I thought of you, and sent a many kind wishes across the intervening space (here I try to fancy it to myself in a map) w<sup>h</sup> I hope fluttered into a Second Avenue window and found all well there That last letter of M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter's was very disheartening though. I fancy care-worn faces at the brown house. It seems to me awfully distant. I fear that confounded line about 'M<sup>r</sup> Washington' <sup>256</sup> has done me a world of mischief in the States

<sup>255</sup> "Mr. Aeneas Macbean . . . was the English banker. He was the kindest of bankers, and used to send us piles of the most delightful books to read. Lockhart's Scott and Bulwer's heroes, and Disraeli's saint-like politicians all came to inhabit our palazzo, when we were established there. Zanoni and that catlike spirit of the threshold are as vivid to me as any of the people who used to come to dinner." (*Chapters*, p. 178)

<sup>256</sup> See above, No. 1017.

— for though English and French laugh when they read it, — there's no use explaining & apologizing to an angry half-educated man — and, ah me! the other 10000 dollars I counted upon are I fear knocked into nothing by that unlucky blunder.

\*What shall I tell you about Rome? We are here a fortnight And the man who travels without a governess and with 2 daughters finds himself pretty much the tall confidential old family servant of the young ladies. Not one word of writing have I done as yet, and to be sure have been ill for the last 4 days; with an attack of — well of leeches blisters calomel. I have been ill once a month for the last 5 months. I who never was ill in *our* country. Miss Sarah I have had brednwater for four days, and am pretty better thank you, and am so glad I brought my servant with me contrary to the dictates of common sense & economy. Beside him we have an Eyetalian old woman, with whom we blunder on amusingly, and for lodgings some of the very handsomest & comfortablest rooms in all Rome.<sup>257</sup> We came by the Lyons & the Rhone to Avignon and Marseilles a

<sup>257</sup> "It was Mr. Browning who told us where to go," writes Lady Ritchie (*Chapters*, pp. 178–181). "One can hardly imagine a more ideal spot for little girls to live than that to which he directed us — to a great apartment over the pastry-cook's in the Palazzo Poniatowski, in the Via Della Croce. We climbed a broad stone staircase with a handsome wrought-iron banister, we clanged at an echoing bell, and a little old lady in a camisole, rejoicing in the imposing name of Signora Ercole, opened the door, and showed us into a dark outer hall. Then she led the way from room to room, until we finally reached a drawing-room with seven windows, at which we exclaimed in preliminary admiration. Among the other items of our installation were a Chinese museum, a library, a dining-room with a brazen charcoal-burner in the centre, and besides all these we were to have a bed-room, a dressing-room, and a cupboard for my father's servant. My father took the dressing-room for himself. He put me and my sister into the big bedroom to the front, and the man retired to the cupboard in the hall. Signora Ercole, our landlady, also hospitably offered us the run of her own magnificent sitting-rooms, besides the four or five we had engaged. I have a vague impression of her family of daughters, also in camisoles, huddled away into some humbler apartment, but we saw little of them. We established ourselves in one corner of the great drawing-room, clearing an inlaid table of its lamps and statuettes, its wax flowers, and other adornments. Then we felt at home. A stone-mason suspended at his work began to sing in mid-air just outside one of the windows, there came to us the sound of the *pfifferari* from the piazza down below, and

dreary journey through frost and snow, in steamers O how unlike *our* steamers! had a jolly passage by Genoa & Leghorn to Civita Vecchia, kilt a postillion on the road to Rome, and missed being robbed only by a day the next day people were stopped and my girls were quite disapinted at our not enjoying the adventure. I had a hundred Louis with me w<sup>h</sup> would have made it much more piquante.

Do you see that I have a new ruby pen w<sup>h</sup> does not write well? It is capital for this hand <sup>258</sup> when I sit up, but not for this when I lie down the posture I am forced to keep by the

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the flutter of the white doves' wings and their flying shadows upon the floor, together with a scent of flowers and sense of fountains, and the fusty, fascinating smell from the old hangings and bric-à-brac. I think the Ercoles must have done some business as *brocanteurs*, for the furniture was more like that of a museum than a human living-house; all over the walls they had rows of paintings in magnificent gildings, of which the frames were the most important parts. All the same, the whole effect was imposing and delightful, and we felt like enchanted princesses in a palace, and flew about from room to room.

"About luncheon-time my father sent us down to the pastry-cook's shop, where we revelled among cream tarts and *petits fours*, and then we ordered our dinner, as people did then, from a *trattoria* near at hand. Then we went out again, still in our raptures, and when dinner-time came, just about sunset, excitement had given us good appetites, notwithstanding the tarts. We were ready, but dinner delayed. We waited more and more impatiently as the evening advanced, but still no dinner appeared. Then the English servant, Charles, was called, and despatched to the cook-shop to make inquiry. He came back much agitated, saying the dinner had been sent — that they assured him it had been sent! It had apparently vanished on its way up the old palace stairs. 'Go back,' said my father, 'and tell them there is some mistake, and that we are very hungry, and waiting still.' The man left the room, then returned again with a doubtful look. There *was* a sort of box came an hour ago, he said: 'I have not opened it, sir.' With a rush my sister and I flew into the hall, and there, sure enough, stood a square, solid iron box with a hinged top. It certainly looked very unlike dinner, but we raised it with faint hopes, which were not disappointed! Inside, and smoking still upon the hot plates, was spread a meal like something in a fairy-tale — roast birds and dressed meat, a loaf of brown bread and compôtes of fruit, and a salad and a bottle of wine, to which good fare we immediately sat down in cheerful excitement — our first Roman family meal together."

<sup>258</sup> This sentence as far as *sit up* is written in Thackeray's slanting hand, the rest of the letter in his upright hand.

Doctor. Such a dirty peevish Irish Doctor! <sup>259</sup> as he felt my pulse last night I felt Miss Smith (of Washington D. C.) was not right and that all Englishmen do not 'keep their nails well'. He lives in the house though, has few other patients, and is very eager about this one. How I should like to smoke a cigar! I would if I could get one of Uncle Oliver's little ones—but here they are so coarse and so big.—This is most awful, the girls are sitting before me, and I was trying to draw them but



the pen and the perspective & the clumsiness & position of the artist don't admit of doing it. I have seen none of the Roman Americans but M<sup>r</sup> Van Buren—the poor Storys <sup>260</sup> are here in

<sup>259</sup> Murray's *Handbook for Travellers in Central Italy Part II. Rome and Its Environs*, 3d ed. (1853), lists two Irish physicians in Rome, Dr. O'Brien and Dr. O'Dwyer. It is evident from Thackeray's letter of February 21, 1855, that the former was his doctor.

<sup>260</sup> William Wetmore Story (1819-1895), a Boston lawyer and poet, had first come to Italy in 1847 with his wife and two small children to train himself to make a sepulchral statue of his father. He divided the next ten years between Europe and America, and it was not until 1856 that he settled in Rome to devote himself altogether to sculpture, in which pursuit he gained his fame.

Thackeray became very intimate with the Storys during his winter in Rome. "We often urged him to forget us," writes Mrs. Story, "and not to be drawn down into the depths of our sorrow, but rather to disport himself in the cordial sunshine of appreciation, among his own people, to which he had so

great grief having just lost their child, and I hear from your side that my poor friend Mr<sup>s</sup> Lowell is no more. How after one knows the world and has been in action for a few years they do drop round about one! I read the death of some one I know in every paper almost — to day it was a little child (only) I saw at Paris a month since, the darling of its mother's eyes — Here breaks in a controversy about 'Zanoni'<sup>261</sup> Anny all enthusiasm Minny as usual taking matters coolly — Well, though I have written nothing, I have had a capital time with the girls. They are capital. It makes me happy to see them so. I was thinking the other day that this was or ought to be the happiest of all my life — and these illnesses dont make it worse — rather better. The girls are so good, they wont be alarmed: they show me their bonny faces once or twice a day — that is they did now I'm well again, & beg pardon for prattling to you so much about — about what a man knows & talks of best I've heard Miss SSB say.

Cant we find any plan of healing that absurd 'M<sup>r</sup> Washington' feud? I feel myself shocked and pained by it as if some dear friend had turned round to abuse me; I who for once in my life kept my own council; who have got to consider yours as my country almost; who have praised the States so outrageously since I came home, & made myself such a violent partizan — How dare people think I could be guilty of such stupid abuse as that they attribute to me? I who love and honor Washington as I love & honor no other man? — 'It serves you right' — a man said to me

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good a right. But he would not hear of this, and came again and again, listening to our tale of grief as if it had happened to himself, with a kindness and sympathy never to be forgotten. Once he surprised me when I had in my hand a little worn shoe which had for me an intense association; he shed tears over it with me and understood what it meant to me as few could have done. . . . Under what people called his cynical exterior and manner, his was the kindest and truest heart that ever beat, large in its sympathies and gracious in its giving. I think he must have liked us — we liked *him* so much and took such endless pleasure in his society. When alone with us he talked abundantly, but when people were numerous he seemed to have little to say." (Henry James, *William Wetmore Story and his Friends*, 2 vols., Boston, 1903, I, 367-368)

<sup>261</sup> The novel by Bulwer-Lytton, first published in 1842 and reissued in 1853.

in London — You see what good you have got by praising the States — O it puts me into a rage!

I must send from some postal mystery without an envelope, and shorten this rambling scrawl so far. I know you'll be as kind to Lawrence as you can, his is a real talent, and had it been ever so little less honest must have met a great success. I am sure his chalk drawings of men are of the very highest order. Please Uncle Oliver introduce him to the Centurions, though he is not a jolly bird, like some of those legionaries — I wish I was going to see 'em again. What makes me so fond of you all in that city? I know I write this over and over again: as one says how do you do and God bless you over again to friends one loves as &c &c to whom I send a kind greeting and a happy Xmas & many & many a happy N Y. Where was the last Xmas spent? I have written down in the commencement of the little pocket book <sup>262</sup> all places I have lived in since — such a catalogue! — I never like to shut up when I'm writing to any of you but come back for a last good bye & God bless you. W M T.

Direct care of Macbean. Banquier Via del Corso. à Rome

1025.

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

31 DECEMBER 1853

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> Carmichael-Smyth | Rue d'Angoulême St Honoré 19 | Paris. |  
*France. Postmarks:* ROMA 31 DEC 53, 8 JANV. 54 PARIS. Hitherto unpublished.

31 December. 1853.

My dearest Mammy I am sitting in the dark with a horrible pen, wh<sup>h</sup> I seize in alarm hearing it's the last day of the month, and that I must write off to save the quick post Well, we are all very comfortable except me: for I can't write the fever wont admit of it — the room is too big or too cold or something; I dont like to take Anny away from her work, and the writing wont come — and the visitors — and the daily walks we must take and so forth

<sup>262</sup> Thackeray's diary for 1853, printed in Appendix XIV.

and so forth prevent the work from proceeding and cloud my noble brow with melancholy — A fortnight ago I had an attack of bow-owels and was slow in coming round after it: but the cold weather w<sup>h</sup> we have now sets me up wonderfully and I think I am as well again as ever. I hope you & my dear old G P are too — I wish I had stopped at Paris or come for 6 weeks without the girls at least for my work's sake — Here I stopped writing in the darkness at the club,<sup>263</sup> and came home to find the girls at their dinner of cold mutton & fried potatoes & chestnuts 5 people dine with me at 6: and its as well that the young ones shouldnt be of the elder party. They are as good and as happy as girls can be have their own way pretty much, and abuse it very very little. But O for the Governess to take them in charge, and teach them a little order

Of course we have plenty of acquaintances. Poor Brotherton is so crazy that I can scarce let the girls go to him. I have been out myself scarcely at all except late of evenings to some of the tea parties w<sup>h</sup> abound here: with w<sup>h</sup> and with visits and duty the short days are pretty quickly spent — my art dying in the midst of this m(ad accumula)tion of trivial duties. But when didn't I grumble? To do (the dom)estic business is good discipline at least, if not profit(able occu)pation — Let us do our work whatever it is as cheerfully as w(e can.)

M<sup>rs</sup> Sartoris, M<sup>rs</sup> Browning,<sup>264</sup> M<sup>rs</sup> Story & others are as kind as may be to the children — I think they get on with their Italian mistress<sup>265</sup> — I was working away severely at first but the little illnesses stopped me: and I've not touched Dictionary & gr(amar —) nor in the houses we go to do we see a single Rom(an, nor have) we been wool-gathering to the Churches to wh(ich . . .)<sup>266</sup> season — nor to the Vatican, nor to the picture-galleries as yet: but we have had a score of pleasant walks: and I think the street

<sup>263</sup> Presumably the English Club in the Palazzo Lepri, 11 Via Condotti (*Murray's Handbook for Travellers in Central Italy*, 1853).

<sup>264</sup> Though Thackeray had known the Brownings in London (see above, No. 351, note 39), his intimacy with them dates only from this winter in Rome.

<sup>265</sup> See *Chapters*, pp. 192-193.

<sup>266</sup> About four words have crumbled away at this point.



is always the best sight in Rome: it is always bright new and nobly picturesque — much more to my taste than churches smelling of stale perfumes, and statued all over with lies. There's a capital English parson.<sup>267</sup> On Xmas as fine a sermon as ever I heard: and afterwards we had a modest Xmas dinner with some folks who were pleased to come. Charles is the greatest comfort to me and was capital when I was sick. But O deary deary me, the Newcomes wont get on; and their author is in a dismal way. Nevertheless he loves his old Mother and G P with all his heart, and prays God to send them a good New Year. Please pay Furniture & wine with accompanying slip — And so Good bye till next year dearest O M —

Mind and take our remembrances to my Aunt & Cousins. J. Shakespear<sup>268</sup> is here with his wife, a very nice woman.

1026.

TO MR. COMPTON

1853

Hitherto unpublished.

Kensington. Friday ev<sup>e</sup>

Dear Compton

I am thinking of letting my house but not for many months to come: as I have no other in immediate view.

always yours

W M Thackeray

Is it you or M<sup>rs</sup> Compton who write to me 'my dear Sir'?

<sup>267</sup> The resident clergyman at the Anglican church outside the Porto del Popolo was the Rev. F. B. Woodward (*Murray's Handbook*).

<sup>268</sup> John Dowdeswell Shakespeare (d. 1866), *Genealogy* (79), a Colonel in the Bengal Artillery, had returned from India some years earlier because of bad health and settled at St. Leonards-on-Sea. He married Marianne Elizabeth Hodgson, *Genealogy* (80), in 1853. Mrs. Bayne (*Memorials*, pp. 310-311) suggests that Shakespeare was one of Thackeray's several Anglo-Indian models for Colonel Newcome.

1027. TO ROBERT SMITH SURTEES  
1853?

My text is taken from a facsimile in Sotheby's catalogue of August 2, 1935.

63 East Street Brighton.

Wednesday.

Sir



This is not to thank you for the Grouse; but for the 2 last numbers of Soapey Sponge,<sup>269</sup> they are capital, the Flat Hats delightful: those fellows in spectacles divine: & Scamperdales character perfectly odious & admirable I am come down hither in search of strength & fresh air.

Ever yours truly dear Surtees

W. M. Thackeray

If I've forgot your Xtian name dont quarrel with me

1028. TO WILLIAM WEBB FOLLETT SYNGE  
1853?

Hitherto unpublished.

My dear Synge

I saw the man last night w<sup>h</sup> I thought he had been my enemy and am very glad to find it was not he.<sup>270</sup> Breathe not his name,<sup>271</sup> please, and let the matter pass over.

Also forget what I said about a certain young lady<sup>272</sup> in America. I oughtn't to have mentioned what I did: and beg you as a diplomatist to bury the secret in your bosom.

Come early on Sunday and we will try some wonderful Port.

Yours always

W M T.

<sup>269</sup> Thackeray apparently refers to the fifth and sixth numbers of *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*, published in thirteen undated monthly parts during 1852 and 1853.

<sup>270</sup> I cannot explain this allusion.

<sup>271</sup> Tom Moore, "Oh! Breathe not his Name," *Irish Melodies*.

<sup>272</sup> Possibly Sally Baxter.

1029. TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH  
25-28 JANUARY 1854

Published in part, *Biographical Introductions*, VIII, xxx-xxxi; IX, lv.

January 25 I think.

My dearest Mammy. The girls keep you au courant of the gossip and once in ever so long this lazy father sends you a line or two. I have worked a good deal this last month, every morning regularly for near three weeks: and in consequence I am not so glum as at those unlucky times when the paper won't fill. But then, after work, I hate pens and ink: so there's no letter for my dear old mother nor for any body else. There is absolutely nothing going on: or I see with stale eyes upon w<sup>h</sup> objects make no impression. Breakfast, writing, go — to the club and read newspapers, walk with the girls, dinner at home or out 3 times a week, sometimes a tea-party always early to bed; and a something in the air (or in the mind is it?) w<sup>h</sup> causes a perpetual languor. But the girls, thank God, are as fresh and as gay and happy as girls can be. Now, they're going to dress to go to M<sup>rs</sup> Sartoris; to hear the rehearsal of her weekly concert. I don't care for going to the concert or rehearsal — A man who has been a pleasuring for twenty years begins to settle down as a sort of domestic character — not gloomy, nor ill-tempered nor peevish nor unkind but a sort of mild melancholy. And lucky it is that I have work to do: one does it and is the better for it in spite of all the grumbling. By the time I am fifty I shall be a good deal older than you are. There are only about 6 pictures and statues of all I have seen here that I care to see again. Eh! where are the joyful eyes and bright perceptions of youth? Those are transferred to Anny & Minny. It was delightful to hear their account of a party at their Italian Governess's last night — not that the play was amusing, but the glee of the children in the box witnessing it. The girls have many very kind friends M<sup>rs</sup> Sartoris, M<sup>rs</sup> Browning: poor M<sup>rs</sup> Brotherton not very judicious; and her unhappy crazy husband only to be seen occasionally.

They both think I neglect them because I am a Swell:— it is because he is mad and tipsy and foolish, and we can't get on. We, children & I have plenty of pleasant walks: I wish I was not thinking of No VIII:<sup>1</sup> the minute No VII is done. But so is the condition of man I suppose: until the end comes, and peace. If I have a blue devil he is of such a faint blue that you can hardly see it: and when I look him steadily in the face he presently vanishes, and I feel that I am very fairly happy. Who can say more or how many as much?

If I had to write a book about Rome what on airth could I say? I might as well be at Jericho or Islington. What *will* happen when M<sup>r</sup> Clive Newcome comes here? I have made acquaintance with a convert, an Oxford man<sup>2</sup> whom I like and who interests me. — but with no one else. And I am trying to pick my Oxford man's brains, & see from his point of view. But it isn't mine: and old Popery & old Paganism seem to me as dead the one as the other. Wiseman I have heard and think him a tawdry Italian Quack. There's a Capital man at our Conventicle outside the P. del Popolo:<sup>3</sup> and I have heard there too an elegant American preacher: and I have been to a dozen of tea and dinner parties, and read pas mal of books since I have been here; and seen splendid sunsets, and magnificent aspects of nature. No, there is *no* blue devil: and I am very happy and comfortable. And when I hear my women singing in the next room; or think about them when I am walking by myself — there they come in to say good night, and march off to M<sup>rs</sup> Sartoris's.

I dont seem to care much more about the Newcomes than about other sublunary things. I never hear except your Verdict — and perhaps that's the best way — to write it and leave it. As for posterity be sure that will have its own authors to read, and I know one, who has very little anxiety about it's verdict. Bon Dieu what will it matter then? What dreadful ink this is! — It is copying ink — I could have a copy of this letter taken off at

<sup>1</sup> Chapters 24 to 26 of *The Newcomes*; number VII included chapters 21 to 23.

<sup>2</sup> John Hungerford Pollen. See above, No. 886.

<sup>3</sup> See above, No. 1025, note 267.

Macbean's — but the invention has its drawbacks — the ink clogs and the thoughts clog and get muddy. M<sup>rs</sup> Brotherton has got to writing Greek now she says.<sup>4</sup> Have the girls told you of their table-turning and involuntary-writing experiments? — Only when you come to examine the wonders, they won't stand looking at but fly — like my blue devils.

Please have the tables & Secretaire to your house; and we'll find some way of transporting them to Brompton: if we live at Brompton. But shall we? I have bought the Naples Guide book to day. Who knows whether we shall go there?

Saturday. I have broke my ruby pen w<sup>h</sup> wouldnt write up-right, and and finish my scrap with the gold one that wont write slanting. My friends Lord & Lady Airlie are going to Paris, where she knows no one and I know no one but you, on whom she says she will call and give you the very last news of Anny & Minny & their Papa. It was pleasant to see the girls yesterday with some little children whom they entertained<sup>5</sup> — the little

<sup>4</sup> Mrs. Browning wrote to Thomas Westwood on February 2: "Mrs. Brotherton . . . sends me Greek (of which she does not know a single character), written by her, or rather *through* her; mystical Greek, from a spirit-world, produced by her hands, she herself not knowing what she writes" (*Letters*, ed. Sir Frederick G. Kenyon, 2 vols., London, 1898, II, 157).

<sup>5</sup> Lady Ritchie (*Biographical Introductions*, IX, lv-lvi) describes an earlier party — not this one, which was held three weeks after January 6 — out of which developed *The Rose and the Ring*: "We wanted Twelfth Night characters, and we asked my father to draw them. The pictures were to be shaken up in a lottery. . . . My father drew the King for us, the Queen, Prince Giglio, the Prime Minister, Madame Gruffanuff. The little painted figures remained lying on the table after the children were gone, and as he came up and looked at them, he began placing them in order and making a story to fit them." Edith Story was at this time recovering from a serious illness, and among her visitors were Hans Christian Andersen and Browning. "But the tenderest recollection," writes Henry James (*William Wetmore Story*, I, 286-287), "is of Thackeray reading 'The Rose and the Ring,' as yet unpublished (a book of plates, so to speak, 'before the letter'), to the little convalescent girl who was always so happily to remember that, chapter by chapter, the immortal work had, in the old Roman days, between daylight and dusk, as the great author sat on the edge of her bed, been tried on her. The first edition of the book has been known to contain a memorial of this charming relation in the form of the image of an obsequious flunkey presenting a little rose and a little ring on a salver, with, above, in facsimile of the author's

ones all dancing in a ring round Minny. Anny in the drawing-room with an elder boy who preferred a little beggar my neighbour <sup>6</sup> in quiet.

I'm wonderfully better for the cold weather, and hot or cold am my dearest Mammys & G P's affectionate

W M T.

1030.

TO MRS. PROCTER  
JANUARY-4 FEBRUARY 1854<sup>7</sup>

Published in part, *Biographical Introductions*, VIII, xxxi-xxxii. My text is taken from a transcript given Lady Ritchie by George Murray Smith.

Via della Croce 81. Rome.

1854.

(Care of Messrs Macbean. Corso. Rome.)

My dear Mrs Procter,

Your letter has been the only reminiscence I have had from England of any friends that I have there — not a single line from any mortal. Was there ever such ingratitude? But then on the other hand it must be owned that I write to no one, not even to the nameless Lady of Lyons <sup>8</sup> (It was Marseilles) who may have answered me and whose letter may be at the post, where they like to keep 'em, and give them in a heap just as one is going away. Ever since I have had this ruby pen I have taken to the old original handwriting the up-right business does not work nearly so well with it. You are quite right that I might have done my work just as well at Brompton as at Rome. I haven't seen Rome, and don't know a single Roman except the housemaid, and my landlord who speaks English. But the girls are as happy as young women need be. If I am glum myself their good spirits

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beautiful hand, his 'most respectful compliments to Miss Edith Story.' "

<sup>6</sup> A card game.

<sup>7</sup> This letter was begun shortly before January 27, when Thackeray broke his ruby pen (see above, No. 1029), continued on January 28, and finished on February 4.

<sup>8</sup> Bulwer-Lytton's play, first performed in 1838.

give me pleasure, and if I can't leave them a fortune why we must try and leave them the memory of having had a good time with their papa. Isn't this sentimental? It is the grey of evening and I scarce see the melancholy lines as I write them on the paper. Here comes Octavia with the lights. Perhaps I don't write because I am growing glummer and glummer every day: or lazier and lazier is it? I am hard at work. Then out for a pretty long walk. Then comes dinner at home most days: and tea parties enough when I am inclined. I go and look at the pictures statues churches and so forth: but what has come to them or the eyes that behold them? I declare that Dying Gladiator<sup>9</sup> is very well but it is no such wonder. As for the Domenechino (it is at the Capitol, you know over the way) Pish! it is a great clumsy woman affected ogling and in a great turban. Mrs Butler had such a fine turban on the other night! I have almost learned to like her. She is kind exceedingly to the girls and to me. So is that good excellent Adelaide Sartoris, who is all good nature, and very happy now indeed she says, her Edward being everything that is good. There never was such a kind creature with such a scowling countenance. They give quite the pleasantest parties in Rome, and she sings as well as ever she did I think. Lockhart<sup>10</sup> goes sometimes: and I see him once in a month. I thought we might have made company together but he is too unwell to care for any society, at least for mine, so I can't tell you much about your favourite. The most interesting man I have met here is a convert, Mr Pollen, whom Doyle sent with a letter, and we have neutral grounds on the Fine Arts, books and so forth, and I try and understand from him what can be the secret of the religion for which he has given up rank chances and all good things of this life. I

<sup>9</sup> Thackeray saw both the Dying Gladiator, the work of an unidentified sculptor, and the Cumæan Sibyl of Domenechino Zampieri (1581-1641) in the Capitol Gallery.

<sup>10</sup> John Gibson Lockhart (1794-1854), son-in-law and biographer of Scott, had resigned the editorship of *The Quarterly Review* in 1853 and come to Italy for the winter. Thackeray encountered him in the Louvre on October 7 but saw little of him in Rome where his health forced him to live largely in retirement. (Andrew Lang, *The Life and Letters of John Gibson Lockhart*, 2 vols., London, 1897, II, 368-385)

am so far off from believing it, as ever, saving your presence, and I fear poor Pollen when he finds that I am only looking at it artistically as at Paganism Mahometanism or any other ism will withdraw from me in sorrow, and that our pleasant acquaintance won't come to much. The good Brownings I see pretty often and the Storys, Americans, very nice people indeed — and Miss Wynn once in a fortnight. She has been ill from the climate so has W. M. T. twice, and I didn't begin to rally until some brisk cold weather came, and now I'm well, and presently who knows? perhaps shall be cheerful. You shall have a letter then — not a series of inarticulate moans like the present.

The best thing at Rome is the sunset over Saint Peter's every evening. Gods, what a flaming splendour it is! The worst thing: that one can't drink wine as in Weymouth Street — not though it's ever so good which it isn't. No wine is so good as Weymouth Street wine. I 'aven't 'ad my 'ealth at all here that is the fact: but for the last month have been in constant work, and am now in the middle of No VIII I'm pleased to say. I think it is good never to hear about one's writings. Yours and my Mother's have been the only criticisms that have come to me: and Pollen says Newman read the two first numbers and thought the style the right sort of thing. The Colonel is going to India <sup>11</sup> the day after tomorrow. You'll be glad to hear that I know. He is a dear old boy but confess you think he is rather a twaddler? When I read of Dickens's triumphs before the Hoperatives at Manchester <sup>12</sup> my soul is full of envy; and I think of coming back and reading Yellowplush in costume at Islington. Is poor old Forster well again? Your winter must have been awful. Here we have had open windows every day and all day, but I wish I was back again (in a whisper) not at Brompton; I don't like the idea of Brompton at all; and — here dinner came and Mr Pollen to partake of it, and we sat till twelve o'clock very pleasantly. I told him

<sup>11</sup> See chapter 26 of *The Newcomas*.

<sup>12</sup> Between December 27 and 30, 1853, Dickens gave three readings of *A Christmas Carol* at the Town Hall, not of Manchester but of Birmingham. He was particularly pleased with his audience on "the working people's night" (*Letters*, ed. Dexter, II, 441 and 533).



Jerrold's story about my conversion to Romanism,<sup>13</sup> and I dare say the good fellow went home and asked his favourite saint to convert me — all but my nose and that is past praying for. And yesterday,<sup>14</sup> at work on No VIII, crack, I broke my favourite ruby pen and am now obliged to return to an old gold one which will only write upright hand. We have had a dear little frost and my health has braced up wonderfully with the cold weather. Lord! how the stars shine in the 'evans! — those luminous objects said to be worlds by some. I don't think you see them in London. You only see coals and gas and fogs and mud and snow — but then Madeira and that bottle of Crockford which B. C. will bring out and a snug talk by the fire! We have had breakfast ever so long ago and yet it is only nine o'clock. I don't go to work, because presently I am going to see some friends<sup>15</sup> of mine off, who will go to Paris and take a letter to my Mother, and say they have seen me in the flesh the very last thing. If you see anybody who cares to know, say too that I am well please. Anny wrote to Cadogan Place but there has come back never an answer nor have they written from Chesham Place — from no place. Miss Wynn and her sister, the widow,<sup>16</sup> go to Naples anon. So would I if I could let my beautiful lodgings, but I dare not otherwise be so expensive.

(Saturday. Feb. 4.) It is a shame how long this letter has been in completion. I lost it, and find it only now in the midst of a heap of No VIII, which has been completed, thank the stars, and now since seven o'clock this morning am at work at No IX.<sup>17</sup> Seven o'clock in the morning. That is your true secret. Early to bed. Away with tea parties. Have the day to yourself from 12 o'clock till 11 at night and then go to sleep. But with this regimen the author may flourish but the friend perishes — the

<sup>13</sup> "On its being reported in the *Punch* office that [Thackeray] was 'turning Roman', simply because he defended Doyle's secession, Jerrold tartly remarked that 'he'd best begin with his nose'" (Spielmann, *History of 'Punch'*, p. 311).

<sup>14</sup> January 27. See above, No. 1029.

<sup>15</sup> Lord and Lady Airliie.

<sup>16</sup> Mrs. John Lindsay.

<sup>17</sup> Chapters 27 to 29.

writer of letters becomes impossible and the sight of ink ojoues. Tell Adelaide if you write to her and with my respectful remembrance that on Candlemas Day I met at breakfast the Abbot of St Bernard's (England) and his aide de camp Father Ignatius in white Cistercian habits. Dr Manning<sup>18</sup> — he has just been Doctored by his Holiness — Messrs Vaughan and Wynn in minor orders, with hats like Don Basilo<sup>19</sup> — we walked out afterwards — and had as pleasant a breakfast as ever I knew at Pollen's, Doyle's friend. And yesterday I met the Holy Father in the street and had a most comfortable bow from him: and to-night I take T. with Mrs Kemble, not daring to refuse her. And so I send very kind regards to all who come near Weymouth Street, and am yours, my dear Mrs Procter, and my dear old B. C's, always,

W. M. T.

1031.

TO LADY OLLIFFE

28 JANUARY 1854

Hitherto unpublished.

81 Via della Croce. 28 January.  
in partibus Infidelium.

Dear Lady Olliffe. My friends Lord & Lady Airrie go to Paris, in w<sup>h</sup> village Lady Airrie is a stranger wanting friends to show her its ways its customs its lodgings it's comforts and its people. And as I know no one so hospitable and good natured as Sir Joseph & Lady Olliffe, I send this neat line by Lady Airrie, adjuring you to extend to her Ladyship some of that kindness w<sup>h</sup> you have bestowed on

Dear Madam

Your most grateful & obedient Serv<sup>t</sup>  
U Paul Archbp.<sup>20</sup>

<sup>18</sup> Henry Edward, later Cardinal, Manning received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Pope in 1854, three years after his conversion to Catholicism.

<sup>19</sup> It is traditional in performances of Rossini's *Barbier de Séville* that the "shovel hat" of Don Basilio should be the occasion of much comic business.

<sup>20</sup> Nearly all of Thackeray's notes to Lady Olliffe are written over comically inappropriate *noms de plume*.

1032.

TO CHARLOTTE RITCHIE

6 FEBRUARY 1854

*Address:* Miss Ritchie | 36 ou 38 Rue Godot de Mauroy | Paris. *Postmark:* PARIS 13 FEVR. 54. Published in part, *Biographical Introductions*, VIII, xxxiii-xxxiv; additions in Mrs. Warre-Cornish's *Family Letters*, pp. 11-13.

Rome. Feb 6.

My dearest Charlotte.

We have just received your letter; <sup>21</sup> and I feel now more even than at our departure that we ought not to have come away: and should have staid with you. The comfort and companionship might not have been much: but would have helped some little. We shall be in Paris soon after this letter: for the girls agreed that they could not bear to take tours of pleasure, and think of you and dear Jane alone in your affliction. We set off by a Steamer on the 9<sup>th</sup> and in a week more please God shall come and shake you by the hand. What you will do then; of what help we can be to you, we will be able to devise. Who can be of help in this grief? God forbid you should not feel it, and I sympathize in it; who recollect my dearest Aunt's sweet face when I came to her a child from India; <sup>22</sup> for six & thirty years years up to yesterday almost always sweet and kind & tender. O the pure loving heart! Does it not make your's thrill with thanks and devout gratitude to God our Father, to think that her's was so guileless so gentle so full of dear kindness to all human creatures, as well as to her children and to me who am almost one of them. As we love and bless them when they are gone: surely we may hope that their love too for us still endures in yonder awful Future into w<sup>h</sup> the Divine Goodness has called them. I sit at the paper and don't know what to write. I pray God to amend my life and purify it against the day when I shall be called to go whither my dearest Aunt has preceded us. Can't you imagine her reunion with those she continued to love after their departure with such a beautiful fidelity—the beloved father; husband children who

<sup>21</sup> Telling them of the death of Mrs. Ritchie in Paris on January 28.

<sup>22</sup> See above, No. 1.

have gone before? My dear old William whose children you watch over so fondly <sup>23</sup> will bless and love his sisters for their care of them and his mother. You will keep your hearts up for those innocent little girls. Dearest Charlotte and Jane, I know no one can tell you how to do *your* duty. I am sure you will be cheerful — and thank God humbly for my dear dear Aunts affectionate remembrance. The post is going away: and indeed I haven't a word more to say dear Sisters but that I am yours most sincerely and gratefully & affectionately always.

W M T.

Will you send to my mother (I know you will be happy to give her this news & say we are coming immediately: a letter P. Restante Lyons may find us.

1033.

TO MRS. SARTORIS

7 FEBRUARY 1854

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Mrs. Fuller.

Feb. 7, 1854.

My dear A. S.

I leave this at your door hating to take leave of people whom I —. Thank you for your goodness to my dear little women and their Papa. I shake you all cordially by the hand and am quite pained and unhappy at parting. I am sure we shall not like Naples near so well, nor find any such good friends as you have been to us. But see it we had best while we have liberty left us: and I think it won't be long, before duty and business will call me home. So I shall go away without seeing your sister's protégé, and leaving undone a great number of things that I ought to have done, say good bye to her for me; and believe that I'm

Yours affectionately

W M T.

I feel as if I shall write you a coherent letter from Naples.

<sup>23</sup> Augusta and Blanche, *Genealogy* (114-115), William Ritchie's two oldest daughters, who had been sent to Mrs. Ritchie from India in 1852 (*Ritchie in India*, pp. 162-163).

1034. TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH  
7 FEBRUARY 1854

Hitherto unpublished.

Rome. Feb 7. 1854.

My dearest Mother. Yesterday we got the sad news from you and Charlotte; and in the moment thinking of my dear good cousins and their lonely condition I wrote off to say that we would start immediately for Paris — gave up my house, and took leave of many friends here. At night as I thought the matter over more calmly, it seemed to me a pity now we are here not to continue our tour a little, see Naples and Florence and return home in April or so, instead of making the journey at this season through France — moving out of warmth into cold, and not quite strong though immensely improved in health myself. It seems hard but I think it is right d'autant plus as every day for a month past I have been working steadily have done nearly 3 numbers, and hope to have 4 more finished and in my portfolio by the time I return to Paris. So we go away to-morrow still but go to Naples instead of Marseilles. N is not so far from Paris as Rome and please write to me care of Mess<sup>rs</sup> Furse & Co. there. We shall remain there time enough at least to get an answer: four weeks if the work goes well there. Anny was taking down the last sentence of yesterdays work when the sad letters came — And now we are going, you know the place hasn't agreed with me at all — I never felt getting well from 2 very savage attacks I had until the fine weather and a brisk wind came: when I rallied at once. But I was able to do my work thank God all last month: have been getting up before daylight, think of that, for the last fortnight and though it began to pull upon my nerves a little w<sup>h</sup> were still shaky from the illnesses, I hope to continue the practice at Naples and wherever we are: never going out for sight seeing until the days work is done. That was the reason of the gloom of the first letters languor weak health, and doubt and fear about the work w<sup>h</sup> wouldn't get on. The publishers write and hint that the public has found that the story does not move: nor can it

until now and perhaps a little later but I intend to disregard their petitions: do my best: and trust to better days for the second volume. That is one of the reasons why I keep away a little. If I came to Paris I should go to London: if in London I should be listening to their petitions, & it's better to be as we are: profit by the beautiful season: and work in a calm. And my dear old Aunt in Heaven I think would best prefer that it should be so: and my cousins won't think I am ungrateful because I don't come to them for a while. Will you send this letter over to them I am pained about writing it: and have a hundred little businesses yet to do of farewell.

The girls have been as happy as any women in all Europe perhaps and so good and contented and obedient and eager to please me, that my heart is thankful to God for blessing me with them. The trip has been all pleasure to them hitherto: it was dreary work the first 6 weeks for me whilst I couldn't be well: and I look back at it as a very blank gloomy time: only to see them happy was worth all. You see they will have this recollection when you & I are gone — and when they have children of their own I hope please God, they'll be able to speak as fondly as my good old Aunt wont to do about her Father.<sup>24</sup> So the generations of men pass away: and are called rank after rank by the Divine Goodness out of the reach of time and age and grief and struggle and parting — leaving these to their successors who go through their appointed world, work, and are resumed presently by the Awful Owner of us all — Whose Will is done on earth as it is in Heaven, and whose Kingdom and Glory are for ever and ever. Oh me! we all in our incomplete poor way adore and confess thee. I have been seeing something of some R. Catholic converts here, who have given up every thing to follow the Truth as they best understand it. Their truth as it seems to me is a farrago of impossible follies, leading to inevitable farther falsehood deceit degradation and tyranny; but they give up rank ease and all worldly things for the sake of their convictions. They find consolations and delights and amendment even of life in their new creed. I am glad

<sup>24</sup> Thackeray's grandfather, William Makepeace Thackeray.

to have seen them, and to have been touched by their goodness piety and self-negation. I shall try and go up and see the Sunset for the last time over Saint Peter's. Shall I ever see it again I wonder? the grand Old Usurper who trampled the Pagan tyrant down, and has had his own reign of nigh 1500 years barbarous and bloody & splendid.

Who is to follow? My dearest old Mother. I think of these things and pray God to enlighten me and purify my life, and I love and worship my lord Jesus Christ — whose Divine Heart had pity for all errors, and will, I think & trust, compassionate mine. And the differences of faith between us w<sup>h</sup> causes you so much grief, are only thank God for a season We *must* follow each of us our Conscience as it leads us. In a very few years and the doubts shall be over and we shall see darkly no more. God bless you, and my dearest kindest old G P. — I long to see you as I am writing — I wish we had been going back. But it's best to do the day's work: and thankfully take the pleasure too w<sup>h</sup> it sends us to. The first page will be enough for the cousins — And I'll shut this up, and go leave farewell cards. I had always almost proposed to go on but as I do so it seems like parting over again. Write to me at Naples immediately: and if you or they want me back I'll come directly. The girls are packing their trunks — They would have liked best to go home: but I hope a couple of months may pass without regret that we have taken them, and pray God all travellers by land & water and all at home old and young.

W M T.

[For fragments of a letter to Mrs. Elliot and Kate Perry, 16 February, 1854 see letter 40, Appendix XXVI.]

1035.

TO LORD HOLLAND

18 FEBRUARY 1854<sup>25</sup>

Hitherto unpublished.

Saturday.

My dear Lord Holland

Tuesday is the only day I am engaged — to the banker here who moneys me. I have been ill myself & confined to my room for a week or I should have been to pay my respects at the Palazzo Roccella. The day afore yesterday was the first day I got out, and I and my daughters lionized as is proper. Pompeii & Posilipo. Other days I work very hard at the book w<sup>h</sup> is now appearing; and tell you this to show how as a papa and an author, I am constantly on duty; so that friends and visits must perforce be neglected. I am writing this at 7 1/4 in the morning, waiting for my amanuensis. Such are the labours of literary gentlemen!

Yours ever dear Lord H.

W M Thackeray.

1036.

TO PERCIVAL LEIGH

25 FEBRUARY 1854

*Address:* Percival Leigh Esq<sup>r</sup> | Oak Cottage. | Hammersmith. London.  
*Postmarks:* DEUX SICILES 2 MARS 54, MR 6 1854. Hitherto unpublished.

Naples 25 February

My dear Leigh

Thank you for your letters & the pains you have taken with my numbers. So they have found out that there's no story have they? There is one coming: and I think it will be a very good one. No IX w<sup>h</sup> I have done is a stunning number for incident and there's plenty of action & passion too from that stage of the story to the end of the XXV numbers.

Four days ago I got a letter from B & E. dated 11 February and come round by Rome: containing proofs of VI & VII — the

<sup>25</sup> This letter appears to have been written on the second Saturday after Thursday, February 9, when Thackeray arrived in Naples.



former having only 25 pages and a bit. It was for VI I sent the additions 2 months ago from Rome. There's no time to communicate now about it: and the mischief whatever it is is done. I might have had the proofs months ago. But what's the use of talking now? I hope you have eked out the number somehow: <sup>26</sup> and trust in the Lord. In VIII. the Colonel goes back to India. The story seems to breathe freely after the departure of the dear old boy — Tell B & E not to lose heart about it I know if I live it will be a very good one. It has a slow beginning to be sure. But just wait. In IX & X <sup>27</sup> the people are all moving very friskily and in Vol II. there will be some lively business. Let 'em talk. I'm not afraid —

My health has been awful — and for no apparent cause I mean (& . . .) <sup>28</sup> nights & the like. At Rome 2 were attacks of spasms and stomach complaint with bleeding blistering purging & the Devil to pay: a week's illness each time followed by a fortnights weakness and languor and depression always. — another attack since I have been here that has kept me in the house for a week. Let alone the pain and weakness, the time these illnesses take up is tremendous. It is lucky that I began well forward with my work.

My visit to Rome is all begloomed by my illnesses. When I wasn't ill I had to work and I did not see one pennyworth of the jolly artist-life w<sup>h</sup> I went expressly to look for. Having to be with ladies is very moral right paternal & so forth: but, having to dine with my little women at home, I couldn't go to Bohemia. You can't talk about Art & Ragamuffins when you are playing the Papa; and conversing with M<sup>rs</sup> Smith about M<sup>rs</sup> Jones's evening party. Never mind. My girls are the very best in the world: the most cheerful: pleasant to be with: affectionate — *they* have been happy this tour at any rate, however wiceywursy their Father has been.

I fell in with no end of converts at Rome and liked them all almost I hear the Sneaks in the Catholic papers have been at-

<sup>26</sup> This confusion was apparently remedied. Parts V, VI, and VII of *The Newcomes* have thirty-two pages each.

<sup>27</sup> Chapters 27 to 32.

<sup>28</sup> This word is so faded as to be undecipherable.

tacking Doyle for illustrating — The Cowards! But persecution is Religions handmaid. — You must persecute to be consistent. Salute him & the brethren for me — It wont be very long I hope before I see them. We shall go to Florence Please write me Poste Restante there the fate of No VI — ) and then work home-wards.

Will you ask B & E. to pay (This is pressing & immediate) £6. 6. 0 to the Secretary of the Athenaeum as M<sup>r</sup> Thackerays subscription who is absent in Italy: likewise to hand over the balance of VI. to Lubbock & Co. Travelling like an old English gentleman is awfully dear. Another consequence of bringing your daughters. You spend 5 times as much: you have no liberty: you always have the bad room: you must travel post have a sitting room a carriage for the ladies &c. But I've done 2 numbers this month, and 2 last: and so have June & July in my desk at this writing. August perhaps will give them XI. XII in a double barreled number. The last 2 numbers of Vol 1. will be immense — bland passionate and deeply religious. It's a great comfort I brought an English servant with me: having to be ill 3 times. Chawles has been of the greatest use and comfort to me. I did not meet a single Roman all the time I was in Rome. I dont believe there are any except the models dressed for the artists and the mo( . . )<sup>29</sup> I thought of writing to M<sup>r</sup> Punch once or twice but stopped for love of poor dear Dicky Doyle. Bon Dieu what can the people mean by crediting this Heathenism? D. Roberts the artist takes No VIII with him to London today. Where he'll be soon after this letter reaches you. In the ride *on* Bhurtpore not *at* Bhurtpore<sup>30</sup> is an awful error in VI. In VII. I have corrected one or 2 blunders, and am once more my dear Leigh, yours very thankfully

W M Thackeray.

<sup>29</sup> The rest of this word is hidden by an inkspot.

<sup>30</sup> In chapter 20, corrected in later editions (*Works*, VIII, 197).

1037.

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

7-8 MARCH 1854

*Address:* [M<sup>rs</sup> Carmichael-]Smyth. | [Rue d'Angoulême] me. S<sup>t</sup> Honoré | [Pa]-ris. *Postmark:* PARIS 13 MARS. Extracts published in *Biographical Introductions*, VIII, xxxiv; IX, lviii.

Vittoria. March 7. 1854

My dearest Mammy. It's a most strange thing that our family is not to be exempted from evils w<sup>h</sup> befall other and more vulgar Families so this is to tell you that we have been whiling away the gay hours for the past week with a little Scarlatina<sup>31</sup> — Miss Anny taking the lead and Miss Minny beginning yesterday. The rougcote is finely out on her young person this morning and she has transpired plentifully so please God she will go through it as comfortably as her sister who lies in my bed in the next room grinning like a Cheshire Cat with a face as round as a ditto cheese. Luckily we had a fortnights hard work just before these attacks during w<sup>h</sup> 2 numbers were polished off. Before them I had a week of illness myself — old stomach complaint brought on without rhyme or reason by the beautiful air of this country. No 3 in three months. If I get the Scarlets from the girls won't it be a good spell. And isn't it lucky that I have 4 months in advance with the Newcomes? This is the way you see that the Powers Superior arrange our plans for us — As for me, it is certain that I might as well have staid at home for any good to the Newcomes w<sup>h</sup> this journey has done — w<sup>h</sup> I hadn't the courage to take without the children. There is a good sensible attentive young Doctor who has got for me a good active Irish nurse since yesterday. An immense relief to me: for I have scarcely liked to stir out during the week leaving the girls without a maid. Minny was very nice good and cheerful, during Anny's bout always waiting on her, and preferring not to go out or leave her. Nan is not strong enough yet to take her turn about: but that she has had the attack and gone through it is a great comfort to poor Min who is wofully frightened, and would fancy herself much worse than she is but for Anny's example.

<sup>31</sup> See below, page 674.

What jolly rooms we have! Capri out of my window looks like an Amethyst Island. The weather for the month has been bitter cold: but is now turning I think. The people here are as kind as all people every where — Its who shall take the girls out or come & sit with them Miss Wynn proposed to delay her departure from Naples in order to be with them: but of course now I find what is the matter with them (I only knew yesterday) we had best not receive people who might be the worse for their kindness. A Doctor takes the risk for a couple of dollars a visit and a nurse for a dollar a day. Luckily I have had a nonsensical Fairy Tale with pictures<sup>32</sup> to amuse me during the week, and I have been writing and drawing that. The more serious Newcomes it was impossible to do. I should have been glad to look into the Neapolitan Society w<sup>h</sup> was open to me and from the glimpse I had of it curious and pleasant. But with daughters who are of no age, it was impossible. The young Frasers who have arrived seem nice young folks. Miss F. reminds me of her pretty sister whom I was soft upon — she is very handsome still, her brother says, a bouncing mother of seven children.

Madame Whatsername? the furniture woman lives on the Quai Voltaire and will you please, write to Miss Shawe Rue des Pénitens. Ingouville: and say you have 10*£* for her if H. Shawe is still with her and wants the money.<sup>33</sup> Ah what luck it is that people like novels; and that if we are ill there's money enough for Doctors Nurses everything and no care on that score! *Laus Deo*. Here walks Anny in dressed for the first time & says 'I only wanted to embrace my Father.' I can tell you it was a *squeak* the first day she took ill. And I now understand the anxiety of some parents whose careful faces when I was ill myself, used to make me wonder. So the Father of all of us sends illness death care grief out of w<sup>h</sup> come love steadfastness consolation — Nor could these things have been if men hadn't been made mortal and even erring & sinful and wayward. Suppose Eve hadn't eaten of that apple and her children and their Papa & Mamma had gone on living for ever quite happy in a smirking Paradisaical nudity?

<sup>32</sup> *The Rose and the Ring*. See above. No. 1029.

<sup>33</sup> See below. No. 1000 and page 674.

It wouldn't have been half the world it is. This letter you'll get very quickly as theres a direct boat. Please God others will follow to tell you your young & middle aged children are well thanking God & loving their dear old Granny & G P.

I must of course be very careful about convalescence and Miss Wynn writes me word this morning that Sorrento is a famous place. But we shall see what what is.

Ingouville. Seine Inférieure

8<sup>th</sup> All is going on very well. M has had a good night & is better.

1038.

TO PERCIVAL LEIGH

8 MARCH 1854

*Address:* Percival Leigh Esq<sup>re</sup> | Oak Cottage | Hammersmith n<sup>e</sup> London.  
*Postmark:* MR 13 1854. Hitherto unpublished.

Direct care of

Mess<sup>rs</sup> Furse, Banquiers  
Naples. 8 March.

My dear Leigh.

We are the slaves of Fate: the day after I wrote my elder daughter sickened for the scarlet fever; and is now well through it after a very mild attack — and the second has begun her little career in the fever, through w<sup>h</sup> God send her well. The Papa you may imagine has enough on his hands: as we are travelling without a female servant: and there's only one old woman to wait on all the 20 apartments of this floor of the hotel.

All this is very interesting as between friends, But the public and No VI? You see now I cant tell what has happened to VI how the Lacune has been filled up whether out of VII or from the overplus of V and the copy w<sup>h</sup> I sent for VI — nor will there be time for me this month to get your reply, and send back copy if need be.

At all events please to send a line *hither* and let me know my fate. I shall write to Florence to the Bankers there to forward any letter w<sup>h</sup> you may have sent. But please let me hear from you too. If you can see how to fill up 3 pages of your own noble

invention — just going goose-step as it were and making the story pretend to march (w<sup>h</sup> indeed it has been doing for some time) pray do write them. If not a notice must be affixed to No VII. to say that a portion of the Authors MS. w<sup>h</sup> was sent from abroad, has — in fine the scrape must be met somehow. Nothing can be well taken from No VIII — as the story comes to a sort of period in that number with the departure of the Colonel —

Confound those 3 pages! w<sup>h</sup> I got up trembling in a fever to supply in January! and that my carelessness should have led you to suppose it was not for No VI but Number V they were intended —

Three illnesses of my own and two of my girls, and four numbers of Newcomes and a Christmas book written in 3 months — I think I have had enough to do. This country is beautiful and the pontus et aer out of my window look like views in Heaven. But O how I wish I was well back: and how beat I am by these constant family cares! — To be father and mother too is too much work for any one: let alone such a lazy fellow as me — But the discipline is good à quelque chose let us trust: for us men whose lives are all selfish and who are accustomed to no restraint. A truce to sermings! I send you all my best regards — O how I wish I was going to dine in Bouverie St<sup>e</sup> next Saturday!

Farewell. Yours ever  
W M Thackeray.

The D<sup>r</sup> has just been here and gives a fair report of my patients but says we must be here for 3 weeks more at the very least — in one of the most xpensive hotels in Europe: ——!

In Clives letter speaking of M. de Florac he says he will be Duc de Chaumont w<sup>h</sup> I have altered to *Montaigne* — Let it be —— d'Ivry please <sup>34</sup> and you'll put in about Assaye?

<sup>34</sup> For the corrections that Thackeray mentions, see *Works*, VIII, 217 and 214.

1039.

TO MRS. BAXTER

17-28 MARCH 1854

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter | 286 Second Avenue | New York. *Postmark:* LIVERPOOL 4 AP 1854. Published in *American Family*, pp. 109-116.

Naples. Sometime in March — 28<sup>th</sup> the last day.

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter — I am paying off debts of friendship as time serves, and now I think comes the turn of my dear friends in New York, to whom my thoughts often go if my letters don't. I have such hard work now that letter-writing becomes difficult to me; and such a number of cares and troubles encompassing me that the letters when I do write are perforce the most gloomy comfortless scraps of paper. What did Sarah's last sad letter mean, and what ails my bright SSB? She wrote as if she had quite a serious malady — full of affection for the kindest parents in the world, but of dismal forebodings for herself ill or well. As for me I have been ill ever since I have been in Italy — twice at Rome: as often since we have been here: and travelling without a female-servant for my girls I have had them both ill with the scarlatina — Anny first, then Minny a week after: then I took ill on my own account: and we were all three 10 days since <sup>35</sup> stretched on our backs looking out at the Mediterranean yonder — so provokingly bright and blue. As soon as ever I'm well, I fall to work again: to keep up my 4 numbers ahead. The care and anxiety are constant you see. God grant that you have gone through your share for poor Sarah, and that she and the Spring are come out together. I've scarcely been out of doors for weeks past: and have had little heart to enjoy things when I went out. Am I not fulfilling my promise of a dismal letter? Thank God my girls are both up now and well. Anny who has been the longest convalescent, taking sweet kind care of her younger sister. Minny during Anny's fever was a fine little nurse: and when we were all on our beds we by the best of good luck got an excellent Irish nurse, who took care of poor little No 2 when her turn came.

<sup>35</sup> On March 7, as Thackeray's diary shows. This serves to date the beginning of the letter.

This Italy has been a failure. — I start off from one glum topic to another. I don't like the accounts of your constant headaches: nor the report that the last year hasn't been a good one for your husband. He mustn't mind my not writing to him. I don't to any man except on business (and neglect that dreadfully too). I wish you and he and Sarah & Lucy would come over to us at Kensington. I wish we were there. I must get back and read for the New Lectures: though I despond about them rather: and feel about 20 years older than when I saw you.

I was right, wasn't I to shut up my portfolio two days ago; and take my hat and go out. The blue devils were growing too



blue — bluer than the sea out of window and thats glorious to look upon. Do you know what this is? This is the island of Capri right opposite my window. It is as purple as purple as the pelisse Miss Baxter used to wear this time last year — and there are 1, 2, 3 little ships dotting the sea line, and the blue ocean seems *swelling* over, gently dancing landward as if it would hop into my windows. Night & morning come musicians with song & roundelay. O my stars how sick I am of their noise! They have bawled it under my windows and spoiled my work: they have bawled it and spoiled my girls' sleep. There comes one of them now, the villain! (I am trying to restore my good humour by drawing those little waves between the lines) If it had not been for a nonsensical Xmas book I have been writing I dont know what I should have done in these last dreary weeks. How much men make of a little confinement! (not your husband that pearl of papas & husbands) — but selfish people like your humble servant. And how kindly



& simply women bear it. What shall I go on writing this ejaculatory sort of sentiment. I have nothing else to say see no one, remark nothing, take Anny out, read the newspaper for relaxation, work all the morning at No XI when health permits — might as well be at Brompton as here — I think I'll wait for another day, and stop again.

When was the above written? Ever so many days ago. Now No 2 goes out as well as No 1, & soon I hope we shall be able to leave this ill-starred country, and get to Paris & London. Times are going a little more pleasantly. The children have their dinner with huge appetites thank Heaven at 1. Then we go out. Then I go and dine with my friends. It is a comfort to get out of the wearisome sick-room for a while, and have a holiday.

March 28

Now I begin for the fourth time. And this shall go on to the end of the page or sure it will never be done. Well then, this is to go by a quick boat to Marseilles and thence swiftly to London and thence to Liverpool, and it will reach you about the 15 April won't it — w<sup>b</sup> I remember very well though it seems a hundred years ago — and Crowe bringing me the sham-flowers: and the party in the Brown House yonder — dear old friendly Brown House — and Miss Clarks marriage day that fatal day and Miss Lucy crying, and Miss Sarah tripping away to her coach, and the sea afterwards and ever so many thoughts pleasant and dismal. Write to me, to Young Street Kensington, by the very first ship please. Tell me good news of every one. Shall I come and see you in the fall? Can't you coax Felt on the part of his Societies to make me an offer? You & M<sup>rs</sup> Snelling might take him in hand showing how popular the series of Lectures w<sup>b</sup> I intend would surely be. Men of the World! Chesterfield, Wharton,<sup>36</sup> Walpole, Brummel,<sup>37</sup> what fun & satire! what an opportunity for young men to learn about Euroapian manners! Depend on it

<sup>36</sup> Philip (1698–1731), first and last Duke of Wharton, now remembered chiefly by the lines (180–207) beginning “Wharton! the scorn and wonder of our days” in the first of Pope’s *Moral Essays*.

<sup>37</sup> For Thackeray’s views on Brummell, see his review of Captain Jesse’s *Life of Beau Brummell* in *The Morning Chronicle* of May 6, 1844.

the ladies would be the best negotiators in this matter: and I would sooner have your help than the smartest man in Wall Street. — I *do* feel 20 years older than when I was in America: & 3 months of ill health & gloom in this charming climate have made me about 70. I used to have some reminiscences & feelings of youth left when I was 42, now I am near 43 and no Grandfather can be more glum. I sleep like a monk with a death's head in my room. 'Come' says the cheerful monitor, rouse yourself. Finish Newcomes. Get a few thousand pounds more, my man, for those daughters of your's. For your time is short, and the sexton wants you. You have been in this world long enough. You have had enough Champagne and feasting — travelling, novel-reading novel-writing, yawning, grumbling, falling in love and the like. You are too old for these amusements and what other occupations are you fit for? Get 200 £ a year apiece for your girls and their poor mother, and then come to me!' So be it. Isn't it a cheerful letter?

The other day at dinner my neighbour (with a certain twang in her pretty nose by w<sup>h</sup> I recognized my beloved Republic) says to her neighbour — Do you know Howadji? Hes going to be married to Miss (I forget) of Boston? Is this true? <sup>38</sup> Give the swain my compliments — I wish I could take them to him to the Century to-morrow night. Yesterday — I was the only Englishman at the table d'hôte. 5 French. 4 Germans. 24 Americans — and amongst them, ah such loafers! Our nations did not mingle in the least in Rome, nor do they here. I made friends with the Storys, poor people, they had just lost their son, and the last I hear of them is that they have had to stop between this and Rome in a town close on the Pontine Marshes with their remaining child struck down by a fever w<sup>h</sup> she has had for 4 months past. It has been an awful season for illness here — Here I am, growing lively again! The paper will not hold much more grumbling and moping, but there's space enough left to tell you my dear friend

<sup>38</sup> Thackeray was misinformed. George William Curtis, author of *The Howadji in Syria* (1852), married Anna Shaw, daughter of Francis G. Shaw of Staten Island, on Thanksgiving Day, 1856. (Edward Cary, *George William Curtis*, Boston, 1894, p. 102.)

how affectionately I remember you all, and how sincerely I am  
yours. W M T.

What a comfort to think the next letter will be straight to  
Kensington about 1 May!

[For fragments of a letter to Kate Perry 25 March 1854, see letter 41, Appendix XXVI.]

1040.

TO GEORGE GODWIN <sup>39</sup>

26 MARCH 1854

My text is taken from a Sotheby catalogue, June 9, 1931.

Onslow Square, March 26,

My dear Mr. Godwin.

Peter, I am sorry to say, is right. and I cannot have the pleasure of dining with the Brittonians on Friday. Thank you very much for the volume <sup>40</sup> of wh. I have only looked at the woful illustrations as yet; promise myself a quiet evening's reading, when a quiet evening will come to

Yours very truly,  
W. M. Thackeray.

<sup>39</sup> George Godwin (1815-1888) was an architect and writer who edited *The Builder* from 1844 to 1883. Hawthorne, meeting him at a London reception in 1856, described him as "quite a superior person, gentlemanly, cultivated, a man of sensibility. . . This Mr. Godwin, as we were discussing Thackeray, said that he is most beautifully tender and devoted to his insane wife, whenever she temporarily emerges from her madness, and can be sensible of his attentions. He says that Thackeray, in his real self, is a sweet, sad man." (*English Notebooks*, ed. Randall Stewart, New York, 1941, p. 328)

<sup>40</sup> *London Shadows; a Glance at the "Homes" of the Thousands* (1854).

1041. TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH  
1 APRIL 1854

Hitherto unpublished.

Hotel d'Orient. Marseille  
April 1. 1854.

My dearest Mammy

Your young folks have come so far — after a beautiful passage, in w<sup>h</sup> all were sick except me. I shan't hurry on Minny who was very sick on board: but shall wait till she can make the journey pleasantly. The Rhone is dry so our way must be by the Diligence and 22 hours is the first days journey to Lyons.

The girls say that the apartment on your floor is vacant. If so hadn't we better take it for a month? I should like to go to London before that perhaps: but to have a place to myself will be a comfort for working and the price is no odds if the place suits. Charles & I could put up in comfort in that quarter.

1/2 an hour after. Min is quite well and bawling out for her dinner w<sup>h</sup> will be served to her anon. I dont know yet how we shall proceed — or if we can get places by tomorrows diligence for Valence. At all events before very many days we shall be with my dear old Granny & G P.

W M T.

1042. TO JANE RITCHIE  
APRIL 1854<sup>41</sup>

*Address:* Miss Jane Ritchie. Hitherto unpublished.

My dear Jane

I hope I shall be quite well tomorrow when be sure I will come and see you. Meanwhile I must keep my room; and send Charles with this little line to tell you that the girls are as well as well can be and that I shouldn't scruple about a visit from them. But Maria Hamerton says Charlotte has orders from D<sup>r</sup> Bertin<sup>42</sup> and

<sup>41</sup> Written shortly after Thackeray's arrival in Paris on April 7.

<sup>42</sup> The Ritchies' family doctor in Paris.

until he gives leave of course they must keep away. Minny has been out of the fever since the 12<sup>th</sup> of last month: Anny a week before her. What a dreary time we had at Naples! — I will tell you all about it tomorrow. Meanwhile I send my love to Charlotte and the little maidens; <sup>43</sup> and am very sorry indeed for the cause w<sup>h</sup> has brought my dear Jane to Paris.

Always your affectionate  
W M T.

1043.

TO PERCIVAL LEIGH

12 APRIL 1854

*Address:* Percival Leigh Esq<sup>re</sup> | Oak Cottage | Hammersmith | London.  
*Postmarks:* PARIS 12 AVRIL 54, 13 AP 1854. Hitherto unpublished.

chez M. Smyth.

19 Rue d'Angoulême St Honore

Wednesday 11.<sup>44</sup>

My dear Professor.

I have been here since Saturday thankful to quit the blyou Mediterranean, but forced to physic myself after my arrival: I hope for the last time, and that I am rid now of the confounded Italian Malaria. I dont know when igsactly I shall be back but the very sooner the better; Shouldn't I like to dine with you all next Saturday week? that's all! I hope it may be so — as soon as family matters are arranged I shall come off.

I have seen for the first time the engravings of Newcomes some of w<sup>h</sup> I like very much indeed. Why, Doyle ought to bless the day that put the etching needle into his hand. I'm sure he'll be able to do great things with it. He does beautifully and easily what I wanted to do and can't. There are capital bits in almost all the etchings. Some of the wood-blox have been awfully mangled in the engraving, but Gandish and young Moss (in 2 places) are admirable. I hear the artists are consumedly angry, I dont know for y, (one man is confidentially mentioned as M<sup>r</sup> Smee

<sup>43</sup> Augusta and Blanche Ritchie.

<sup>44</sup> A mistake for Wednesday, April 12.

who never, selpmy, entered into my mind) — My impression was that they appeared as rather good fellows, and in future numbers some of them will come out as uncommonly good fellows. No VII reads very pleasantly to me now I had forgotten it. There are one or 2 slips of my own making — but who will perceive them except their author? There's a bit from 'Hard Times' quoted in the Examiner to day; representing such a character as I have drawn in several varieties:<sup>45</sup> but I think I know whose the best English is of the 2 writers — I wonder there is not some young fellow come up to knock us both off the stage. (by the way there's Ainsworth I see with a new tail)

Father Prout, the Duke of Cambridge, and Albert Smith have just arrived. F. P. was telling me of the immense rise of Lloyds Newspaper, under the Douglas,<sup>46</sup> by Jupiter I am very glad to hear it: and am quite pleased at myself at finding myself pleased at men getting on in the world. Please the Gods D J will lay by a little money. What's the business of us fathers of families but that? When we are in the domus exilis Plutonia,<sup>47</sup> we shall have a consolation in that glum limbo by thinking we have left some bread behind for our young ones here under the Sun.

They have been playing God save the Queen at the Re(. . .)<sup>48</sup> to day — the honest French dragoon bands having been practising it hugely for some days past. What a strange rehearsal for a French trumpeter! Couldnt the PP make something of it? And already I see the Man in Possession of Sir H. Seymour's<sup>49</sup> furniture: but Leech wont do it because he prefers a multitude

<sup>45</sup> In *The Examiner* of April 8 (p. 220) the description of Mr. Bounderby and part of his conversation with Mrs. Gradgrind in chapter 4 of *Hard Times* are quoted from *Household Words*, where Dickens's novel was currently appearing. The most finished companion portrait to Mr. Bounderby in Thackeray's fiction is old Osborne of *Vanity Fair*.

<sup>46</sup> Douglas Jerrold edited *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* from 1852 until his death in 1857.

<sup>47</sup> Horace, *Odes*, I, iv, 17.

<sup>48</sup> The rest of this word has been torn away.

<sup>49</sup> Lord Henry Seymour (1805-1859), the second son of the third Marquess of Hertford, passed his life as a prominent and eccentric member of Parisian society. His father was the original of Lord Steyne and of Diaradi's Lord Monmouth.

of figures. Punch used to come to Naples till the picture of Bomba,<sup>50</sup> since then he has been invisible I mean M<sup>r</sup> P.

I wish I knew how to help your brother Fred — Who hasn't got a brother Fred? I hope Leech and his ladies are well and all the Bouverie S<sup>t</sup> boys of all ages — I'm very much obliged to you my dear Leigh for looking after my business so kindly carefully & effectually and am yours very sincerely

W M T.

1044.

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

10 MAY 1854

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> Carmichael Smyth. | Rue d'Angoulême S<sup>t</sup> Honoré 19. | Paris.  
*Postmarks:* MY 10 1854, PARIS 11 MAI 54. Extract published in *Biographical Introduction*, VIII, xxxv.

Let me give my dearest Mammy an unsatisfactory screed — my journal of doings and life is very short, same, & idle One leg in Kensington and one at Brompton — yawning about from Club to Club — dining not in *society* — for I've been to call on no one but with old cronies, companions, bachelors — I dont know when I'm to get Brompton ready. I have bought at a sale a lot of goods and still want ever so much more — being desirous to have good handsome things this time: and the old traps looking very decrepid in the neat new house.

Hyndford House has cut me — that is we part honorably and peaceably — but we are not to meet. After Charles called on me, there came a letter from Mary containing a version of the Parker Story<sup>51</sup> charging my poor girls with misrepresentations rebuking me for never having shown *one* sign of regard [or] aff[ec]tion for her and her children and concluding by saying she was ready 'for peace or war' I sent a peacable reply to say that in her frame of mind peace could only be kept by our remaining apart that I hoped some

<sup>50</sup> Ferdinand II (1810–1859), King of the Two Sicilies, whose subjects had given him the insulting nickname "il re Bomba," was a reactionary monarch, constantly under attack in *Punch* after 1848.

<sup>51</sup> No account of this episode has transpired.

day she would know us better and meanwhile Godbless you & Farewell. Her delusion is so strong that it creates no anger in my mind. The very last time I saw her I talked with her of the pleasure it w<sup>d</sup> give me to pay 150£ a year for Chéri at college: — so now I shall have the pleasure of daily passing Hyndford House (She dates her letter from Hy H) and we shall bow if we meet — and that will be all. It will be much pleasanter easier wholesomer. It will keep my girls out of her society w<sup>h</sup> wasn't good for them: and in fact personally I am rather pleased that things should be as they are. I hope you won't write, you have written too much already. I hope you won't 'take on' over much; or be affected by what she says any more than by what any other insane woman says — she is as certainly crazy as my wife is.

Not one stitch of work have I done or am I likely to do for some time: until the house-business is settled. Will you keep my women a little longer please till I come for them or send for them — Does G P like the idea of Boulogne for the summer? I am good for taking a house there.

Didn't I tell you you would have an unsatisfactory letter? I am very well in health though, and my dearest old Mothers  
afte Son always.

1045.

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

11 MAY 1854

Hitherto unpublished.

11 May.

My dearest Mammy. Your letter & the girls arrived this morning crossing mine on the road as the 2 previous ones have done. I suppose I wasn't asked to the Painters<sup>52</sup> because I was away and because they are offended with Newcomes — I dont mind much whether I am asked or they offended or no — And having left no cards on the bigwigs I'm not asked by them: and feel consumedly inclined to drop that society too: but as the girls

<sup>52</sup> Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth had evidently asked why Thackeray's name did not appear in the list of guests at the Royal Academy banquet on April 29 (*Times*, May 1).



are coming out w<sup>h</sup> I must try and show 'em the great world as well as our's, w<sup>h</sup> is not better, nor cheaper, nor so amusing that's certain. I am just come in to the old Bedford to sleep for a night or two till Brompton's ready: poor old Kensington became intolerably melumcholy and I'm glad as usual to get away from it without a parting

I read over Marys manifesto again this morning w<sup>h</sup> truth to say I had not read very carefully — Your letter to M<sup>rs</sup> Parker is the cause of this domestic shindy: w<sup>h</sup> I daresay you'll agree with me in thinking had been best alone. There is no good in remonstrance supplication appeals reproof. The three former weary, the latter angers — I write this, alarmed at what Min says that you talk of coming over and making Mary love you again — the best way is to leave her alone — Every word of meddlement has done harm; and the upshot of my & the children's talk to you in w<sup>h</sup> I don't remember that there was anything unjust to poor Polly has been that we are all on the row as I foresaw we must be. Every word of explanation on our side will only embitter; the business, that is y I gave none, poor Charles called again in my absence yesterday and wrote not knowing of the epistols firing off between me & Mary inviting me to dinner — w<sup>h</sup> is impossible. Genteel estrangement is quite the best position for us, for intimacy could but lead to ceaseless bickerings and unpleasantnesses. My poor girls couldnt help laughing at Mary: She cant help talking about her affairs her conjugal relations, separations &c: Charles must have his say: when Mary is angry then he & we sh<sup>d</sup> be friends: when he is reconciled with her then the two would fall foul of the amicus curiæ: that is always the way — As I am writing this I compoge in my head a letter to Charles setting the matter forth briefly and amicably, and showing the necessity of our keeping clear of one another. Shake hands & Good bye is the best motto for us.

Now don't you my dearest anxious old Mammy step in — Where the stick has dropped there let it lie for a while. It will cost me and the girls very little trouble to support the displeasure of Hyndford House: that the quarrel must have come sooner or

later is as sure as eggs is eggs and being here Mashallah Bismillah<sup>53</sup> let us bear it.

If I wasn't engaged to dinner for the next 4 days I'd have run over to Paris: but we shall meet before very long and I'm always my dearest old Mammy's & G P's affte

W M T.

1046.

TO GEORGE HODDER

MAY 1854<sup>54</sup>

My text is taken from Hodder's *Memories of my Time*, p. 241.

My dear Sir, — Not one book of mine, except single copies of 'V. Fair,' and 'Pendennis,' and 'Esmond,' do I possess, and one of the Xmas books, which is not mine, but my daughter's. The other books are out of print, and I don't know where procurable, so that I can't comply with a wish which I should very gladly accede to.

Your book has been lying *perdu* ever so long at the Athenæum; and then I got it, and lost it again, and I kept your address on my looking-glass; and in removing from Kton. to Brompton the address fell out, and now I must ask Horace Mayhew<sup>55</sup> to forward book and note.

1047.

TO ?

MAY 1854<sup>56</sup>

Hitherto unpublished.

< . . ><sup>57</sup> Though I shall be better off in it. I had a line from my dear little women 3 days ago and yesterday bought them 2 nice new beds and hope to make a pooty room for them at 36

<sup>53</sup> See *Works*, XIII, 48.

<sup>54</sup> This note appears to have been written shortly after May 11, when Thackeray was on the point of moving to 13 Onslow Square, Brompton.

<sup>55</sup> The second (1818-1872) of the three Mayhew brothers. He was a regular contributor to *Punch*, being for a time Lemon's sub-editor, and to *Lloyd's Weekly News* during Jerrold's regime.

<sup>56</sup> Thackeray moved into his Onslow Square home on May 18, 1854, and brought his daughters from Boulogne to London three days later.

<sup>57</sup> The earlier pages of this letter have been lost.

Onslow Sq. What Comforts they are to me! — My dearest old Fat is the best girl I see anywhere: and I am brutally happy that she is not handsome enough to fall in love with: so that I hope she'll stay by me for many a year yet.

Send me word and say you will stay here, wont you? and please  
Your affte old friend  
W M T.

1048.

TO LUCY BAXTER

18 MAY 1854

My text is taken from *American Family*, pp. 116-120.

36 Onslow Square, Brompton  
May 18, 1854

Now it is Miss Lucy's turn to have a little note. Miss Lucy's turn indeed? It is a month <sup>58</sup> and three days off her birthday when she ought to have had one, and do you call this fag end Miss Lucy's turn? B. would n't go on in this way, or would go off very quickly if he did — Well — but the truth is my dear (Dont you frown, and clench your hands and stamp so) the truth is this very day I have written 14 notes on business — No not 14 — 13 — (One was to Misses A. & M. Thackeray telling them to come to Boulogne from Paris on Sunday w<sup>e</sup> their Papa would be in waiting there to fetch them) but the rest were all about other people's business almost because you see this is the first day I have got into the new house, and there is ever so much to write about, and anything more dismally uncomfortable than the new house, of w<sup>h</sup> only 2 rooms are ready as yet, mortal man cant conc—— I wont go on with this sentence w<sup>h</sup> is n't true: the fact is there are 50000 houses about London a great deal more uncomfortable.

I wonder whether the pickles and peaches directed to Young St. (where I've left no servant) and about w<sup>h</sup> your dear mother writes me word in her letter just received, will find their way from Kensington to Brompton? I feel somehow as if they were

<sup>58</sup> *American Family* reads *mile*. Lucy's birthday was April 15.

going to escape me and that the rogues to whom they are entrusted will take advantage of the change of residence and confiscate my edibles. They dont know how I value 'em and that there are no peaches in all the world so good as those in my eyes. And so Sarah has increased 20 lb in weight and looks ever so handsome again! Here comes a ring of the bell on which perhaps my future life depends.

Who do you think it was? — It was a Governess & Companion — and there came in such a simpering ogling sighing sentimental spinster that at the end of 1-2 an hour's silly conversation I was glad to get rid of her. To console her I told her I was afraid she was too handsome: that did n't seem to strike her so I tried her in French in which she made such an awful igspposure of herself, that the poor thing saw it was all over and curtsied out of the room. Ah poor thing! there she has come 5 miles in her new gown, new bonnet, best shawl to find a glum middle aged gentleman smoking a cigar and to get her congé — I must take the German lady, thats the end of it. Did I write you about the German lady? In the governess hunt t'other day I lighted upon a school called a German college for ladies, so nice, neat, pretty, well ordained, with such a nice mistress over it that had I known of it 2 years since my girls should have gone there during my trip to a certain country and by this time would have spoken German, known history, and every kind of ology, and been perfectly accomplished instead of being utterly ignorant as they are now of everything except one thing, the art and science of loving their old father. I know 2 young ladies in New York who have that accomplishment too — who love *their* father I mean, and my girls' father too for the matter of that — dont they a little?

What rambling rubbish this is! Do you know why I go on writing it though it is 7:30 o'clock; though I know its stupid; though I am as ungry as an unter on the ills — why, because to-morrow morning early I start for Boulogne: tonight I must go for the first time this season into the bo mondy Lady Ashburton & Lady Granville and if I dont write now that debt I owe my dear kind Lucy Baxter will be left over for 10 days certain & perhaps

20 days uncertain. I wish all my other debts were paid. But O the upholsterers, the carpeters, the fenderers the looking glass people, on coming into a new house! — O their bills their bills!

So I will shut up my letter — and I give my hearty good love to all of you to the old folks and to S.,<sup>59</sup> L., W., G., L., O and to Mrs. Snelling and her family, and my best remembrances to any one who recollects

Your afft old friend  
W. M. Thackeray

1049.

TO ROBERT HERBERT STORY? <sup>60</sup>

18 MAY 1854

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Square. Brompton.

18 May. 1854.

Sir

I was absent in Italy when your note (of 16 Jan.) was forwarded to my house at Kensington and found it there on my return the other day.

The time has passed now as I presume for me to do anything more than acknowledge your kindness and that of other friends in Edinburgh. I meditate a trip across the Atlantic this year or the next: and could scarcely hope to be present at the meeting of the Associated Societies of the E. University. And, possessing no power or practice as a public speaker, I should not dare to follow after so accomplished an orator & scholar as Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. But I am grateful to think that I have friends amongst the young men: and though I must not aspire to take the chair at your meet-

<sup>59</sup> Sally, Lucy, Wylly, George, Libby, Oliver, and Mrs. Snelling.

<sup>60</sup> Bulwer-Lytton was elected Honorary President of the Associated Societies of Edinburgh University early in January, 1854, and installed on the eighteenth of that month. The committee appointed to arrange for his speech had some trouble in finding a suitable chairman for the ceremony and may have appealed to Thackeray at the last moment. If so, their letter was probably written by their secretary, Story (1835-1907), later (1898-1907) Principal of Glasgow University. (*Memoir of Robert Herbert Story*, by his Daughters, Glasgow, 1909, pp. 18-21) It is quite possible, however, that Thackeray's note concerns a proposal that he be present on a quite different occasion.

1854

TO MRS. CUNNINGHAM

371

ing am very much obliged to those who have thought so kindly of me in my absence as to wish for my presence among them.

Believe me dear Sir

Your very faithful Serv<sup>t</sup>

W M Thackeray.

1050.

TO MRS. BAYNE

23 MAY 1854

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> Bayne | 40 York Terrace | Regents Park. *Postmark:* MY 23  
1854. Hitherto unpublished.

Onslow Sq<sup>r</sup> May 23.

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Bayne.

I *am* engaged on Friday: but it is to my daughters whom I have just brought to London, and with whom I had proposed to pass the only free day w<sup>h</sup> remains to me this week. However as we are here only for a few weeks and are then going to Boulogne where we shall dine together uninterruptedly for three months I will put off the Miss Thackerays and have the pleasure of dining with you.

Always truly yours

W M Thackeray

1051.

TO MRS. CUNNINGHAM

28 MAY 1854

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>re</sup> May 28.

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Cunningham

What a byootiful present of marmalade it is! I did not open the box until now when we have got into the new house: and my daughters and their papa are delighted with the present, and the prospect of good breakfasts it unfolds to them and

Yours under the deepest obligation

W M T.

1052.

TO MRS. PROCTER

5 JUNE 1854

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript given Lady Ritchie by George Murray Smith.

Brompton.

June 5th.

My dear Mrs Procter,

I have taken a house at Brecquerque (the Chateau de B. with a pretty little parklet) and so your account of the place comes very encouraging indeed thank you.

I was tearing B. C's little note by mistake, but saved it, when only partially rent, and send it to her who keeps pretty notes, and of whom I am, the most humble,

and most faithful servant,

W. M. Thackeray.

P. S. I am very glad to hear that Adelaide is well and coming back to you, and P. S. No 2: you never after all wrote the note which your husband requested you to pen to the author of the New-comers complimenting him on No IX<sup>61</sup> of that work.

1053.

TO RICHARD DOYLE

5 JUNE 1854

*Address:* R. Doyle Esq<sup>re</sup> | 19 Cambridge Terrace | Hyde Park. *Postmark:* JU 5 1854. Hitherto unpublished.

Dear Doyle

Each of the columns is 2 1/2 pages — Allow 12 lines for the chapters and letter pieces, and with a string you can easily make your calculation.

The copy for No X<sup>62</sup> is rather scarce — there should be a tolerably large cut in the first chapter: and, if possible, in all the others.

<sup>61</sup> For June, chapters 27 to 29.<sup>62</sup> For July, chapters 30 to 32.

If you do Lord Kew make him smart handsome & like a young swell — a square faced brisk blue-eyed bushy whiskered fellow is the gentleman I have in my mind. Belsize does not look buck enough, and his beard is too long: but that's a trifle.

Yours ever

W M T.

There are 10 days to the 15<sup>th</sup>

1054.

TO LADY MORGAN

8 JUNE 1854

Hitherto unpublished. *Endorsed*: June 8 1854. W. M. Thackeray.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>r</sup>

8 June

My dear Lady Morgan.

Your note reached me at 2 o'clock this morning, and I have the honor to wake at 9, jump out of bed, and thank you for your kind offered hospitality. But you see the note will come just after your party, unless I send a special messenger

[Here I lay down the pen and debate whether I shall send a special messenger. John has work all day: the maids are busy: couldn't I get a boy from the grocer's? Why does Lady Morgan want an answer so much? and wont the post do?]

Thank you very much for the invitation to my daughter: but she has strained her ankle and is ordered to a sofa for several days, so that she can't avail herself of your kindness, and her Papa has to go into the City on business as soon as his morning's work is over — and you know this is quite as much as you can afford to read this morning whilst you are busy getting ready for your party — for after all, though I shall have to pay a shilling to a boy, though there's no good in writing; and you cant afford time to read it; and I myself am as busy as possible; though you *will* always send your notes at such awful short notices; yet, as you say particularly you want an answer — Here! John! (His name isn't John — but I say John by way of indicating a footman in



general) 'Go to the Grocers or the public house or the fly man, and find a boy to take a note to Lady Morgan.'

Always your dear Lady Morgan  
W M T.

John rushes off — his employer resumes his cigar and takes a sheet of paper and begins

'We left our hero in the last chapter at Stoke-Po

1055.

TO LADY STANLEY

JUNE 1854

Hitherto unpublished.

M<sup>r</sup> Thackeray will have the honor of dining with Lord & Lady Stanley of Alderley on Monday 12 June.

1056.

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

12<sup>?</sup> JUNE 1854 <sup>63</sup>

Published in part, *Thackeray and his Daughter*, pp. 63–65.

My dearest Granie. Papa says youve been in a fright about my ankle,<sup>64</sup> but it is very much better, and I manage with the very greatest difficulty, to keep the young woman quiet. Only since the last 4 days I have got into full work again: it was impossible before with the racket of moving & the hammering and ringing of bells incessantly going on — but now the stream is beginning to flow again & the old mill-wheel to turn. I have begun a piece of buffoonery for Punch,<sup>65</sup> w<sup>h</sup> will pay the rent of the Chateau at Boulogne: & have done a month's number of it already. I didnt get your letter till late on Saturday, that is it came in at 3, and

<sup>63</sup> This letter was written shortly before Wednesday, June 14, probably the preceding Monday.

<sup>64</sup> These first words are in Annie's hand; the rest of the letter is written by Thackeray.

<sup>65</sup> "Important from the Seat of War! Letters from the East by Our Own Bashi-Bozouk," *Punch*, June 24 to July 15, which Thackeray continued as "Important from the Seat of War! Journal of the Siege of Silistria. By Our Own Bashi-Bozouk," *Punch*, July 22 to August 5.

opening it to see that all was well, I went on with my work till 7 o'clock, and then found too late that you wanted an immediate answer —

I have a party for Miss Thackeray on the 21 w<sup>h</sup> I wish her to be at & introduce her to some folks who will be kind [to] her next year: and I am engaged to dinner up to the 24<sup>th</sup> after w<sup>h</sup> I shant accept any more victuals — But I am in full work and dont mind. and besides must stay in London over the 17 when if as I expect Doyle has not done the Newcome plates I shall take them in hand and do them henceforth myself. I may if you wish it very much send the girls & Eliza over to Brequereque — no that wont do the girls had carried away M<sup>rs</sup> Bates's card and I had to send for it and hunt to know what day the concert was)

Enter Honeywood,<sup>66</sup> Mark, M<sup>rs</sup> Cole, M<sup>r</sup> Sleaf the amanuensis, a man with a bill, a messenger from M<sup>rs</sup> King about an invitation for the young ladies requiring an answer. M<sup>r</sup> T must see all these and give an answer, and at 2 M<sup>r</sup> T must take Miss Hughes and the girls to the Crystal Palace (I shall make Anny go about in a chair) but Anny & I have done a couple of pages of Newcomes upstairs already — and now I've only 5 more notes to write before going out. O what a row & a racket it is! But it is pleasant enough. When Nan could walk we 3 had plenty of pleasant walks together. She goes on Wednesday 14 to M<sup>rs</sup> Marshall's music, Wednesday 21 to M<sup>rs</sup> Bates's music — I think its possible that Lord Palmerston will ask me on Saturday to dinner w<sup>h</sup> I dont choose to refuse him again — I was obliged to do so last week being engaged to Tennant. And he is the man who has Police-Magistrateships in his gift. O thou schemer and artful dodger!

It's wonderful how well I am. Is it since the teeth? I think not unlikely. It's dreadful to think of my dear old Mammy having 3 of hers out at a sitting. We will wag our old jaws opposite to each other please God ere long at Brequereque — Monday 25 is the day I ultimately fix for the movement of these forces. The

<sup>66</sup> James Honeywood, surgeon (*Watkins' London Directory*, 1855); Mark Wood Carmichael-Smyth; and Thomas Sleaf, lithographic writer. Miss Hughes is the new governess.

bed room I shall have is any one. There is a very good study for me on the ground floor off the dining room, another for the girls off the drawing room. The best bed room of course is for my Mamma and the room next for the Major. I shall put Sleaf the Amanuensis in a lodging in the town — (he will follow after us probably.) and bring Charles & Eliza; and Grey the cook subsequently. Its a big house and there will be plenty of work for the servants, and Annette's valuable services will be absolutely necessary as aide-cuisine and interpreter. What a comfort I have devised that little scheme for paying the rent! & can pay a month of it by a day's work!

Here ends the rigmarole dashed off in a furious hurry aren't there all those other notes to write and ant I always writing or not my dearest old Mammy's & G Ps

W M T.

1057.

TO MRS. PROCTER

14 JUNE 1854

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript given Lady Ritchie by George Murray Smith.

Onslow Square.

June 14.

My dear Mrs Procter,

The end of all things has come and we go away on Sunday 25th. I am expecting my parents and have put them off once, and mustn't do so another time.

Yours always,

W. M. Thackeray.

1854

TO MRS. JAMES

377

1058.

TO DEAN MILMAN

16 JUNE 1854

*Address:* The Very Reverend the Dean of St. Pauls | Deanery, Doctors Commons. My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Mrs. Fuller.

36 Onslow Square: 16 June.

My dear Dean,

(You see I become a little more familiar in the second note I write to-day). I *mustn't* come out to breakfast on Tuesday being full of work. I have promised Lord Mahon for Monday: and after breakfast behold the day is gone and I want it and the money it will bring.

Always faithfully yours,  
W. M. Thackeray.

1059.

TO MRS. JAMES

21 JUNE 1854

*Address:* Mrs. James | 47 Wimpole St. *Postmark:* JU 22 1854. Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>re</sup> 21 June.

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> James

I send you that proof sheet of w<sup>h</sup> we spoke: and the honorarium for M<sup>r</sup> Jansa in w<sup>h</sup> I am indebted to him & you. I think I told you that I stopped at a fiddle-shop (Cocks & Somebody) to buy tickets but they had none — otherwise my tickets would have been purchased in the regular way. And you mustn't think (as I 1/2 fancy you will) of refusing the remittance, please. I am very glad to be able now & again to do a little to comfort and help the weak-hearted, being entre nous not a little grateful for my own good luck.

Always sincerely yours  
W M T.

1060.

TO PERCIVAL LEIGH

24 JUNE 1854

Hitherto unpublished.

Brompton. Sunday.

My dear Leigh

There will be a little too much letter press in No XI.<sup>67</sup> for August. Will you kindly snip off the extra sentence or two in case I should not be here?

We go to Boulogne tomorrow; <sup>68</sup> and I am

Yours ever

W M Thackeray.

Dont mind about an answer.

1061.

TO ELIZABETH STRONG

18 JULY 1854

Published in *American Family*, pp. 189-193.

Chateau de Brecrecque. Boulogne Sur Mer

Is not this the 18 July and does not Miss Libby Strong expect a letter on this anniversary? — Yes and Miss Lucy ought to have had a letter on her's; and will, I hope, be jealous at not getting one — but you see, Miss Lucy, this is my birthday as well: thats why I write so specially — though what do birthdays mark after 40? As in the railroad tunnels (unknown in your free country) we get deeper and deeper plunging into the dark and the bright spot we set out from grows fainter and fainter till it winks out invisible. Libby is only just setting off on her life-journey. She isn't tired of the jolting nor the sameness nor the dust nor the hard seats. I wonder whether there are some nice young men in the carriage? that makes the Journey pass much pleasanter; at least, about five & twenty years ago when I was Miss Libby's age a pretty girl opposite always did my eyes good. Now its different of course. I was a very venerable old bird when I was in America, but I am fifty

<sup>67</sup> Chapters 33 to 35.

<sup>68</sup> Thackeray had planned to leave for Boulogne on Sunday, June 25, but evidently did not get off till Monday.

years older now at least; think decidedly I'm not for this world very long — dont care much to stay, as soon as Anny & Minny are comfortably settled — theres Minny hoeing in the garden at this present minute. Such a pretty quiet green smiling damp pleasant unwholesome garden! We have many of us had colds in the house. I have been to Paris for a week <sup>69</sup> after working for a fortnight here like a Trojan: kept by myself all the time I was there called upon nobody bought clocks and gimcracks for the new house in London w<sup>h</sup> I never seem to want to see again went to the play every night and did not even call on Miss Davis of New York though we were ackshly living in the same hotel. Dont you see by this twaddle that I haven't got much news to give you? The most part of life is such — at forty three — at eighteen, Miss, it's different — and the eyes see things with a sunshine of their own supplying. Tell me, is there no plum-cake coming from the Brown House and no young fellow stepping forward? — The most awful thing about the brown house is — I'm almost ashamed to own it. that *I've forgotten the number*. The way in w<sup>h</sup> one forgets (at 430 w<sup>h</sup> is my age) is awful. A man came and spoke to me yesterday on the pier here — Good Evns says he dont you remember me? No says I quite cheerfully not in the least my good Sir. I forget the number of the house where I lived myself for 5 years before I went to Kensington — no stop — its 286. O thou fool, what will it matter a few score years hence?

I began to make a pome about Sontags death <sup>70</sup> the other day but stopped finding it was not at all about her but about myself. Bon Dieu what an angel I remember thinking her just twenty five years ago and seven years before Miss Libby Strong was born! Something dismal must be in the air for instead of writing gaily to a young lady on her birthday see the page is full of darkness, death, weariness of soul, failing memory, advancing decrepitude, speedy departure. Is it because I have been hard at work all day, and am writing this for dear life, so that M<sup>r</sup> Dickens <sup>71</sup> may carry

<sup>69</sup> Thackeray's diary for this year shows that he was at the Hotel Bristol in Paris from July 8 to 15.

<sup>70</sup> Mme. Sontag died in Mexico on June 17.

<sup>71</sup> Dickens and his family spent the summer of 1854 in Boulogne.

it in his pocket across the water, and so forward it to Liverpool. I dined with him yesterday. He has 9 children 7 boys — We played at forfeits and the game of 'buzz' Do you know it? I think even buzz would tire me after a certain number of enjoyments.

Come, it is time to pack up this note, and trot down to the boat. Suppose I was at New York now, I wonder whether it being your birth day, I should be allowed to — vous comprenez — and it being my birth day whether I shouldn't be authorized to do it all round? Well now I guess I'd give a hundred dollar bill to do it — thats thirty three \$ 33 cents a piece I reckon and one cent over. Miss Libby says I dont know what you mean about cents but I know you are talking a great deal of noncents. So it is. And how much of life is ditto ditto? Wait till you are five and twenty years older like some people, and then see.

So I send my love to all of you in the brown house, or where-sumdever the Shade & the Summer has conveyed you, and am of the 3 young ladies especially the

respectable old friend

W M T.

A friend of mine <sup>72</sup> is coming out to N Y, to whom I shall give a letter. He is a queer fellow the original of the Chevalier Strong in Pendennis

<sup>72</sup> Henry Glynn, the story of whose death in New York five years later is told in a letter from John H. Bewley to Thackeray; a letter of October 31, 1859, from Thackeray to Bewley; and certain newspaper clippings laid in a copy of *Pendennis* that was sold at the Anderson Galleries, October 23, 1923. The description in the catalogue reads: "Mr. Bewley had written a simple, manly note informing Thackeray of Glynn's death. '*Although poor Glynn had many "friends" in this city I regret to say that at this sad juncture they did not make their appearance, which, as he was very destitute and needed them much, will not surprise you. I have had him decently interred . . . in a purchased lot of ground where the poor fellow's remains may rest undisturbed . . .*' (Nevertheless, the old soldier had to share his grave; but with 'a gentleman and a scholar, and one who was buried under similar circumstances.')

"Thackeray in his reply is quietly appreciative. He puts down his impressions of Glynn just as they come to him. '*Mine I think was the last house he was in in London, and his almost the last face I saw as I left New*

1062.

TO MRS. PROCTER

15 AUGUST 1854<sup>73</sup>

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript given Lady Ritchie by George Murray Smith.

Tuesday.

My dear Mrs Procter,

I return home this minute from Belgium and the Rhine and find your note. I am very sorry I can't come last week. I saw Kenyon and his Betsy at Dover this morning waiting for Chorley. My house is desolate: my family. at Boulogne: my number is as usual not written: and my silver spoons and forks were lost by the family going to Boulogne. But still, still,

I am your obedient servant,  
W. M. T.

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*York . . . A character something like his I put into one of my stories. Of course he recognized it; and laughed and told me he thought the captain of my story was a very fine fellow. So had the original many admirable qualities, bravery, generosity, hopefulness, kindness . . .* He wishes to be permitted to pay half of the funeral expenses. . . . The newspaper clippings tell the whole story of the reckless, winning wanderer. Glynn is described as a 'soldier, author, artist, scholar, inventor and gentleman,' remarkable both for his talents and his modesty. 'His amiable temperament, polished manners, intelligent conversation, inexhaustible fund of anecdotes and social disposition, commanded the respect of friends who would fain overlook his worst fault — his disposition to drown care, and perhaps suffering, in the intoxicating cup . . . He was decorated several times on the field of battle for his exhibition of daring bravery . . . His talents procured him the entrée into the houses of many wealthy and prominent citizens, whose friendship was only alienated from him by his weakness . . . For the pleasure of his society not a few have frequently invited him to make his home with them. But he . . . was too eccentric to apply himself to steady employment as a means of subsistence. He could have realized a handsome competence from his talents, but would be, when in actual need of the necessities of life, more likely to spend his time painting the portrait of a friend than in earning the wherewithal to procure decent raiment. His generosity when in better circumstances left him in want in the end . . . He had no relatives in this country, and none of his acquaintances knew of any immediate difficulties, when on Saturday last he was found in a fit of apoplexy in his room and carried to the hospital. He lingered in a state of unconsciousness until Sunday evening, and then died.' "

<sup>73</sup> Thackeray's diary for 1854 shows that he returned to London shortly after Tuesday, August 8.



1063.

TO MR. BALLARD  
18 AUGUST 1854

Hitherto unpublished.

London. August 18. 1854.

My dear Sir

I am favored with your letter of August 4 and thank my friends of the New York Mercantile Library Association for their desire again to hear me as a Lecturer. My wish & hope have been to revisit the United States this year.

But repeated attacks of illness have delayed the completion of a task w<sup>h</sup> I must do before any other; and, until the periodical tale w<sup>h</sup> I am at present publishing, is written I cannot leave it or Europe. Under these circumstances I am obliged to decline considering the proposals w<sup>h</sup> you are good enough to make me and must give up my hopes of visiting America until next year. With my best wishes for your Society believe me my dear Sir

Most faithfully yours  
W M Thackeray.Please to forward the enclosed <sup>74</sup> to my friend M<sup>r</sup> F.

1064.

TO WILLARD S. FELT  
18 AUGUST 1854

*Address:* Willard S. Felt Esq<sup>re</sup>. Published in *Thackeray in the United States*, I, 168-169.

36 Onslow Sq. Brompton  
18 August. 1854.

My dear Felt.

I have been 2 months away from England during w<sup>h</sup> I have done 5 numbers of *Newcomes* and had 4 smart attacks of illness. Your letter meanwhile has been lying at my house where I found it on my return 2 days since, with one from the N Y M L A.

Repeated illnesses have thrown me back 1/2 a dozen months at

<sup>74</sup> The next letter.

least so that I cannot put my project in execution of coming to the States this year. Nor w<sup>d</sup> it be worth my while to change my scheme from 6 to 4 lectures for the 1000 Dollars w<sup>h</sup> our friends offer me. I shall give the lectures in London and Edinburgh before I go Westward as I did with the first set: and even then I think from the result of our last transactions that the N.Y.M.L.A. might have made me a better offer than that w<sup>h</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Ballard sends me.

However as I cant do the Lectures this year w<sup>h</sup> will take a great deal of time I have not discussed money matters at all in answering M<sup>r</sup> Ballards proposal, but declined it on the above reason.

Thank you very much for your letter and believe that I am always grateful and mindful of your kindness to me whilst at New York.

O me! how awfully bad the Railway Share-market looks! <sup>75</sup>

Always faithfully yours

W M Thackeray.

1065.

TO ?

19 AUGUST 1854

Hitherto unpublished.

Brompton. August 19.

Dear Sir

Your kind note (and enclosure,) have no date and I dont know how long they may have been lying on my table during my absence abroad. I am much obliged by the friendly manner in w<sup>h</sup> you take what I write — indeed I can say little more in reply to the compliments w<sup>h</sup> you are good enough to pay my works.

With regard to your own little book: if I might give you advice, I wouldn't dedicate it, unless to a private friend who w<sup>d</sup> be pleased by the compliment — for us, whose names are always in print, it is no novelty — and if you were a young Milton with a new Paradise Lost I should say as much — My name can do you no good: best get another w<sup>h</sup> can help you or w<sup>h</sup> will like to see itself on the Dedication page.

Believe me

Very faithfully yours

W M Thackeray.

<sup>75</sup> See above, No. 988.

1066.

TO ?

19 AUGUST 1854

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>e</sup>  
August 19.

Dear Sir

My conscience rebukes me this morning for having written yesterday a curt and scarcely gracious answer to your kind note. I had a score of letters to acknowledge by that post, and had only time to do my work in the fewest possible words. Let me thank you as I think I omitted to do for your note and beg you to believe me

Your obliged faithful serv<sup>t</sup>  
W M Thackeray.

1067.

TO RICHARD DOYLE

20 AUGUST 1854 <sup>76</sup>

My text is taken from an undated George D. Smith catalogue.

Onslow Square

Dear Doyle,

Your note without a date reached me last night. I had heard from Evans that the plates for the month were in. The volume (of XII numbers) is sold bound and subscribed like other books. I wrote to you two months ago saying what would be wanted for it. Have you sent an engraved title? This is the thing mainly necessary. *Two* allegorical frontispieces would be no good. If you have not sent in an engraved title can you do one by tomorrow night so as to be with Mr. Young? <sup>77</sup> *If not I can and will.* Please to send an answer as this is the 20th of the month.

Truly yours

W. M. Thackeray.

<sup>76</sup> Thackeray is writing about number XII of *The Newcomes*, chapters 36 to 38, which was published for September, 1854.

<sup>77</sup> Robert Young, engraver, 3 Furnival's Inn, Holborn (*Watkins's London Directory*, 1855).

1068.

TO ANNE THACKERAY

28 AUGUST 1854

Published in part, *Biographical Introductions*, IX, lviii–lix.

28 August.

Why have I left that letter at home w<sup>h</sup> I began to my dearest Nan? — And now I've been writing at the Athenaeum for 5 blessed hours since, and am quite too tired and spent to tell you anything except that I'm very well, and thank God you are. I've bought the horse, a very quiet beast. And to night — where do you think I'm going? To meet a Miss MacWhirter at tea. A clergymans daughter independent, clever, 35, don't want any money I wonder whether she'll do?

I find by the American Railway Journal that my Bonds *haven't* gone down so I have had 2 weeks panic and resignation for nothing.

I think this is all my news. No. I may as well go on and say what is in the other letter; that day before yesterday Henry Davison and I dined at home together and had roly poly pudding so good that I says 'I wish I had my girls here says I — so he says I should like to see them very much but *after the roly poly* pudding so we ate it all up. And the reason why I dined at home was because I was forced: and the reason why I was forced was that my stirrup leather broke and I came off in Rotten Row on the part w<sup>h</sup> Cherubim haven't got: and was bruised and hurt and in bed for 4 days: but am walking about again and nearly all right now. Thats all my history I think. I have done a mort of wood-blocks though for Giglio & Bulbo,<sup>78</sup> and am improving in them I think: and etched a many of the cards<sup>79</sup> w<sup>h</sup> look very well and funny: and I wonder whether I shall come over to see my daughters and parents again, or whether about Xmas or so we shant go and give G P and Granny a benefit at Paris? There's plenty to do here meanwhile — And not a soul in town: and I like it: and even

<sup>78</sup> *The Rose and the Ring*.

<sup>79</sup> A set of comic playing-cards, some of which are reproduced in *The Orphan of Pimlico*.

liked being laid up tother day for I read plenty of books and was very decently & melancholiously happy.

God bless my dearest women. Tell Granny my new horse is as quiet as a rocking horse: and my tumble was n't his fault but fate's and mine: & so Good bye my dear.

W M T.

1069.

TO BRADBURY AND EVANS

AUGUST? 1854<sup>80</sup>

Hitherto unpublished.

Whitefriars, London.

185

My dear B & E.

Dont you think 'A Pack of Nonsense' by M<sup>r</sup> Punch, and sold at the Crystal Palace might do?

Here is part of the pack. Think over the matter and see whether you can afford to purchase: for I think the scheme a very good one, and expect a high figure —

It might come out

in Punch in 13 numbers of 4, though I dont think much of that scheme: it would look much better

in a book of 26 pages with droll illustrative notes facing the cuts.

and in a pack of cards to be sold at all railway stations & bought by every body who loves stuff and nonsense.

They are complete and I am now etching them.

Send me a line and an offer if you have a mind to bid. I should say as much as 2 numbers of Newcomes Thats about it.

Yours

W M T.

<sup>80</sup> This note was written at about the same time as Thackeray's letter of August 28, in which he mentions that he has etched a good many playing-cards. Nothing came of his scheme for marketing them.

1070.

TO MRS. PROCTER  
6<sup>7</sup> SEPTEMBER 1854 <sup>81</sup>

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript given Lady Ritchie by George Murray Smith.

My dear Mrs Procter,

Only once through to Boulogne and the crowds took me to themselves for my two hours there—and there's no no. And I'm very ill in bed and I am very truly yours,

W. M. Thackeray.

1071. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY  
SEPTEMBER 1854 <sup>82</sup>

Hitherto unpublished.

My dearest Women You'll be fancying I am unwell unless I write but the fact is I'm awful busy with M<sup>r</sup> Sleaf and the Xmas book and cards: and since Sunday I have been very well and I got well I think by a good long ride on Marochettis Cob, and I believe I shall buy him; and work and dawdle on here for some time to come. Its very pleasant when one is used to it. Sunday I dined with old M<sup>rs</sup> FitzGerald she was stupendously gracious: and I have seen the Procters and thats all. Last night I tried to go to the play: it is so awfully vulgar & stupid I was obliged to come away. Robert Chambers was there enjoying it hugely: and at the same time complimented me upon my latter numbers. 'Thinks I' my dear fellow if you admire them and admire this the play I mean how very bad my work must be. This is stupid to tell isnt it but I've no more

Poor Charles and Aunt Mary are again in hot water, because he wanted to send Rose <sup>83</sup> to see me. — that's the news from Hynd-

<sup>81</sup> Thackeray's diary for 1854 shows that he was ill at Boulogne on September 6, three days after his arrival from London.

<sup>82</sup> This letter was written shortly after that of August 28, 1854.

<sup>83</sup> Rose Gordon Carmichael.

ford House. I saw the Marks,<sup>84</sup> and the 3 girls. The 2 last uncommonly pretty. Jingilby<sup>85</sup> was unwell when I called, Mingilby was out their Mamma very poorly yours pretty well M<sup>rs</sup> Bakewell writes. Cadogan Place<sup>86</sup> I know not of for fear of bringing down a scolding on the poor woman. The weather warmish but delightful & for these 3 days ever since the ride I'm reely very well indeed: as I hope my dearest women are & my dear old G P and Granny.

W M T.

1072.

TO ALGERNON WEST<sup>87</sup>

14 SEPTEMBER 1854



Hitherto unpublished.

Sep<sup>t</sup> 14. 1854.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>re</sup> Brompton.

My dear West

After I saw you in London I found the very thing for me, a cob of Marochettis,<sup>88</sup> and tumbled off him the very day after I bought him. The fault was not in the hanimal but his rider, or the stirrup leather w<sup>h</sup> broke whilst I was thinking of other things and precipitated yours truly.

I fell on this part  
Went to Boulogne,  — and was a good deal shaken:  
yesterday only or  and fell ill there and returned  
your note should have been  
sooner answered. Im much obliged to you for the trouble you  
have taken: and glad to hear you are so well and happy I am  
neither & full of work w<sup>h</sup> must be done.

<sup>84</sup> Mr. and Mrs. Mark Carmichael-Smyth and their three daughters, Maria, Harriet, and Eleanor.

<sup>85</sup> Harriet Jane and Mary Ingilby.

<sup>86</sup> Where the Brookfields lived.

<sup>87</sup> West (1832–1921), later (1886) K. C. B., served in the Admiralty and India Offices from 1852 to 1866, was Gladstone's private secretary from 1868 to 1872, and Commissioner of Inland Revenue from 1872 to 1892.

<sup>88</sup> The sculptor Carlo Marochetti (1805–1867), an Italian baron who was Thackeray's neighbor at 34 Onslow Square. He executed the bust of Thackeray in Westminster Abbey.

Give my very best regards to the Lady of Cortachy<sup>89</sup> and accept dear West the assurances of my high consideration.

W M T.

1073. TO PAUL ÉMILE DAURAND FORGUES<sup>90</sup>

16 SEPTEMBER 1854

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Mrs. Fuller.

36 Onslow Square, London.

September 16

Dear Forgues.

I have just read the Article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*,<sup>91</sup> and am glad to write a line of thanks and good-will to the author, with whom, as I think Pichot has already told you, I have been angry for 3 whole years.

In 1851, apropos of my Lectures, you wrote in a French paper published here, that I had praised Addison in order to curry favor with the English aristocracy. My honour was wounded at the idea that a friend should make such a charge against me; — a critic may like or dislike my books, and of course is welcome to his opinion: but he has no right to attribute to me mean motives, or at least I have a right to be angry if he does. The Examiner here and I had a feud upon a similar point<sup>92</sup> — the Examiner saying that I abused the Literary class, in order to curry favour with the non-literary public.

And now I will give you the history of Addison, whom I don't like personally, but whose humour I admire with all my heart;

<sup>89</sup> Lady Airlie.

<sup>90</sup> Forgues (1813–1883) was a French man-of-letters who specialized in English subjects. He wrote for the *Revue Britannique*, and translated, among many other English and American classics, *Jane Eyre*, *Shirley*, *Villette*, *The Woman in White*, *The Scarlet Letter*, Macaulay's *Essays*, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Among his original works were *Originaux et beaux esprits de l'Angleterre contemporaine* (1860) and *Gens de bohème et têtes fêlées* (1862).

<sup>91</sup> "W. M. Thackeray et ses romans," *Revue des deux mondes*, September 1, 1854, pp. 1001–1032.

<sup>92</sup> See above, No. 678.



more than his humour I admire his conduct through life; rich or poor, he was an upright, honest, dignified, gentle man, a worthy man of letters. He underwent bad fortune with admirable serenity, I thought it was right to praise him as one of our profession, and leave the reader to make his own moral from what I said.

You have seen there has been an absurd outcry here about neglected men of genius; about the excuses to be made for literary men, they are to get drunk, to bilk their tradesmen, to leave their children without bread.

I have been earning my own bread with my pen for near twenty years now: and sometimes very hardly too, but in the worst time, please God, never lost my own respect.

By the way that is an error about the Constitutional and our *Refugeedom*.<sup>93</sup> We lost a considerable sum of money, but we paid all we owed. There was no time when our own Country was ever shut to my family on account of debt: but, having incurred great pecuniary losses, it was pleasanter and more economical to live in Paris than in London: hence our voluntary exile.

The insisting upon the point, that men of letters were well treated by English society, was an opposition to the contrary doctrine propounded by 'the Guild of Literature' set, whom you notice: and who got up a theatrical entertainment to provide funds for decayed literary men. That project I thought and think unworthy and derogatory to our calling. I do not like to think of our confrères painting their faces and grinning in farces, for the sake of their oppressed brethren.

If you look at the dedications of Addison's time, you will understand why I called Lord Ashburton, 'Right Honorable' <sup>94</sup> — those

<sup>93</sup> In his article Forgues had written (p. 1002) that the failure of *The Constitutional* resulted in "des disgrâces pécuniaires qui forcèrent les fondateurs responsables à s'expatrier."

<sup>94</sup> Forgues takes Thackeray to task for neglecting to emphasize the degrading aspects of aristocratic patronage of letters in *The English Humourists*. "Qui signe une dédicace ridiculement flatteuse, afin d'obtenir une poignée d'or, s'expose à être traité lestement par le patron qu'il s'est donné," he observes, pointing his remark by a description of *Esmond* a few sentences later as an "histoire, par parenthèse, respectueusement dédiée au *right honourable* William Bingham, Lord Ashburton" (p. 1026).

bows and ceremonies were a part of the costume: and I am indebted to Lord and Lady Ashburton for the very greatest kindness at a period of the deepest grief and calamity. They knew very well the meaning of that dedication. I have said somewhere it is the unwritten part of books that would be the most interesting. Also I knew very well that people would cry out "O the sneak! he has dedicated his book to a grand seigneur."

If that book ever should come to life again, and I think it may, I should like it to be known that I the writer, have received the tenderest obligations from this Lord and Lady (Ashburton). This is private and *entre nous deux*.

Meanwhile and at an unconscionable length I have said my say: and have told you how I was angry, and am so no more, but yours very faithfully dear Forgues, W. M. Thackeray.

1074. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

29 SEPTEMBER 1854

Hitherto unpublished.

Michaelmas day.

My dearest women.

The sea is so bright and the weather so glorious that I was minded to write to you last night and tell you to join me at the Royal Hotel, where I've got a delightful sitting room on the ground floor & adjoining bed room. Ainsworth dined with me there after a famous walk up to his house & back w<sup>h</sup> is near 2 miles off & w<sup>h</sup> did me good and we talked about old times and present Authors and spent a tollerollerable evening. He offered me Michaelmas Goose with his daughters to day: but I had rather eat 2 mutton chops by myself. I am sure I should have been very much better this morning but I did not go to sleep till 4 o'clock — on the

sofa in the sitting room on account of the

So I

shan't have you down but send you a Fathers blessing from  
W M T.

1075.

TO MRS. PROCTER  
17 OCTOBER 1854

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript given Lady Ritchie by George Murray Smith.

1854.

My dear Mrs Procter,

Can you have been five weeks at Ryde in your own lodgment, and why didn't I come to see you? It seems but a few days (novel thought) since you said you were on the point of starting — I think I have been ill ever so many times since you went: that is why the time has passed away so swiftly: why I haven't written either books or letters, and why the latter must be so stupid. I mope about alone, avoid company, sit up stairs in my room, and am sick of being unwell that's the fact. I have not seen a soul, or feel as if I hadn't: when I do see people and they talk I think about something else — I don't know exactly what. Yesterday a man told me a story which I said would be a very good subject for a comedy: I have been trying all to-day to remember what it was: and can't. I am fatuous. You wouldn't have a person in such a condition write letters, would you? If we are insane let us keep out of the way and not intrude our melancholy fatuities. Henry Kemble is better off than some imbeciles. He is quite happy, tells immense long-bow stories all day — now is the bravest man, the handsomest the best rider, the most fortunate in finding favor with your charming sex. Ha — and he fancies himself staying at a gentleman's country seat: and is happy. My malady goes quite the other way. The idea of a gentleman's country seat is odious to me: of society: amusements and especially conversation. Good God, how Miss Smith did talk at Brighton! I nearly jumped out of window. I would but the Cunninghams<sup>95</sup> might have been in the street. No, their name is Coningham. To day at the Garrick a man came in from Brighton and said I was dead and it was in the

<sup>95</sup> William Coningham (1815–1884) and his family. Coningham was a friend of John Sterling and represented Brighton in parliament from 1857 to 1864.

Brighton paper. Perhaps he means S. Phillips.<sup>96</sup> Did you ever know that Jew? He supported the Protestant interest for many years in the *Morning Herald*. He published in two places that S. Warren was the greatest of authors. He tagged his stories in Blackwood with Scripture and the psalms. And the *Times* of this day announces that a more honourable man never lived. There is something awful in the death, in the life, in the epitaph. I travelled from Brighton with the poor man but a week since: and was thinking to myself: O thou Hebrew renegade! do I dislike you because you abused my works or because you are a corrupt judge delivering wilfully dishonest sentences, misleading people who believe you, and taking God's name in vain? I swear if I could have believed that he abused me honestly, I think I would have had no personal anger towards him. I was holding forth in this strain to Will's<sup>97</sup> at the Reform Club, and saying how I had met him and how that fellow ought to be collared and punished if we could find the way — when Lo, Parkes comes up and says: Have you heard that your opponent Phillips is dead? How it struck one! And his paper this morning praises him for keeping his family in comfort and respectability? They call that respectability.

He was very good indeed to his family, adored by them; a very kind man. Amen. This is all I have to tell about — what you read in the papers without. I dreamed that Hayward<sup>98</sup> was married to Lady Castlereagh. I don't think I know anything more. I have been once to poor old Cadogan Place: had the cholera at Brighton: and foregathered there with Chisholm Anstey.<sup>99</sup> He is very curiously well informed and most kindly crazy and pleasant.

I saw Burghersh<sup>100</sup> yesterday, such a noble young man looking

<sup>96</sup> Samuel Phillips died at Brighton on October 14, 1854. His obituary appeared in *The Times* three days later.

<sup>97</sup> William Henry Wills (1810–1880), a miscellaneous writer who assisted Dickens with *The Daily News*, *Household Words*, and *All the Year Round*.

<sup>98</sup> Lady Ritchie's transcript reads *Haywood*.

<sup>99</sup> Thomas Chisholm Anstey (1816–1873), a well-known lawyer and politician who was the butt of many jokes in *Punch*.

<sup>100</sup> Francis William Henry Fane (1825–1891), styled Baron Burghersh, later (1859) twelfth Earl of Westmorland, had gone out to the Crimea with Lord Raglan, his uncle by marriage, at the outbreak of war. He served with

oldened since the last battle. Can't you see old Kinglake peering about with the glass in his eye?

1076.

TO MRS. PROCTER

24-25 OCTOBER 1854

Extract published, *Centenary Biographical Introductions*, XII, xlvi. My text is taken from a transcript given Lady Ritchie by George Murray Smith.

36, Onslow Square.

October 24, 1854.

My dear Mrs Procter,

If I were to lose a number of the Newcomes I don't know what I should do. I never could write it over again: the idea of the calamity frightens me; and when we were abroad I never used to let the MS out of my sight.

As for letters, I'm constantly dropping or losing them and finding them years and years after under heaps and heaps of papers. Where's that letter I wrote to you last week? <sup>101</sup> Four sides upon my word all but about four lines of the last page (and them I might easily you know have filled with "I send my very best regards to Procter, Adelaide, and am,

My dear Mrs Procter,

Yours &c, &c, always,

W. M. Thackeray.

This will do for the end and shall not be repeated in page 4.

Where I say is that letter, it is gone agadding with yours to me — so that I only know you are at Admiral Tophams <sup>102</sup> (see how ingeniously I do that. I don't know whether the Admiral's name is Top or Pop, so I write it carelessly Admiral Topham) — but where that naval commander lives I know [*sic*] more remember than I do my catechism and this will have to go to poor old Wey-

distinction at the battle of Alma River on September 20 and brought home Lord Raglan's dispatches.

<sup>101</sup> Printed above, No. 1075.

<sup>102</sup> William Popham (1791-1864), a retired rear-admiral (*Royal Calendar*, 1855).

mouth Street where perhaps it will be taken for a bill and then you know the servants have orders not to forward.

Well, you didn't lose anything by losing my letter, that's certain. It was full of grumbling and melancholy and accounts of more attacks in the waistcoat which I have had — it was not at all amusing and wound up with a savage assault upon the body of the late Samuel Phillips whose death I had read that morning. Poor Sam! Out of Abraham's bosom <sup>103</sup> he has lied himself: and whither else can his spirit go for refuge? He believed in nothing I am told but wrote as if he did believe, forging God's name to many a page in the *Heralds*, *John Bull*, *Blackwood* and what not. I perceive it is not injuring W. M. T. and that that party does not forgive his enemies in a hurry. But I do what is more difficult, I forgive those whom I have injured — witness Bulwer, whom, by right, having lampooned him and been unjust to him I ought to hate to the end of time. But I don't. I have asked his pardon in print and privately <sup>104</sup> and wish him well.

Besides the grumbling about ill health and abuse of Phillips there was nothing in that letter, I think. I never hear any news or see any one when in the dismals, like to avoid even my own angel girls and live alone at a Club. To-day I am here because Higgins is in London for a day with an Eyetalian (that is the American pronunciation) nephew <sup>105</sup> and we are to dine at six and go to a play. How I shall be bored! — it is *Paul Pry* — but we shall see the *Spanish Dancers* <sup>106</sup> and they are well worth beholding, natural bright and lively.

How Kinglake *won't* tell us about the battle when he comes back! I saw my favourite Burghersh and shook hands with him so glad to see him: and two days since saw young de Bathe <sup>107</sup>

<sup>103</sup> *St. Luke*, 16, 22.

<sup>104</sup> See above, No. 991.

<sup>105</sup> Higgins's three sisters had Italian husbands and lived in Naples.

<sup>106</sup> This letter was evidently finished on October 25, for the bill at the Haymarket on that evening (but not the evening before) included Poole's *Paul Pry* and the *Spanish Dancers*.

<sup>107</sup> Henry Perceval de Bathe (1823-1907), later (1870) fourth Baronet and a general in the army, the oldest son of Thackeray's friend Sir William de Bathe. Young de Bathe did not marry until 1870.

off — he went with a very heavy heart, and clutched hold quite eagerly of a sixpence which I gave him (having exp-ct-r-ted previously on it) for luck, and had a hole bored through it, and hung it on his watch. Poor fellow, may he and the sixpence come back. He went away leaving three children I am told (here I whisper something to you, my dear Mrs Procter, they were hm hm hm) and if he drops what becomes of them and their mother?

Have you read Forster's article about Foote in the *Quarterly*? <sup>108</sup> It is very pleasant: and there is nothing of the great patron king manner in it. And now, Madam, it is six o'clock. Do you know that except my walk here I have been at work since seven this morning? And referring you to page 1, line 9,

1077.

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

7-8 NOVEMBER 1854

Hitherto unpublished.

Tuesday. Wednesday.

My dearest Mammy You have heard of the proverb of man proposing? Man proposed to set off on Saturday morning to Paris, and had his trunk packed & G P's two maps bought and finished his Xmas book at 12 on Friday night.<sup>109</sup> And about 5 began a fine spasmodic attack w<sup>h</sup> might have been cured that day but the D<sup>r</sup> wouldnt give me calomel enough at first. So as usual the aggravated symptoms vomiting &c came on, and in fine I have had 3 days of the business comme à l'ordinaire; and have been cut, and am almost right now very comfortable with a cup of tea in bed at 9 in the morning and brains & temper uncommonly clear & serene. This frame of mind would be very sweet to remain in. I

<sup>108</sup> "Samuel Foote," *Quarterly Review*, September, 1854, pp. 483-548. Forster remarks that in *The English Humourists*, one of the books of which this article is ostensibly a review, "a contemporary English humourist, himself of no small distinction, eloquently discourses of his illustrious predecessors from Addison to Goldsmith, and passes upon them some hasty and many subtle sentences."

<sup>109</sup> According to Thackeray's diary the writing of *The Rose and the Ring* was completed on Wednesday, November 1. Presumably the illustrations were not finished till the following Friday.

wonder whether an almost total abstinence would render it permanent?

Well, I think this attack has upset the Paris plan for the present. You will want to see the girls some time in the winter and it is hardly worth while making 2 journies. The diarrhoea remains still and I couldn't move for a couple of days on a 13 hours journey) If I go any where I shall go to D<sup>r</sup> Brighton. Here's the 7<sup>th</sup> & not one word of Newcomes<sup>110</sup> done. I wanted to have done 3 numbers at least this month and have been up at 7 every morning working very sedulously until crack comes the [spasm] w<sup>h</sup> sends you to bed.

If you can take the next door rooms for next month please do & I may bring over perhaps Eliza with the girls — leaving Arthur & his wife and Amy<sup>111</sup> here. Poor fellow he has not got a guinea to spare, and every week he stays here costs me 1 £ and saves him 4 — no it cost me a days work one day his infernal dog howled so as to drive me out and I cannot speak one single word before them, and when I come into the room they are all as dumb as mice, and I go out again. But I suppose it is right to give them a shelter. He is gone to see my wife to day. His is a kind little creature

The girls say you wrote them quite a scolding about Laure.<sup>112</sup> and I dont think they were in fault. Suppose they put the question to me some morning, when there are 2 bills and a printer's boy in the passage, and I am thinking of Colonel Newcome, likewise of Arthur Shawe & his wife, and that dog dam that dog that dirties the carpets, plunges about the rooms & howls when separated from his master? — Suppose the girls at such a moment say 'Papa what shall we do about Laure? — I pull an immense long face, say 'the House is full. Confound it let's talk about Laure another time' — They are frightened to ask me, & then their Granny gives them a lecture. The blame is mine & not their's: and it mustn't darken their Granny's countenance towards my dear women — As for

<sup>110</sup> Number XVIII, chapters 55 to 57.

<sup>111</sup> Arthur Shawe and Amy Crowe. For the latter, see *Memoranda*.

<sup>112</sup> See above, No. 331.



Laure you know that I like her very much (if thats anything to the point) — but (this is written on Wednesday the next day) — the house being full, surely she had better go and take her Grandmother's sofa than our's who are already housing our own folks.

Arthur Shawe writes home that my wife is much better, and does not look 26. You'll see to day the death of poor M<sup>rs</sup> Dance <sup>113</sup> in the paper. About 6 weeks ago, she was still believing in her Somnambulist, who prophecied regarding her inward condition, described wonderful truths the poor woman thought, & promised to cure her in 14 months.

Yesterday I saw D<sup>r</sup> Ferguson <sup>114</sup> and had a guinea's worth from him that is a consultation a prescription but he wouldnt take a fee. Look out for more attacks They're not at all dangerous but unpleasant. Live &c. Take Taraxacum & Vichy Water & go there in the Summer.

Charles came to see us yesterday. A friend was with me and staid, so I don't know whether he had anything to tell. But I wont ask & dont care to know about poor Mary, who may gang her own gate for me.

O that bell that bell! It is enough to drive any servant mad. How it does ring ring ring! God bless my dearest old Mammy and G P. I wonder whether I shall see them in Paris in a few days, after all? But do another Newcomes Sir or 2 if you can before you take thought of pleasuring. That truth looks me steadily in the face; & how can I bolt from it? Best remembrances to Maria.

<sup>113</sup> Mrs. Dance died on November 2, 1854.

<sup>114</sup> Dr. Robert Ferguson (1799-1865), a well-known London obstetrician and general consultant.

1078.

TO JOHN FORSTER

8 NOVEMBER 1854

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>r</sup> Brompton.Nov<sup>r</sup> 8. 1854

My dear Forster

As you said in your note that you were going a shooting the day after writing to some place unnamed, I delayed the expression of my gratitude for those cigars you so kindly sent me. May your shadow never be less (unless you wish it less) for that good thought! I have not tapped the cedar-box yet: having been ill for some days. But my consolation was 'When I *may* smoke and like it, thank my Stars there are those famous cigars of Forster's.'

I hope we shall have another quiet little *elderly* dinner some day soon befitting our time of life and turn of humour — not that I mean to hope you are to dine with me, & give me boxes of cigars continually, — that would be too much good luck.

Always yours

W M Thackeray.

1079.

TO WILLIAM BRADFORD REED

8 NOVEMBER 1854

My text is taken from Reed's *Haud Immemor*, pp. 14-16.

36 Onslow Square, Brompton,

8th November.

My Dear Reed:

I receive[d] your melancholy letter this morning. It gives me an opportunity of writing about a subject on which, of course, I felt very strongly for you, and for your poor brother's family. I have kept back writing, knowing the powerlessness of consolation, and having, I don't know what vague hopes that your brother and Miss Bronson might have been spared.<sup>115</sup> That ghastly struggle over, who would pity any man that departs? It is the survivors

<sup>115</sup> Henry Reed and his sister-in-law Miss Bronson, who had spent the summer on the continent and in England, sailed for home on the *Arctic* September 20, 1854. The ship went to the bottom seven days later after a collision in the fog with a French ship.

one commiserates, of such a good, pious, tender-hearted man as he seemed whom God Almighty has just called back to Himself. He seemed to me to have all the sweet domestic virtues which make the pang of parting only the more cruel to those who are left behind: but that loss, what a gain to him! A just man summoned by God, for what purpose can he go but to meet the Divine Love and Goodness? I never think about deploring such; and as you and I send for our children, meaning them only love and kindness, how much more Pater Noster? So we say and weep the beloved ones whom we lose all the same with the natural selfish sorrow — as you, I dare say, will have a heavy heart when your daughter marries and leaves you. *You* will lose her, though her new home is ever so happy. I remember quite well my visit to your brother: the pictures in his room, which made me see which way his thoughts lay; his sweet, gentle, melancholy, pious manner. That day I saw them here in Dover Street, I don't know whether I told them, but I felt at the time that to hear their very accents affected me somehow; they were just enough American to be national; and where shall I ever hear voices in the world that have spoken more kindly to me? It was like being in your grave, calm, kind, old Philadelphia over again, and behold! now they are to be heard no more!

I only saw your brother once in London. When he first called I was abroad ill, and went to see him immediately I got your letter which he brought, and kept back, I think. We talked about the tour which he had been making; and about churches in this country which I knew interested him, and Canterbury especially, where he had been at the opening of a missionary college. He was going to Scotland, I think, and to leave London instantly, for he and Miss B. refused hospitality, etc.; and we talked about the *Memoirs of Hester Reed*,<sup>116</sup> which I had found, I didn't know how, on my study table; and about the people whom he had met at Lord Mahon's; and I believe I said I should like to be going with him in the Arctic, and we parted with a great deal of kindness, please God, and friendly talk of a future meeting. May it happen one

<sup>116</sup> William Bradford Reed's *Life of Esther de Berdt, afterwards Esther Reed of Pennsylvania* (1853).

day, for I feel sure he was a just man. I wanted to get a copy of Esmond to send by him, (the first edition, which is the good one,) but I did not know where to light on one, having none myself; and a month since bought a couple of copies at a circulating library for 7s. 6d. a-piece.

I am to day just out of bed with the dozenth severe fit of spasms which I have had this year. My book would have been written but for them, and the lectures begun, with which I hope to make a few thousand more dollars for those young ladies. But who knows whether I shall be well enough to deliver them, or what is in store for next year? The secretaryship of our legation at Washington was vacant the other day, and I instantly asked for it; but in the very kindest letter Lord Clarendon<sup>117</sup> showed how the petition was impossible. First, the place was given away; next, it would not be fair to appoint out of the service. But the first was an excellent reason, not a doubt of it. So, if ever I come, as I hope and trust to do this time next year, it must be at my own cost, and not the Queen's.

Good bye, my dear Reed, and believe that I have the utmost sympathy in your misfortune, and am, most sincerely yours,

W. M. Thackeray.

1080.

TO LADY OLLIFFE

20 NOVEMBER 1854<sup>118</sup>

Hitherto unpublished.

Hotel d'Antin. November 20  
no. \* Rue

My dear Lady Olliffe. I am going to London tomorrow, or I should have rejoiced to partake of the 1/4 of Venison.

Ever your's

W M Taggart.

\* P. S. There is such a noise of fiddlers in the court of the hotel that I hardly know my own name or the street I live in.

<sup>117</sup> George William Frederick Villiers (1800-1870), fourth Earl of Clarendon, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from 1853 to 1858.

<sup>118</sup> Joseph Olliffe was knighted in 1853. During the years that followed, Thackeray was in Paris on November 20 only in 1854.

1081. TO JAMES HAIN FRISWELL <sup>119</sup>  
2 DECEMBER 1854

Published in Laura Hain Friswell's *James Hain Friswell* (London, 1898), pp. 37-38.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>f</sup> Brompton. Dec<sup>r</sup> 2.

Dear Sir

I am but just returned to town, & thank you for your little volume w<sup>h</sup> I found on my table last night. If you saw the heap of letters demanding answers w<sup>h</sup> lie beside your kind one, you would see that my reply to you must perforce be very short — I never know what to say about compliments addressed to myself — they shut my mouth as a critic; hence I cannot pretend to judge of 'Houses with their Fronts off.' I looked in to some of them last night and was very much amused with the people I saw; & the kind-hearted observer who showed me the inhabitants — I instance particularly the Theatre, the Workhouse & the young married people — D<sup>r</sup> Tupto and his boys remind me of a certain D<sup>r</sup> B—rch: & some scholastic combats and recollections w<sup>h</sup> I have read in the works of another Author. — I daresay you are no more aware of the resemblance, than I was, years ago, that I imitated Fielding: but on looking back lately at some of those early papers I saw whose the original manner was. What we see for ourselves, is the best worth telling after — Thus the Work House is a good paper, containing pathos, kindness, & matter for (the reader's) subsequent observation. — I must not go on lecturing you however, but meet my other creditors — and content myself by assuring you that I am

Your obliged & faithful Serv<sup>t</sup>

W M Thackeray.

<sup>119</sup> A minor Victorian man-of-letters (1825-1878), whose many books included *Houses with the Fronts Off* (1854).

1082.

TO LADY STANLEY  
4 DECEMBER 1854

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>re</sup>  
Monday 4 Dec<sup>r</sup>

My dear Lady Stanley.

I found your kind little note on my return from Paris where I have been to see my parents. I wish I could come to you on the 18<sup>th</sup>: but I have had 4 attacks of illness in the last 2 months; my work is thrown wofully back, and I don't dare to accept any pleasure invitation until Miss Ethel & M<sup>r</sup> Clive are a good way farther on in their history.

I am going to send my girls to Paris for Xmas: and shall bury myself at home or somewhere else and get this work done as quickly as I can. Though what is the use of it? What can any novelist write so interesting as our own correspondent? <sup>120</sup> Kinglake arrived yesterday having been sick at Malta — & Layard <sup>121</sup> I saw to day He has come back with an awful budget of stories He may make a great place for himself if he uses his opportunities well. He was in action at Inkermann with Bosquet's division. He is in a rage with the Times for publishing his private letters. I said to him I thought some of Dundas's <sup>122</sup> friends would put a shot into him, for calling the old Admiral very hard names — He is prepared to stand the shot & substantiate the charges — and to do so what has he not got to tell? stories of incapacity mutiny imbecility — Je frissonne en y pensant!

<sup>120</sup> Thackeray's friend William Howard Russell, Crimean correspondent of *The Times*. See below, No. 1128.

<sup>121</sup> Austen Henry Layard (1817–1894), later (1878) G. C. B., who was already celebrated as the excavator of Nineveh. He was liberal M. P. for Aylesbury from 1852 to 1857, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs from 1861 to 1866, Ambassador to Madrid from 1869 to 1877, and Ambassador to Constantinople from 1877 to 1880.

<sup>122</sup> James Whitley Deans Dundas, Vice-Admiral in command of the Mediterranean fleet when the Crimean War began in 1854. His management of the bombardment of Sevastopol was bitterly criticised in *The Times* and elsewhere, but when he was succeeded by his second in command in 1855, he received the G. C. B. on his return to England.

My repeated attacks of illness and my work have kept me almost out of the world for several months past I dont know what goes on or who is well and tremble to ask sometimes. Where is Johnny? <sup>123</sup> My brave little man I hope in God you have good news of him wherever he is. The Grange asked me for the end of Nov<sup>r</sup> but I was too unwell to go. Ashburton has grown a beard I hear & Tom Carlyle has a scrubby one. How plucky Lord Palmerston is still! I crossed from Boulogne with him on Friday, and he stood on deck the whole of the rough passage, while many a younger fellow was below embracing the basin. Can you get Lockharts vacant place for me? <sup>124</sup> 700£ a year & nothing to do would suit me admirably.

I send very kind regards to all and am

Yours most sincerely dear Lady Stanley

W M Thackeray

1083.

FROM JAMES HAIN FRISWELL

10 DECEMBER 1854

Published in Mrs. Friswell's *James Hain Friswell*, pp. 38-39.

14 Wharton Street

Dec 10<sup>th</sup> 1854.

Dear Sir,

I can assure you that no letter ever gave me more pleasure than your very kind one on the subject of the "Houses," which I find here on my return. I should not trouble you with a reply save that in speaking of the Workhouse, with a backward glance at D<sup>r</sup> Tupto, you say "after all what [we] *see for ourselves* is best worth telling" possibly presuming that Swishtale Academy is but a reflex from your excellent little work. I can assure you that your former generous supposition that I was unaware of the imitation is the most true, and that D<sup>r</sup> Tupto and his boys are copies of D<sup>r</sup> Paine

<sup>123</sup> John Stanley.

<sup>124</sup> Lockhart's death on November 25, 1854, had left vacant the Auditorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, a sinecure that was worth, however, only £400 a year.

and my schoolfellows of Aspley "Beds"<sup>125</sup> as our school letters were directed, so much so indeed that several of my schoolfellows not only recognized each room & the school, but also the very boys whose names are but little altered.

I daresay this elaborate vindication is unnecessary, but I would seek to stand well in your memory, and one or two papers have accused me of imitating "Dickens, Thackeray & Jerrold" to the last gentleman I plead "not guilty", to the two first of the accused I would, I suppose I *must* own since every body says so, to having used the same brushes & colours. But surely people sometimes think alike thus I have a book in my secretaire half done, & begun some two months ago, called "Twelfth Night" characters, & a certain Mr Titmarsh has prevented its being of use by writing a most delightful, kindly and well purposed book for us children called the "Rose & the Ring" & therein, in the preface, calling his book a set of Twelfth Night Characters who will believe, if my book should come out but that I took my ideas from Mr Titmarsh? I instance this amongst others I presume that most of us have hit upon the same ideas good or bad. You must excuse this long letter, it is the last that I shall trouble you with for some time I am afraid a very long one in the meantime I must go and win my spurs, and if I should ever chance to do so one of my greatest pleasures will be meeting with one who has fought and won himself, and has counselled and written to me so kindly

<sup>125</sup> Apsley School, near Woburn in Bedfordshire.



1084.

TO SELINA SHAKESPEAR

11 DECEMBER 1854

My text is taken from Irvine, *Nineteenth Century*, XXXIV, 588.

To-morrow is young Irvine's <sup>126</sup> oration at Charterhouse,<sup>127</sup> to which I am engaged.

1085.

TO JOHN BLACKWOOD <sup>128</sup>

30 DECEMBER 1854

Extracts published by Mrs. Mary B. Porter, *John Blackwood*, pp. 35-36.  
*Endorsed*: 54.

Brighton. December 30.

My dear Blackwood

I came down here yesterday to try and get well after an attack of Spasms (about the 10<sup>th</sup> I have had this year) — and this morn-

<sup>126</sup> John William Irvine (b. 1836) was the son of the Rev. Andrew Irvine, a brother of Lieutenant-Colonel Archibald Irvine. Thackeray first met him at Tunbridge Wells in April, 1852 (see above, No. 841, note 52), during one of his vacations from Charterhouse School, where he was enrolled between 1846 and 1855. After Thackeray moved to Onslow Square, he became friendly with Irvine's mother and family, who lived at 16 Thurloe Place, Brompton (*Watkins's London Directory*, 1855). In 1859 Irvine took his B. A. degree at Christ Church College, Oxford, and became a master at Charterhouse. He was Rector of St. Mary's, Colchester, in later life.

<sup>127</sup> On December 12, 1854, Irvine (*Nineteenth Century*, XXXIV, 588-589) delivered the annual Founder's Day oration at Charterhouse. Thackeray, who was present for chapel, oration, and dinner, spoke later in the evening, "avowing after his manner that the prospect of a speech had hindered his digestion and spoilt his dinner; and before leaving the table he said to some about him, 'I shall put all this in my book.'" He was as good as his word; see chapter 75 of *The Newcomes*, "Founder's Day at Greyfriars."

<sup>128</sup> Blackwood (1818-1879) was the sixth surviving son of William Blackwood, founder of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Thackeray met him shortly after he came to London in 1839 to represent the family firm, and the two men became good friends but had no business dealings. In 1845 Blackwood succeeded his eldest brother as editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* and settled in Edinburgh. When Thackeray made his second visit to that city in the winter of 1856-1857, the Blackwoods' residence at Randolph Crescent was his home for nearly two months. Though I have been able to trace only two of his letters to Blackwood and his wife, Mrs. Mary B. Porter (*John Blackwood*,

ing comes the Magazine <sup>129</sup> to do me good and give me a great deal of heart and pleasure. But for these confounded attacks of illness I should be able to tell your Reviewers (in confidence) what is going to happen to Miss Newcome — I have only written 18 numbers of the Story instead of the 24 w<sup>h</sup> I had been in hopes to complete at this time.

Of course I dont agree in all respects with the Reviewer — in placing the men for instance I should I think put Dickens first, as undoubtedly the greatest *genius* of the three. But what he says concerning me and mine — specially my faults I think is true in the main — *You yourself* by the way are the unwitting author of Lord Kew. I remember over our toddy at your house in Edinburgh your saying ‘None of us had ever depicted a young English gentleman’ and I thought I could and think I *did*. The review is most friendly and seasonable — that poor Hebrew <sup>130</sup> whom you used to patronize (and who paid you back gratefully the poor rogue!) used to bring out careful *dampers* upon my books in the Times: w<sup>h</sup> did them I believe a great deal of mischief — Only 3 days before his death I was in a railway carriage with him & Morris — & thought to myself ‘O you humbug! If I were to kotoo to you ever so little: to ask you to dinner and put you between two Lords; I know you would serve me a warm blanket next time in-

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p. 36) writes that “Some quaint friendly notes have been carefully preserved, many of them invitations from Thackeray, with the comprehensive address, ‘My dear Julia John,’ showing that the wife was now included in the friendship. Others include another member of the family, James Blackwood, and begin, ‘My dear Julia John James.’” Mrs. Porter’s *John Blackwood* forms the third volume of *Annals of a Publishing House (William Blackwood and His Sons)*, of which the first two volumes, by Mrs. Oliphant, were published in 1897. Mrs. Porter’s volume appeared in Edinburgh and London, 1898.

<sup>129</sup> *Blackwood’s Magazine*, for January, 1855, which contains an article on “Mr. Thackeray and his Novels,” pp. 86–96. The critic, though admiring, holds it to be Thackeray’s “greatest imperfection” that the “‘perfect woman nobly planned,’ has no place in the sphere of his fancy” (p. 90). In his discussion of *The Newcomes* he gives particular praise to Lord Kew and inquires anxiously concerning Miss Newcome: “Has Mr. Thackeray prepared this beautiful victim for Moloch, or is there hope for Ethel still?” (p. 94). Articles by the same hand followed in February and April on Bulwer-Lytton, whom the critic regards as the greatest novelist of the day, and on Dickens.

<sup>130</sup> Samuel Phillips.

stead of a wet one' — but I never could abide the man or speak to him: & couldn't have cringed to him not for 20 columns of puff in the Times. R. I. P. May I leave 10000£ to my girls when my day comes. Aytoun I suppose is the man: though I don't recognize him but it's a good friend whoever he is. The Newcomes do very well in spite of the war: and as I know the last 6 numbers of the story are going to be the most interesting; I hope the best for author & publisher. Then, please God I can get well I shall take another lecturing tour to the States: and perhaps make a book about them. But Heaven disposes. A half score of illnesses in a year make me not very confident or sanguine.

Are you all having a merry Xmas? I wish I could see some of those friendly faces of 51-2. But this year, although bidden to ever so many hospitable places, I have had no courage to go anywhere in consequence of my awful state of health.

I send my very best regards to Mr Blackwood and any friend who remembers me; and am Yours dear Blackwood very kindly & sincerely

W M Thackeray.

1866.

TO DR. AND MRS. BROWN

31 DECEMBER 1854

My text is taken from *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, p. 323.

December 31, 1854, Brighton.

My dear Dr. and Mrs. John — I must send you a word of thanks, Sir and Madam, for your kind note and beautiful cake, and plenty of good wishes and hopes that the next year may bring you more health and happiness than this one I fear has brought any of us. I have been constantly unwell myself, and when not busy with my work (which has been woefully delayed by ill-health) so glum and hypochondriacal that I have left off writing to my friends, or even trying to see them very often, for what is the use of spoiling other people's good humour or bothering them about my own ill ones? I can call to mind one or two letters begun to Dr. John, and put in the fire on account of the blue devils that

would get on the page. This one will go between the bars too, if I don't stop the inveterate habit of grumbling.

My girls are away at Paris, so that the cake won't be eaten before 3 weeks. We have a pretty little cheerful new house at Brompton. *Newcomes* goes pretty well in spite of the war. I think that is all my news. I am about 100 years older than when I saw you last; and through the mist of ages look back with affection and gratitude to that jolly time at Edinburgh, when don't you remember? I used to grumble too? At Spa I saw that cheery, good-natured Mrs. Crowe whom I met at your house, and my first question to her was, how is Dr. Scott? meaning you. Then she told me you were dead, and I was in a dreadful panic; but you are alive and well, please God, prosperous, riding about in that fine carriage, taking fees all day for Jock and his sister's future behoof.

Blackwood sent me his magazine with an article which pleased me very much, and which I think uncommonly friendly and timely. I don't believe Bulwer is the first of that triumvirate the reviewer talks of: I think Dickens is (not that I have read him of late; but thinking back of him, I think he's the greatest *genius* of the three). But, Sir and Madam, what after all does it matter who is first or third in such a twopenny race? Kindness matters and love and goodwill, and doing your duty if you can, and leaving a little store for young Jocks and Helens, and Annies and Minnies. May all such be jolly and love their papas and mammas; and we oldsters have as happy a New Year as God shall send us! — Farewell, and believe me always sincerely and affectionately yours,

W. M. Thackeray.

1087. TO MORTON McMICHAEL  
1854<sup>131</sup>

My text is taken from McMichael, *Philadelphia Press*, June 12, 1887.

My dear MacMichael

I send my best regards to D<sup>r</sup> Bird — D<sup>r</sup> Bird the novelist, whom I have just been reading<sup>132</sup> — That trade will be dead in another year in England I fear, if this war continues of w<sup>h</sup> the dreadful interest so far surpasses all our fictions Believe me always yours dear MacMichael

W M Thackeray.

36 Onslow Square. Brompton London.

1088. TO AMÉDÉE PICHOT  
1854?

Hitherto unpublished.

My dear Pichot.

You are very welcome to publish the 2 stories in any shape w<sup>h</sup> you think advisable — I wonder in the present warlike condition of the world such peaceful little prattling can be listened to by any body.

The biography you speak of<sup>133</sup> is quite as correct as need be. Forgues in the *Deux Mondes* writing about Esmond hints that I

<sup>131</sup> This note, written some time after the first detachment of English troops left Malta for the Crimea in February, 1854, postdates the death on January 23 of Robert Montgomery Bird (1806–1854), physician, author, and co-proprietor with McMichael of *The North American*. It is quite possible that Thackeray did not learn of Bird's demise until he received McMichael's reply.

<sup>132</sup> Thackeray had in his library four volumes of *The Novel Newspaper* (1839–1840), which included, among other stories, five of Bird's romances: *Abdalla the Moor and the Spanish Knight*, *The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow*, *The Infidel's Doom*, *Nick of the Woods*, and *Peter Pilgrim* (Howe Proofs, pp. 519–520).

<sup>133</sup> In *Men of the Time* (1852), pp. 372–379, an anonymous compilation published by David Bogue.

and my Father were refugees for debt in France,<sup>134</sup> a biographical blunder I am happy to say. We were much impoverished by an absurd newspaper Speculation but we paid all our debts & trust to continue that practice — I don't know why I allude to this — but think there's something about a newspaper & its failure in the Biography you propose to translate. I'm writing from bed where I am ill — where is your letter w<sup>h</sup> was brought to me

— I have rung for a servant & had the letter brought to me — yesterday I could hardly read it for pain. In an article about Vanity Fair years ago Charles applied to me for and used a biography<sup>135</sup> — w<sup>h</sup> I wrote and he 'arranged' for French readers, and I have seen this same one repeated somewhere in a German periodical. 'Men of the Time' however is good enough.

I would counsel no publisher to reproduce Vanity Fair it is too long for any body's reading nowadays. I thought part of it very well translated in the Union but it fell off at the last and was also 'arranged'. W<sup>h</sup> you gentlemen are perfectly authorized to do and w<sup>h</sup> you especially (who know much more about our literature than English literary men themselves do) do very well — but here is the difficulty with an author — I can't say that yours are faithful translations — that I would not prefer to have them *more* faithful: — but you may be sure that I wish your little project every success and I<sup>136</sup>

1089.

TO ?

1854? <sup>137</sup>

Hitherto unpublished.

Charlotte and  
The Bread and Butter.

Sir

It must be confessed that I am the author of the lines entitled Sorrows of Werther: w<sup>h</sup> I now see for the first time in print.

<sup>134</sup> See above, No. 1073.<sup>135</sup> See above, No. 566, note 23.<sup>136</sup> The manuscript, which appears never to have been sent, breaks off here.<sup>137</sup> "The Sorrows of Werther" were first published by John R. Thompson in *The Southern Literary Messenger* of November, 1853 (p. 709), with the note: "The following characteristic verses of THACKERAY have been lying

Your correspondent H B C deals hardly with the author of those verses, in speaking of [the] closing line of the poem as a 'falsification'.

What is there in Goethe's text to show that after young Werther's suicide Charlotte did *not* continue to cut bread and butter? 'They feared for Lotty's life' I take to mean that she was at one time much affected by M<sup>r</sup> Werthers demise, but that she survived the circumstance: in w<sup>h</sup> case as a good housewife, she would certainly resume those operations in w<sup>h</sup> she was so charmingly employed when Werther first beheld her —

Otherwise — I should probably have written Charlotte *left off cutting bread and butter.* — a fine line too, but not so pathetic, I still humbly think, as that w<sup>h</sup> has the misfortune to displease your correspondent at the U U C.

Regretting that the tartine is not to H B C's taste I am Sir

Your most humble servant

W M Thackeray

1090.

TO A. A.

JANUARY 1855 <sup>1</sup>

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Square. Brompton.

M<sup>r</sup> Thackeray who desires to find a German lady as (non-resident) instructress for his daughters will be glad of an interview with A. A.

M<sup>r</sup> T. will not be in town till Wednesday m<sup>s</sup> next between 12 & 2. the young ladies (aged 17 & 14) will not need a governess before the 1<sup>st</sup> Feb: perhaps A. A. will have the kindness to write previously to state, what her terms will be for morning (from 10 till 1 1/2) tuition.

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for some months in a portfolio of literary autographs in our possession. They were written by him one morning last spring at our editorial table, during a call he made upon us, and they have afforded amusement to many friends who have read them in MS." This letter may have been written to one of Thompson's assistants.

<sup>1</sup> This letter was written not long before February 1, 1855, when Annie was seventeen and Harriet fourteen.

1891.

TO DAVID ROBERTS

1 FEBRUARY 1855

*Address:* David Roberts Esq<sup>e</sup> R. A. | 7 Fitzroy Street. | Fitzroy Sq<sup>re</sup> *Post-mark:* FE 2 1855. Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>e</sup> Feb 1.

My dear Roberts.

Because I only returned to town this evening from Paris, (Whither I went to seek those young ladies) — am I too late to accept your worships invitation?

I hope not. And if I *don't* hear from you, shall knock at your door on Saturday at 6/30.

Always yours

W M Thackeray.

1892.

TO THE REV. WHITWELL ELWIN <sup>2</sup>

1 FEBRUARY 1855

Published in part by Warwick Elwin, *Some Eighteenth Century Men of Letters*, I, 154-155.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>e</sup> Brompton,

February 1. 1855 —

My dear M<sup>r</sup> Elwyn

Thank you for your note and enclosure w<sup>h</sup> I receive this evening on my return to town.

O that unlucky article! <sup>3</sup> It has given (& deservedly too) such offence! & I intended to be good-natured and had no feeling but kindness from the first line to the last. But there's one unlucky line w<sup>h</sup> says Punch but for Leech's designs 'might now be as well let alone.' Why did I say it? I slipped it over totally in the proof. It isn't quite true — though partly so certainly it oughtn't to have

<sup>2</sup> See *Memoranda*.

<sup>3</sup> "Pictures of Life and Character. By John Leech," *Quarterly Review*, December, 1854, pp. 75-86. Thackeray's *Punch* colleagues found the following passage (p. 82) offensive: "Fancy a number of Punch without Leech's pictures! What would you give for it? The learned gentlemen who write the work must feel that, without him, it were as well left alone."



been said by me. But we get to write as fast as we talk and an idle word does awful mischief. My dear kind old comrades! how I wish I could swallow that one.

Of course money is not the object in writing for the Q. R. but the cheque is very welcome to

Yours very truly always  
W M Thackeray.

I have 50 letters to write after 3 weeks absence,<sup>4</sup> & must perforce be short — I forget whether I wrote to you in this hand<sup>5</sup> before but it is odd to say the same handwriting as that w<sup>h</sup> I know my unfortunate MS. was written in.

1093.

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

2 FEBRUARY 1855

Hitherto unpublished. My text of the last three paragraphs follows a transcript supplied by Mrs. Fuller, who owns the original of the first two paragraphs.

Friday. Feb 2.

My dearest Mammy. We got home very cold & safe last night, and now there is such a howling storm in the streets that I am thankful we had yesterday for our crossing. To day we put up the new clocks and crockery w<sup>h</sup> have been lying in their boxes at Paris these many months past: and the drawing room looks very handsome and comfortable; and all it contains is paid for thank my stars: and Miss Liegel<sup>6</sup> by a lucky chance called this morning: and Minny was for beginning work at *nine* on Monday but I put

<sup>4</sup> Thackeray had been in Paris with his daughters. "I took Annie to her first ball at the Hôtel de Ville," writes Mrs. Story (James, *William Wetmore Story*, I, 367) of this time, "and his interest in her dress, appearance and enjoyment was delightful to see. He sat up for her, to have the details of the evening before she had lost her fresh impression, and enjoyed to the full her enthusiasm over the splendours we had seen. He often looked in upon us during his afternoon walk, talked with Edith as she liked, and looked with her over the wardrobe, counted even the rows of socks, of *mon petit frère*, in whom he took great interest."

<sup>5</sup> Thackeray's slanting hand. The last words of the letter are written in his upright hand. <sup>6</sup> Who was to teach German to Thackeray's daughters.

a stop to that enthusiasm, knowing the vanity of it, and that the girls and Eliza before them never could be dressed and breakfasted at such early hours. If I can get them to their breakfast at 9 it will be lucky: and if their Pa can breakfast with them, it will be the better for all. How kind they are to me! What daily increasing comforts and blessings many and many a night as I lie awake or when I walk off moping and melancholy, I think of them with the keenest pleasure and thank God for giving them to me. Why, perhaps it is better than the wife whose want has made me so uncomfortable these many years past. I have 2 little wives not jealous of each other; and am at last most comfortable in my *harem*. I have qualms of conscience about Arthur Shawe's wife. If she comes she will spoil my fire side for me. I become dumb in her presence as in some other people's: and yet I like her very much and esteem her sincerely.

Seeing the crash of affairs, and the turmoil likely to continue, the thoughts of the Newspaper<sup>7</sup> again rose in my mind; and yesterday on my back by the basin & in the snow the day before as we were journeying from my dearest old Mammy, I had half resolved on setting the paper going. But on getting home last night, after writing 13 letters off hand, I fell to the Quarterly Review in w<sup>h</sup> I told you I had written a paper about Leech theres one little phrase of a line in the paper w<sup>h</sup> has set the other Punch-Contributers wild; and they have quite a right to be angry that is the worst of it and my conduct to them (in sneering at Punch) is a shame thats the fact. What I have said is true: but I ought never to have said it — it slipped out and I thought (< . . ><sup>8</sup> and behold all the mischief is done (< . . >)

Now if I set a newspaper agoing what a number of such slips of the pen I shall be sure to commit; what ceaseless quarrels to enter into: what wakeful nights shant I have? — I begin to think I had best not touch the paper.

The talk here is of course all about Lord John and the Duke

<sup>7</sup> See below, No. 1095.

<sup>8</sup> About four and twenty words respectively have been cut away at this and the following hiatus.

of Higgledey; <sup>9</sup> Lord John says "They may abuse me as much as they like. So I *have* thrown my companions over: so I have acted shabbily if you please. But by doing so I have saved the army, what remains of it, and the country. There would have been more patching up of the (late) Cabinet, more compromises and politicians and routine and imbecillity and all these would have gone to ruin." That is his defence — not defence but confession. The Duke of Newcastle came very gracefully and gallantly out of his misfortune: and died it must be confessed like a gentleman.

This is all I have to say: not much is it; and < . . > <sup>10</sup>

1094.

TO ?

3 FEBRUARY 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>e</sup> S. W.

Feb 3.

Dear Sirs

There is one difficulty about Layard <sup>11</sup> w<sup>h</sup> is that he is in Parliament already. I sought him yesterday (not knowing what his address previously was) and he told me this w<sup>h</sup> I had forgotten

Always yours

W M Thackeray.

1095.

TO GEORGE SMITH

4 FEBRUARY 1855

My text is taken from *Centenary Biographical Introductions*, IX, xxxi-xxxii.

February 4, 1855.

Shortly before I left town to go to Paris twenty-five days since I was strongly advised by some friends of mine to apply for a magistracy, and led to believe the application would be favourably

<sup>9</sup> The fifth Duke of Newcastle, Secretary for War in Lord John Russell's cabinet, who resigned on February 1 and departed for the Crimea to observe the progress of the war.

<sup>10</sup> The rest of this letter has been cut away.

<sup>11</sup> Henry Austen Layard was M. P. for Aylesbury from 1852 to 1857. His aid was perhaps sought for some scheme of the Administrative Reform Association. See below, No. 1127.

received at headquarters. Whilst that was pending the 'Fair Play' <sup>12</sup> question was also naturally hung up, hence my silence on the subject with you.

Now, I dare say the ministerial upset has destroyed my little chance of promotion (though I think the Peelites have shown themselves most honourably, and must rise from their temporary fall) but another incident has occurred to put a spoke in 'Fair Play's' wheel, and I must give up all idea of a paper. I wrote an unlucky half-line in the *Quarterly* about *Punch* men, saying that Leech was *Punch*, and that without him the gentlemen who wrote might leave the thing alone — an opinion which, true or not, certainly should not have been uttered by me, and has caused the saddest annoyance and pain amongst my old comrades. I had quite forgotten the phrase until it stared me in the face on my return home. Jerrold had attacked me about it, and with perfect reason, calling me snob and flunkey, and on the face of the matter I think I *was* a snob — but that's not the question.

I wrote to confess my fault to my old friends the publishers and editor, and passed half the night awake thinking of the pain I had given my kind old companions. This is for half a line written in an article intended to be entirely good-natured. Don't you see the moral?

If in writing once in five years or so a literary criticism intended to be good-natured, I managed to anger a body of old friends, to cause myself pain and regret, to put my foot into a nest of hornets, which sting and have their annoyance too, to lose rest and quiet, hadn't I better give up that game of 'Fair Play' which I thought of, stick to my old pursuits, and keep my health and temper?

<sup>12</sup> Sir Sidney Lee relates that "during 1854 [George Smith] listened with much interest to a suggestion made to him by Thackeray that the novelist should edit a daily sheet of general criticism after the manner of Addison and Steele's 'Spectator' or 'Tatler'. The sheet was to be called 'Fair Play,' was to deal with literature as well as life, and was to be scrupulously frank and just in comment." Smith did not forget this scheme, though Thackeray decided at last not to attempt it, and in 1865 he brought out the first number of a daily paper on a similar plan edited by Frederick Greenwood. Mindful of *Pendennis*, Smith christened the new journal, which endured until 1923, *The Pall Mall Gazette*. (*George Smith, A Memoir*, pp. 24 and 40-41)

1096.

TO PERCIVAL LEIGH

5 FEBRUARY 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>e</sup>  
Brompton, Feb 5.

My dear Leigh

Of all the slips of my fatal pen there's none I regret more than the unlucky 1/2 line w<sup>h</sup> has given pain to such a kind and valued old friend as you have been and I trust will be still to me. I ought *never* to have said that Punch might as well be left unwritten but for Leech — it was more than my meaning, w<sup>h</sup> is certainly that the drawing is 100 times more popular than the writing — but I had no business to write any such thing: and forgot it so much that I was quite surprized when I first heard that I had been accused of sneering at Punch, and wrote to Lemon indignantly asking when & how?

How, I knew when I came back to town from Paris, and read the line in the Q R. w<sup>h</sup> I had forgotten as utterly as many another speech w<sup>h</sup> I have made and didn't ought — Jerrold has had his fire into me and do you know I am rather comforted — but believe me, as regards yourself, that if I had read the line over or had a good reader by me as I have had some times or given it a second thought, or written it with a first thought of mischief, I would have erased it and that it was the farthest thing from my heart to give you pain.

Always my dear Leigh sincerely yours  
W M Thackeray —

Some friends of yours are coming to dine here on Sunday at 7: and if M<sup>r</sup> Pips <sup>23</sup> will come, I will have a humble pie and eat before him.

<sup>23</sup> See above, No. 590, note 82.

1097.

TO THE REV. JOHN ALLEN

7 FEBRUARY 1855

Extract published in Professor Dodds's *Thackeray*, pp. 56-57. *Endorsed*: from W. M. Thackeray.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>e</sup> Brompton

Feb 7. 1855.

My dear Allen

Thank you for your kind letter, and what you tell me of old friends of old times. My eldest daughter (I have 2) remembers at least the name of May Allen quite well. She is nearly 18 now, the younger one near 15. I shall be very glad indeed if some day the young ones and we old people can meet.

I have just brought my girls back from Paris where they have been staying with my mother; and now they are just set to work with a German Governess & are going to be very industrious for some months I hope: add to w<sup>h</sup> Anny is my secretary and about to appear as house-mistress here. The poor dear little wife whom you remember is very well and very cheerful thank God, though cut off for 15 years from husband & children. She does not miss them though: and the care of her serves to maintain a very worthy old couple who treat her with the utmost kindness and watchfulness — so that her illness serves for some good.

The waiter at the Athenæum did not give me your letter till Monday night: and I was full of business all yesterday so that I could not get down to Bedford Row.

You have see the death of M<sup>rs</sup> FitzGerald<sup>14</sup> in the papers? That generation is pretty well died out & the turn of our rank is coming. Of the old cronies I saw Spedding the other day. He looks always the same: as old as 25 years ago: and our dear old E F G. is as good as he was then I think. It's dismal stretching our hands across the gulf of time, isn't it? My dear Allen I always remember you kindly, and am yours and your wife's<sup>15</sup>

<sup>14</sup> On January 30, 1855 (Wright, *FitzGerald*, I, 270).

<sup>15</sup> Thackeray's signature has been cut away.

1098. TO ROBERT HERBERT STORY  
7 FEBRUARY 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>e</sup> Brompton.

Dear Sir

Feb 7. 1855.

I have been absent from England, and your note of the 18 January was only given to me yesterday at the Reform Club. The office to w<sup>h</sup> a body of Members of the Associated Societies of Edinburgh University would do me the honor to elect me, is hard for any man to fill who succeeds Sir Bulwer Lytton:<sup>16</sup> and I myself am obliged to decline the flattering proposal w<sup>h</sup> you make me; as, in all probability, I shall be in America during the next Winter and Spring.

I thank the gentlemen in whose name you write most cordially for the proposal w<sup>h</sup> you transmit and beg them and you to believe that I am their

Most faithful and obliged Serv<sup>t</sup>

R. Herbert Story Esq

W M Thackeray.

1099. TO THE ENGLISH MINISTER  
AT LE HAVRE  
10 FEBRUARY 1855

*Address:* A. Monsieur | Monsieur le Ministre | de l'Eglise Protestante Anglaise, | au Havre, | France. Published in part, *Athenæum*, March 14, 1891, pp. 345-346, where the address is recorded. The passages between daggers have been overscored.

36 Onslow Square. Brompton. London

Sir

Feb 10. 1855.

I beg your good offices on behalf of † a relation of mine † who lies in the Hopital Civil at Ingouville in the most unfortunate condition.<sup>17</sup>

<sup>16</sup> The post offered Thackeray was that of Honorary President of the Associated Societies of Edinburgh University, which Bulwer-Lytton had held in 1854. See above, No. 1049.

<sup>17</sup> Thackeray's brother-in-law Henry Shawe. The aunt who gave him refuge lived at the appropriate address of 47 Rue des Penitens, Ingouville, Seine Inférieure, Paris.

M<sup>r</sup> † Shawe † was formerly an officer in the Indian army, made the campaign of China, was present at Chillianwallah and acquitted himself with gallantry and credit. But a † fatal † propensity to drinking has ruined him. He left the service; is without present resources, has outlived some of the relations who were kind to him, and exhausted the good-nature of others; returned to Europe (staying for some time at Ingouville with a good old † ⟨. . .⟩<sup>18</sup> Miss Shawe, † who was an attendant no doubt of your church) went to America in vain hope of getting employment, and has just returned before the mast in a packet-ship, his feet frost-bitten, his constitution impaired, & having been subjected he says to 'infamous treatment'

My wish is to give him some relief. His mother is alive and residing in Jersey, having taken his child. His brother ⟨. . .⟩ is ordered for the Crimea. He has another brother M<sup>r</sup> ⟨. . .⟩ in the Bengal Civil Service. ⟨. . .⟩ before he went to India.

His habits are such that I am told no money can be given to him; or he will spend it in liquor — though it may be that illness and great poverty & misfortune have cured him of that fatal propensity. I am forced into these painful details to enable you as the English pastor at Havre to understand who the unfortunate gentleman is, for whom I beg your Christian offices.

When he comes out of hospital: is there not some home or Boarding House for English & American seamen & others, where he could be taken in? I would gladly pay his board for a few weeks or months, & defray the charge of a small plain outfit, such as w<sup>d</sup> be suitable to one in his condition — a few shirts, woollens, clothes &c.

You have heard my name I daresay as a writer and in looking into the case of ⟨. . .⟩ you will very much oblige

Your most faithful Serv<sup>t</sup>

W M Thackeray.

<sup>18</sup> This and the following hiatuses are respectively of about three, ten, three, eleven, four, and two words.



I write to (. . .) by this post also: and venture to forward to you a cheque wh<sup>h</sup> I entreat you to apply in his behalf: for a few clothes, board &c when he comes out of the Hospital.

1100.

TO MRS. BLACKBURN

16 FEBRUARY 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>e</sup> Brompton.

16 Feb.

Dear M<sup>rs</sup> Blackburn

Two days since Millais and Phillips Portrait-painter and Leech were dining with me and the Scripture-animals <sup>19</sup> were on the table. These gentlemen said the drawings were the finest they had seen for ever so long a time; and two of them went off with an intention of buying the book straightway — sure the best compliment that artists can pay a sister artist. Now is the time thinks I to write that note to M<sup>rs</sup> Blackburn M<sup>rs</sup> HUGH Blackburn, wh<sup>h</sup> you owe her this ever so long time — even she, living in a cloister, surrounded by the grave and wise, will not be displeased at hearing by what critics her genius is appreciated. The pictures grow upon me like all good things. I spy out little secrets unperceived before — why, it was not till last night I saw the little beak of the chick under the hen peering out from the beautiful fluffy white maternal feathers. I dont know whether I like that or the Owls or the Deluge or the scape-goat best — I think the swine running into the sea is a grand composition; and the plague of frogs — well, I must own that the plague of frogs makes me laugh — especially that fellow jumping into the vase — The pretty little Egyptian ballet-children are very quaint and pleasant to look at — and gnorrawarrawow how those dogs are serving Jezebel right! — those vultures coming up are very fine & tragic. What a deal of pleasure you have given me!

My children at first didn't like the pictures — I suppose they dont care for animals; and I was disappointed as they both of them

<sup>19</sup> *Illustrations of Scripture by an animal painter, with notes by a Naturalist* [James Wilson]. An oblong folio published in Edinburgh in 1855.

have a very good feeling & taste for drawing and the youngest especially has a very fine opinion of her own critical powers. But when artist after artist has come here and praised them — lo I said, this is the best way young women, of showing you that your elders know better than you, and agree in admiring something of w<sup>h</sup> the merit is beyond your present understanding. The Times <sup>20</sup> dined with me yesterday, and I urged upon him the necessity of enlightening the public respecting these drawings.

Not that I suppose the public will really care for them, and the dreadful tax of two guineas will operate as a barrier between you & popularity. I know I wouldn't sell *my* copy for two guineas, though I got it at a considerable reduction! That cost of production was one of the questions I was going to ask you when I got the book first — a query answered by your note & the price put on the Book.

I have been to Paris twice since I owed you this note. — to visit my parents, to be ill — to fetch home my daughters. have had a very great deal to write and to do — otherwise I should have written earlier to thank you for the great pleasure w<sup>h</sup> you have given me and continue to give me. That boy must have the love of animals and the sportsmans instinct strongly developed in him to make such a remark as that about Jezebels paint — I hope I shall know him some day & see some more drawings in your portfolios.

Give my best regards to Lushington and to Thompson please with his nice wife: and pardon me for forgetting your husbands Xtian name. U & I (a neat & novel pun) are very different — You can draw and have worked and have done it — I ought to have could, and have been idle, and neglected that good gift. I always feel sad and ashamed when I think of this. Ever yours  
dear M<sup>rs</sup> Blackburn

Very sincerely

W M Thackeray.

<sup>20</sup> Mowbray Morris.

1101.

TO EDWARD SARTORIS

21 FEBRUARY 1855

My text is taken from a facsimile in the *Autographic Mirror*, III (1865), 136.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>n</sup> Brompton.

February 21. 1855.

My dear. S(artoris)

The bearer is my old friend M<sup>r</sup> B(evan) who is obliged to seek a warmer climate than ours for the rest of the winter.

As B(evan) is delicate in health and wants comfort and kindness; as, when well, he warbles like a Bulbul himself and loves good music; I know what kind Samaritans are most likely to help this poor traveller, and recommend him hereby to M<sup>rs</sup> A(delaide) S(artoris.)

How I should like to see the children again, and see the sun setting from the Pincio. Remember me to Herbert W( . . )<sup>21</sup> please. I think this is all my message, and resume the quill for professional purposes

Always yours

W M Thackeray.

1102.

TO WILLIAM BEVAN

21 FEBRUARY 1855

My text is taken from a facsimile in the *Autographic Mirror*, III, 136.

Feb 21.

My dear W B.

I am quite grieved to hear of your cause for absence; and would like very much indeed to have had one more pleasant evening with you. But I am engaged tomorrow to a lady who has asked me 6 times and I have refused her and must keep this engagement with her now.

M( . . )<sup>22</sup> is in London at the Parthenon Club. If you go to

<sup>21</sup> This name is of about seven letters.

<sup>22</sup> This name is of about six letters.

Rome I hope you will see O'B(rien.)<sup>23</sup> the Doctor with whom Macbean used to chum before that little trump took a wife. O B has very good lodgings and a little servant who cooks admirably — why not go and live with him if his rooms are free? The Artists you know — my friend M<sup>rs</sup> S(artoris) is at Rome and has a very pleasant house and music there — If you are well enough to go to evenings I'm sure she will welcome you — And God speed you my dear B(evan) and send you back to us in May

Always yours

W M Thackeray

1103.

TO LADY STANLEY

26 FEBRUARY 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

36 O. Square. S. . W.

Feb 26.

My dear Lady Stanley

Wasn't it provoking that Anny should be taken suddenly unwell on the night of your great drum? The girls had another early party besides; and I came to fetch them from dinner ever and ever so far off; and they had smart clothes for w<sup>h</sup> fond father will have to pay; and we were in the carriage coming to Dover St; when poor Anny was obliged to confess that she was unwell and must go home. And when we had taken her home, it was too late to return to you, and poor little Min lost her first fine party. This is the state of facts: and I am very sorry my little girl lost her promised pleasure.

Did you hear from your husband how I wouldn't ask for a place in his gift; <sup>24</sup> and how he says he would have given it me if I had? I am as grateful as if I had got it, & his & yours

Very sincerely always

W M Thackeray.

<sup>23</sup> See above, No. 1024.

<sup>24</sup> Lord Stanley of Alderley was President of the Board of Trade in Lord Palmerston's newly-formed ministry.

1104.

TO WILLIAM BEVAN

MARCH 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

My dear old B.

Nothing's more likely than that I should run down and pay you a visit one of these days. Johddy Jodes is writing you the dews at the other table. Has he told you that Im just off the bed of sickness occasioned by the Lord Mayors dinner — no — not by that but the whiskey & water afterwards of w<sup>h</sup> I partook at Johnny's expense. It was a very good dinner though of course I didnt enjoy it having to make a speech — Douglas Jerrold didnt enjoy it because he had made a speech & got himself in an attitude and didnt get the speech out. Tenterden was very neat & gentlemanlike The Lord Mayor <sup>25</sup> a more stupendous donkey than ever I heard of — and yet not donkey altogether, for though there wasn't a word of grammar or coherence in his speech, there was the sense of kindness and welcome.

Why didn't Davus <sup>26</sup> come? The other barristers were awfully disgusted: Q Cs being put in all sorts of ignoble corners of the room — What incoherent rubbish this is! Never have a literary man for a correspondent Them's my sentiments to you. He's like a writing master at a plain letter or a professional dancer at a quadrille — considers himself too grand for it — By Jove what news *is* there? I never hear any at all; being awfully busy all day with the affairs of imaginary people. I'm sure now Johnny has filled you a famous page by this time — He's waiting for me — for Heaven's sake keep all the intelligence in this letter *strictly private*. Have you heard of the Emperor of Russia's death? <sup>27</sup> I think I cant write because I have gone back to my old handwriting, next time I will send you screed in the upright hand and always am yours dear Bevan

W M Thackeray.

<sup>25</sup> Francis Graham Moon (1796–1871), later (1855) first Baronet, a publisher and printseller.

<sup>26</sup> Henry Davison.

<sup>27</sup> On March 2, 1855. To this point Thackeray had employed his slanting hand; the rest of the letter is in his upright hand.

1105. TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH  
6-7 MARCH 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

Wednesday.

My dearest Mammy. I have got your letter to night, and have been thinking all the week of a little talk with you but in all the week I think I havent had an hour to myself except on Sunday & yesterday w<sup>h</sup> I passed in bed with a fine assault of the old complaint if you please — from w<sup>h</sup> I'm rid again this evening I trust. I had to write a great deal and to compose 2 speeches for 2 dinners: <sup>28</sup> both most triumphant orations by the way — I wish you could have heard them for they went off quite glibly on both occasions and were received with huge applause — I really have a gift in that way, but the making the speech is nothing it is the remembering it afterwards & the order in w<sup>h</sup> it is to come, & so each of these 15 minutes' speeches took me a day's work to con over & over again until I had them pat — the *patitude* is everything & will get easier every time. Add to this writing Newcomes, writing letters, & being ill — its enough to bother any man. And thats why you haven't heard Mum.

And now about poor Hyndford House, I think I had best not know what has gone on there. Indeed I do. What if Mary for long time past seeing how terribly matters were going took the part of silence and despair, and wouldn't tell any of us what the state of the case was? That accounts for part of her behavior to us all. There must be some reason of that sort: and with this motive her shutting her doors upon me & the girls & you becomes almost praiseworthy. Charles was here the other day, & I said 'You see how any wish I had to come & see you fell to the ground on account of Mary's manner to the girls the other day' Poor Nan came home crying almost M. would scarcely speak to her when they met — and ma foi I thought it was best to leave things as they stood. When I told him this he only looked very sad & said a few words intimating great unhappiness, but told me nothing & I sup-

<sup>28</sup> One was for the Lord Mayor's dinner. See above, No. 1104.

pose I had best know nothing. Fate is stronger than all the advice in the world, & how counsel this poor fellow only half whose story we know? — I mean we don't know her's. Poor Chéri! Anny saw C & M at church on Sunday singing out of the same prayer-book. Who can interpose between such quarrels and such reconciliations? Selfishly for us; it is a great good fortune that we have been kept out of the dispute. Poor little haggard boy! how sad he looked that day I met them in the street and she wanted to pass without speaking

If M's mind is not right C's is queer too. Think of that day when he rummaged all my house for his wives music-books — The other day in the frost he came in my absence & found some bottles of wine on the mantelpiece w<sup>h</sup> I had put there to warm for dinner. He took them off or was for taking them off & putting them into a cold room. If 2 angels set to work to provoke each other they may get to tear each others wings out by the roots. I can't find any comfort, outlet, chance of reconcilment for them or of doing good for us. Hadn't I better put my candle out & go to sleep? O my dear peaceful kind loving little women, what blessings you are

to me!



I mean I'll try go sleep, & God bless my dearest

old Mother & G P.

Wednesday. Nothing has happened since except that in the morning I wrote 6 letters about other people and then went off to look at a horse, w<sup>h</sup> with my bad eyes I could see was no go: then I called at three places then came to the Reform Club to read the trial of Norton v. Melbourne having a crim-con affair coming on in the *Newcomes* <sup>29</sup> — but there will only be a page about it

I see no better into the Hyndford House affair than yesterday We cant interfere we shall rue it on the day we do. She has put us out of the house and herself in the wrong. She is a woman capable of thinking & saying I don't know what mad evil — that last night's theory wont hold as I think it over. To think of Wood

<sup>29</sup> See chapter 58, which with chapters 59 to 61 made up number XIX of *The Newcomes*, published in April.

& Nixon<sup>30</sup> as her associates! its dreadful — best not written about.

I hear of course no news being so harassed with my own multiplied businesses — but I see they appointed a new Lord of the Treasury L<sup>d</sup> Monck last night.<sup>31</sup> The Pococurantism of the Whigs is awful: the way they wont & cant see the state of the country: and one Lord turned out fill his place with another Lord. It's an insult to the English honor. I've been trying to be a Whig & a Quietist for a long time — I cant bear it no longer and am growing horribly Radical though I think the Peelites were good and liberal and hardly used men. Good bye my dearest old Mammy & G P. this is stupid rubbish but I am always your affte Son

W M T.

1106.

TO ?

17 MARCH 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

March 17. 1855.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>e</sup> Brompton.

My dear Sir

If you will kindly look at this crumpled MS:<sup>32</sup> as you promised; I shall be more easy with regard to its applicability for the stage than I now am. I have been looking at it again: and it seems to me to be comic enough: and I am sure the last act is amusing and full of movement.

Did you ever read by chance Jeames of Buckley Square in Punch; the Yellowplush papers in Fraser's Magazine? The servant's character intended for M<sup>r</sup> Robson<sup>33</sup> might be altered to a figure somewhat resembling Jeames's and might be made I think to suit

<sup>30</sup> See above, No. 756.

<sup>31</sup> Charles Stanley (1819-1894), fourth Viscount Monck, became First Lord of the Treasury in Lord Palmerston's government on March 6 (*Times*, March 7).

<sup>32</sup> Of *The Wolves and the Lamb*.

<sup>33</sup> Thomas Frederick Robson (1822-1864), the most notable comic actor of his day, was equally at home in burlesque, farce, and domestic drama. His engagement at the Olympic Theatre in London extended from 1853 to 1862.



M<sup>r</sup> Buckstone.<sup>34</sup> At all events I think that a play written by me would draw two or three good houses, if it survived the first night's ordeal.

But this is only by the way. Your promise only extends to the reading of the little comedy: and I shall await very patiently your sentence for or against it.

Believe me most faithfully yours  
W M Thackeray.

1107.

TO MRS. PROCTER

MARCH? 1855<sup>35</sup>

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript given Lady Ritchie by George Murray Smith.

My dear Mrs Procter,

Yes, I knew I had been to see you since my return from Paris. I came the second day after my arrival. You were going out in a fly, don't you recollect and I squandered a cab at the door and you said you were waiting to go to see that comedy, don't you remember, which wasn't written then and now — Rrrejected! — O torture!

I read it to the girls last night who said, and they must know, it was very good fun.

Always yours,

W. M. T.

Author of 'the Wolves and the Lamb'  
a rejected masterpiece in 2 acts.

<sup>34</sup> John Baldwin Buckstone (1802-1879), an esteemed low comedian and a playwright of some repute. He was manager of the Haymarket from 1853 to 1877.

<sup>35</sup> This note appears to have been written shortly after Thackeray's letter of March 17.

1108.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS

23 MARCH 1855

My text is taken from *Thackeray in the United States*, I, 173.

March 23, 1855.

My dear Thackeray, — I have read in the "Times" to-day an account of your last night's lecture,<sup>36</sup> and cannot refrain from assuring you, in all truth and earnestness, that I am profoundly touched by your generous reference to me. I do not know how to tell you what a glow it spread over my heart. Out of its fulness I do entreat you to believe that I shall never forget your words of commendation. If you could wholly know at once how you have moved me and how you have animated me, you would be the happier, I am certain. —

Faithfully yours ever,  
Charles Dickens.

1109.

TO FREDERICK MULLETT EVANS

24 MARCH 1855

My text is taken from M. H. Spielmann's *History of 'Punch'*, pp. 323-324.

March 24th., 1855.

36, Onslow Sqre.

My Dear Evans,

I find a note of yours dated Feb. 5, in wh. F. M. E. states that my account shall be prepared directly. F. M. E. has a great deal to do and pay and think of, but W. M. T. has also his engagements.

<sup>36</sup> "At last, after reading an extract from the *Curate's Walk* — attributed to his own pen — Mr. Thackeray boldly, and at the same time delicately, instituted a sort of comparison between himself and Mr. Dickens. He referred to the misanthropic sentiments which have been laid to his charge, and honestly confessed that he could only paint truth as he saw it with his own eyes. This brought him to a generous commendation of Dickens, whom he said, to his regret he could not resemble, but whom he regarded as a person commissioned by Divine Providence to correct and instruct his fellow-men." (*Times*, March 23) The lecture was "Charity and Humour," which Thackeray delivered at the Marylebone Institution.

I hope your 'Poetry of Punch' will not be published before my collected Ballads <sup>37</sup> — Now remember (you wrote me a letter expressly on the subject) that the Copyright of all articles in 'Punch' were mine, by stipulation — and my book would be very much hurt by the appearance of another containing 3/4 of its contents.

I met Murray the publisher the other day, and cannot help fancying from his manner to me that there is a screw loose with him too about that unlucky Leech article.<sup>38</sup> Lemon, answering one of my letters, said that he personally complained that my account of leaving 'Punch' was not correct.

There was such a row at the time, and I was so annoyed at the wrong that I had done, that I thought I had best leave Lemon's remonstrance for a while and right it on some future occasion. I recall now to you and beg you to show to him and to any other persons who may have received a different version of the story — what the facts were. I had had some serious public differences with the Conduct of 'Punch' — about the abuse of Prince Albert and the Chrystal Palace at wh. I very nearly resigned, about abuse of Lord Palmerston, about abuse finally of L. Napoleon — in all which 'Punch' followed the 'Times', wh. I think and thought was writing unjustly at that time, and dangerously for the welfare and peace of the Country.

Coming from Edinburgh I bought a 'Punch' containing the picture of a Beggar on Horseback, in wh. the Emperor was represented galloping to hell with a sword reeking with blood.<sup>39</sup> As soon as ever I could after my return (a day or 2 days after), I went to Bouverie St., saw you and gave in my resignation.

I mention this because I know the cause of my resignation has been questioned at 'Punch' — because this was the cause of it. I talked it over with you in, and Leech saw me coming out of your room, and I told him of my retirement.

No engagement afterwards took place between us; nor have I ever been since a member of 'Punch's' Cabinet, so to speak. Wish-

<sup>37</sup> Thackeray's *Ballads* appeared later in the year; *Poetry of Punch* was apparently not published.

<sup>38</sup> See above, No. 1092.

<sup>39</sup> See above, No. 813.

ing you all heartily well, I wrote a few occasional papers last year <sup>40</sup> — and not liking the rate of remuneration, wh. was less than that to wh. I had been accustomed in my time, I wrote no more.

And you can say for me as a reason why I should feel hurt at your changing the old rates of payment made to me — that I am not a man who quarrels about a guinea or two except as a point of honour; *and* that when I could have had a much larger sum than that wh. you gave me for my last novel — I preferred to remain with old friends, who had acted honourably and kindly by me.

I reproach myself with having written 1/2 a line regarding my old 'Punch' Companions — which was perfectly true, wh. I have often said — but which I ought not to have written. No other wrong that I know of have I done. And I think it is now about time that my old friends and publishers should set me right.

Yours very faithfully, dear Evans,  
W. M. Thackeray.

F. M. Evans, Esq.

1110.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS

26 MARCH 1855

Published in *Letters of Charles Dickens*, ed. Dexter, II, 646.

Tavistock House

Monday Twenty Sixth March 1855

My dear Thackeray

Many thanks for the extract.<sup>41</sup> You say it is not much, but I think it *is* — very much — and I have read it with great emotion.

It was a very large sum to get — most generously got. I had already given my five pounds before I received your note, but you shall call upon me at any time for another five, when you may have reason to think that a little reserved fund may be timely and useful.

Ever yours  
C D.

<sup>40</sup> See above, No. 1056.

<sup>41</sup> Presumably the passage concerning Dickens in "Charity and Humour" (*Works*, VII, 724-725).

1111.

TO EDWARD STERLING

26 MARCH 1855

*Address:* Edward Sterling Esq<sup>re</sup> | South Place | Knightsbridge. *Postmark:*  
MR 26 55. Hitherto unpublished.

Dear Edward Sterling. Here is your ticket and another is not to be had now for money or love.

Always yours  
W M T.

Why dont you call here sometimes & see if not me the girls?

1112.

TO ?

30 MARCH 1855 <sup>42</sup>

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>e</sup> March 30.

Sir

It is not the will that is wanting in my case, but the power, to help gentlemen who send me MSS: and ask for my 'influence' with Editors of Magazines. I have none. They have their own staff round about them. I fear there is very little chance indeed for your poor Clio. I read in the first paper w<sup>h</sup> is very pretty — the commencement of the Allegory rather obscure — but it is very pleasant eloquent poetic — and — and if my opinion is correct — *it will not do*. it is too long for Magazines nowadays. But I can, if you like, send it to M<sup>r</sup> Parker of Fraser's: who is the only Magazine proprietor with whom I have the least intercourse. Blackwood refused my own articles. The New Monthly & Bentley are in the hands of one gentleman M<sup>r</sup> Ainsworth who I am told prefers unpaid contributions. I wish sincerely I could help you. I will read more of the MS. Let your boy carry out his intention of coming to

<sup>42</sup> Thackeray moved to Onslow Square in May, 1854. He was reconciled to Ainsworth in January, 1857. Since he was in America on March 30, 1856, this note can only have been written in 1855.

see me; & bring a few of his drawings with him. I mayn't be able to be of the least use but I may — at all events you may be assured of the good will of

Yours very faithfully  
W M Thackeray.

1113.

TO ?

11 APRIL 1855

My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Mr. Stokes.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>re</sup> Brompton. April 11.

Dear Sir

Thank you for your little volume, and for thinking it might be welcome to an Old Carthusian. I suppose we all of us have the honor of the old place at heart: and I believe you younger men were happier under Saunders, than we who trembled under the huge thumb of his predecessor. I dined in Brook Hall<sup>43</sup> only last week: and have not done with the Grey Friars yet: as will be seen to readers of Nos XXIII & XXIV of a yellow-backed periodical.<sup>44</sup>

I don't criticise your poems as yet; but confine myself to thanking the Author.

Believe me  
Your very faithful Serv<sup>t</sup>  
W M Thackeray.

<sup>43</sup> A room off the Chapel Cloister at Charterhouse in London, so named for Robert Brooke, Headmaster from 1628 to 1643. He was expelled from parliament for royalist sympathies, but after the Restoration was given free quarters in his old school. (Gerald S. Davies, *Charterhouse in London*, p. 309).

<sup>44</sup> Chapters 74 to 80 of *The Newcomes*. The purpose of Thackeray's visit to Charterhouse, which took place on April 3 or 4 according to John W. Irvine (*Nineteenth Century*, XXXIV, 589-590), was to prepare himself for chapter 75, "Founder's Day at Grey Friars". "When I met Thackeray at the door leading into Gownboys' Quad," writes Irvine, "he said, 'How d'ye do? I want you to take me over the place,' of which he knew every stock and stone. Immediately afterwards he said, 'I say, do you know any of the old Codd's?' — a corruption, I believe, of Codger, and (as all Carthusians know) a colloquial term for the Poor Brothers of the Charterhouse; then he added, with a dig in my ribs, '*Colonel Newcome is going to be a Codd.*'"

"My acquaintance with the Codd's was very limited: I knew 'Codd Larky,' an evergreen of the name of Miller, who remained 'larky' to quite an advanced age, long after my schooldays and my lustrum of mastership were over.

1114.

TO JOSEPH YORKE

17 APRIL 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

April 17.

My dear Jo.

Just come back from Folkestone

I accept with thanks your parents kind offer <sup>45</sup> and was going to write to them of my own motus had not their son spoken so kindly for them. So I will come from Coventry please on Tuesday and for that evening be

Yours very truly always

W M T.

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"I knew also Captain Light, an old officer of fine profile and a grand 'frosty pow,' who had served her Majesty and her Royal predecessors in an Infantry regiment, and had lost his sight (so he told us) from the glare of the rock of Gibraltar. Blindness had brought him to seek the shelter of Thomas Sutton's Hospital, where he lived with the respect of old and young, tended lovingly through all the hours of daylight by his daughter, Miss Light, who retired to some lodgings hard by when bedtime came.

"To the quarters of this good old gentleman I led Thackeray, and after knocking I entered and remember saying, 'How d'ye do, Miss Light? I have brought Mr. Thackeray, the author, to see you and the Captain,' and then blushing to the roots of my hair, for I was a shy and self-conscious boy, and remembered to have heard that my friend had a particular objection to being designated 'Mr. Thackeray, the author.' Thackeray then sat down and talked very pleasantly with the old Captain and his daughter — ever and anon lapsing into reverie when 'the Colonel' and Ethel we may be sure took their places with him, and then rousing himself to talk courteously again. At last we took our leave; and I remember telling Thackeray, after we had left the room, that Captain Light had served at the *Siege* of Gibraltar, when he replied quietly, 'No, he could hardly have done that,' as of course he could not, seeing that that event belongs to the years of grace 1779-1782.

"When the fact became known that 'Colonel Newcome was to be a Codd,' and that Thackeray had been making 'a study' for his character, it may be that there was a shade of jealousy abroad in Codd-land. My friend Codd Larky told me that I had taken him to the wrong man, and that he should have gone to Captain Nicholson, an old Guardsman, who may of course have been a more interesting personality; but simply I did not know him. Anyway, I am glad to have been instrumental in giving my old friend Captain Light and his good daughter the pleasure of feeling that the immortal Colonel was sketched from him."

<sup>45</sup> Of hospitality, when he came to deliver "Charity and Humour" in Birmingham.

1115. TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH  
22 APRIL 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

22 April.

There are many famous reasons why I dont write to my dearest old Mother — when I'm in bad spirits for instance, and you would find me out in a minute attributing the cause to secret care que sais je? When its only disorganized liver, defective water-works or some such physical cause — & for the most part a hatred of writing that grows on me — the sight of paper making me more nervous every day. I wanted or have been wanting to come to Paris all the month — the first week it blew a tornado: last week I was at Folkestone 3 days with one step on the boat as it were, and didnt go because of this confounded performance at Birmingham & Coventry tomorrow and because (though I was as well as ever I was in my life) I thought I was going to be ill — so I came home, and the illness came off the day after — shivering fit, hot ditto, sweat and bon jour — these have been the last 3, different & much easier than the old spasms — There must be some hanging on intermittent fever, as according to Elliotson. Let us finish Newcomes and then try Vichy or some other Jordan for a cure. This time my face has broken out in the most agreeable blisters — I write with a poultice on it, w<sup>b</sup> I ingeniously made out of part of my breakfast — and with this I am to go and be lionized at Coventry tomorrow — where I am to stay with a man,<sup>46</sup> who would take no refusal, and

<sup>46</sup> Charles Bray (1811–1884), author of *The Philosophy of Necessity* (1841) and friend of George Eliot. We owe the following account of Thackeray's visit to Coventry to another friend of Bray, identified by Lady Ritchie merely as "a young lady, not then married": "Thackeray came to Coventry to give us his lecture on the 'English Humourists' [actually "Charity and Humour," the pendant to *The English Humourists*]. He was the Brays' guest and, would you believe it, they asked me, and me only, to tea, to be smuggled in as one of themselves with no introduction. . . . He usually goes to an inn, hating to be made a lion of, but the Lewes' assured him that the Brays would not lionise him, and so he accepted the invitation. . . . I met Miss Hennell [Mrs. Bray's sister] in the garden, who talked in an undertone, as if fearful of disturbing the lion who was then in his room writing the coming number of 'The Newcomes' [XX for May, chapters 62 to 65] and



who of course will have a party to meet me — whereas I begged & prayed him to let me go to the hotel and be sick in private — Next day at Birmingham, at Mr Yorke's — such a nice family — nice children — a sweet kind wife. Yorke a perfect prize parson — pious humble merry orthodox to the most lucky point liked by everybody. How I should like to be like Yorke! — not for the being liked — but for that happy orthodoxy w<sup>h</sup> is as natural with him as with Addison and other fortunate people, and w<sup>h</sup> w<sup>d</sup> make my dear old Granny so happy if I had it.

I think I have no news. I shall get 40s for the Brothertons tomorrow and next day please God. Dont be trying that concert, please, — It pains me to think of your soliciting, with 'Here kind Christians, in the name of Charity, give me half a crown for a thing that is not worth twopence' — and that you should be refused, as you will be, and hurt as you must be, — I know you'll say it's

then went into the house anxiously awaiting his appearance; Mr. Bray, Mrs. Bray, Sarah Hennell, Mrs. Head, and myself, all intensely excited.

"At last he came, very quietly, but such a presence! We had to look up a long way, he was so tall. . . . He talked in a pleasant friendly way. The coming number of 'The Newcomes' of course, was in all our minds. Miss Hennell, as our spokeswoman said, 'Mr. Thackeray, we want you to let Clive marry Ethel. Do let them be happy.' He was surprised at our interest in his characters. 'What a fuss you make about my yellow books here in the country! In town no one cares for them. They haven't the time. The characters once created *lead me*, and I follow where they direct. I cannot tell the events that wait on Ethel and Clive.' The high world was full of Ethels who sold themselves voluntarily. 'I was talking,' he said, 'to a very nice girl at a party in London, when I saw her start as a gentleman — an artist — entered the room. "Oh, that's it," I said, "is it?" She coloured and said, "What is the use? He hasn't a farthing," and walked away. They were following each other about, evidently in love, but in three weeks or so, it was announced that a marriage had been arranged between this young lady and some Lord Farintosh. . . ."

"He told Miss Hennell that he did not like 'dearest Laura' and that he made his women without character, or else so bad, because that was as he knew them. I was told that next morning, when they asked him whether he had a good night, he answered, 'How could I with Colonel Newcome making a fool of himself as he has done?'

"MRS. BRAY: 'But why did you let him?'

"THACKERAY: 'Oh, it was in him to do it. He must.'

"They talked of orthodoxy, and whether there was any talented person on the orthodox side. He said he was going to spend the next day with [the



MAJOR AND MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH IN 1855

*From a photograph*



pride but I say it's justice. I wouldn't mind your keeping shop, if need were, one penny piece; and can't understand humiliation about anything honest — But I don't think those sham concerts bazaars &c *are* honest; or anything of that sort w<sup>h</sup> requires solicitation pressure & the like. The girls told me about M<sup>rs</sup> Erskine, & the Doudet flare up. So here's another instance in w<sup>h</sup> Religion isn't peace but a sword.<sup>47</sup> I suppose they are so interested in the woman because she is a convert — and they won't see the truth about her, and hate those who do. What a fiend! I wish she could be locked up in that closet where she kept the poor girls.

About the Lecture at Paris, the unpleasantness to me is the idea of your soliciting for it. Don't you see those religionists don't read "slang"? Our ways are wicked ways to them: our humour incomprehensible: our views of right and wrong & God's goodness & kindness quite different. Take Cumming<sup>48</sup> whom you like. I think him a bigot, a blasphemer; that the world would be horrible if he & his could have his way — so he on his side must have the same abhorrence of our's — Amen. Your low-church friends never heard of my writings, any more than the High-Church University Dons.<sup>49</sup> Why should they? Your going to ask these people would

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Rev. Mr. Yorke] of Birmingham. 'A good fellow — O Heavens, if I could write three lines of that man's orthodoxy I could make £20,000, but I couldn't do it.' The conversation then turned upon personal piety, and Thackeray gave us his own beautifully simple faith — in conclusion saying, half in way of apology for his old-fashioned belief (for the Brays were of very different ways of thinking, as he was aware), 'But I have a dear old Gospel mother who is a good Christian, and who has always chapter and verse to prove everything. Poor dear!'

"Talked of Newman. Called him a saint, in a way that was a blessing to hear, so heartily and truly did he utter it. Said that somewhere in his heart he (Newman) was a sceptic, but that he had shut it down and locked it up as with Solomon's Seal, and went on really believing in the Catholic faith.

"The lecture was given in our beautiful old Hall (scene of the Trial in 'Adam Bede'), which we found so well filled that we had to take side seats. It was quietly and well delivered — no action — read as a book." (*Biographical Introductions*, VIII, xxxv-xxxvii)

<sup>47</sup> *St. Matthew*, 10, 34.

<sup>48</sup> Probably the Rev. John Cumming of the National Scottish Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden (*Watkins's London Directory*, 1855).

<sup>49</sup> See above, No. 804, note 138.

rile me as much, as poor Charles Cole when he solicited Miss Coutts.<sup>50</sup> Fancy this little tiff with M<sup>rs</sup> Erskine not having occurred, and your having gone to ask her to come to your son's lecture, as ask her you pretty probably would. Well, she would have gone: not known one word of what it was about: thought it foolishness w<sup>h</sup> doesn't matter, & thought 'Well here is M<sup>rs</sup> Smyth has been again soliciting me about [her] son and her charity schemes. As if we hadn't all charities of our own! &c &c. My writings *are* slang to that lady, and she has a perfect right to think so, but why should she be entreated to come and hear them read?

Sir Robert Peel got 20£ more at Marylebone<sup>51</sup> (I mean to the amount of 20£ more) than I did — and I have no doubt that though his lecture was drivelling rubbish, it was much more amusing to his audience than my neat periods and sentimentalities — What does Baker Street care about Sterne & Prior? or M<sup>rs</sup> Erskine & her sort? She would have gone to oblige poor M<sup>rs</sup> Smyth and have had an advantage over us, and us both in a position of inferiority as regards her afterwards. And why? Corbleu! To be beholden to friends is a sensation almost as pleasant as to benefit them: but I doubt about the propriety of often asking favors from others, ever *for* others — You have chapter and verse on your side to be sure but then you have chapter & verse telling you to give up *all* to the poor — and you don't — and you would be wrong if you did — Common sense being stronger in this case than chapter & verse. A lousy Capuchin clatters his begging box and has not a shilling of his own acting on the aforesaid chapter & verse. Fancy the world turned into such & what a world it would be! Here's a tirade. Chapters & verses divide my dearest old mother & me; but nature is stronger than print; and God over all, may Who bless all parents and children

W M T.

<sup>50</sup> Angelina Georgina Burdett-Coutts (1814–1906), later (1871) first Baroness Burdett-Coutts, principal partner in the banking house of Coutts and Company. I have been able to discover nothing about Charles Cole.

<sup>51</sup> Where Thackeray had spoken on March 22. See above, No. 1108.

1116.

TO MRS. GOLDSMID

26 APRIL 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

Thursday. 26.

Dear M<sup>rs</sup> Goldsmid

I am going out of town on the 6 or 7 of May (D V.) and cant have the pleasure of dining with you. I am this moment returned from a Charity cruise in the provinces.

Always faithfully yours  
W M Thackeray.

1117.

TO MR. TOULIN

26 APRIL 1855<sup>52</sup>

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>e</sup> Brompton.  
Thursday 26 April.

Dear Sir

I remember my fellow-travellers quite well, & the kind invitation w<sup>h</sup> you gave me to Mobile. I am very sorry to hear that you have not health as well as fortune to make you happy in England. I sh<sup>d</sup> myself be very much the better for a little more of both good things.

I am not at all certain when I shall make my journey to America in the fall. But when I go it will give me great pleasure if we make our voyage together. With best compliments to M<sup>rs</sup> Toulin I am yours dear Sir

very faithfully  
W M Thackeray

<sup>52</sup> During the years between Thackeray's American trips, April 26 fell on Thursday only in 1855.

1118

TO GEORGE HENRY LEWES

28 APRIL 1855

My text is taken from George Henry Lewes's *Life of Goethe* (London, 1894), pp. 553-556.

London, 28th April, 1855.

Dear Lewes, — I wish I had more to tell you regarding Weimar and Goethe. Five and twenty years ago,<sup>53</sup> at least a score of young English lads used to live at Weimar for study, or sport, or society; all of which were to be had in the friendly little Saxon capital. The Grand Duke and Duchess received us with the kindest hospitality. The Court was splendid, but yet most pleasant and homely. We were invited in our turns to dinners, balls, and assemblies there. Such young men as had a right, appeared in uniforms, diplomatic and military. Some, I remember, invented gorgeous clothing: the kind old Hof Marschall of those days, M. de Spiegel (who had two of the most lovely daughters<sup>54</sup> eyes ever looked on), being in nowise difficult as to the admission of these young Englishers. Of the winter nights we used to charter sedan chairs, in which we were carried through the snow to those pleasant Court entertainments. I for my part had the good luck to purchase Schiller's sword, which formed a part of my court costume, and still hangs in my study,<sup>55</sup> and puts me in mind of days of youth the most kindly and delightful.

We knew the whole society of the little city, and but that the young ladies, one and all, spoke admirable English, we surely might have learned the very best German. The society met constantly. The ladies of the Court had their evenings. The theatre was open twice or thrice in the week, where we assembled, a large family party. Goethe had retired from the direction, but the great traditions remained still. The theatre was admirably conducted; and besides the excellent Weimar company, famous actors and singers from various parts of Germany performed *Gastrolle* through the winter. In that winter I remember we had Ludwig

<sup>53</sup> See Thackeray's letters of the winter of 1830-1831.

<sup>54</sup> Melanie von Spiegel and Louise von Eglosstein.

<sup>55</sup> It was later given to Bayard Taylor (*Chapters*, p. 118).

Devrient in Shylock, Hamlet, Falstaff, and the *Robbers*; and the beautiful Schröder in *Fidelio*.

After three-and-twenty years absence,<sup>56</sup> I passed a couple of summer days in the well-remembered place, and was fortunate enough to find some of the friends of my youth. Madame de Goethe was there, and received me and my daughters with the kindness of old days.<sup>57</sup> We drank tea in the open air at the famous cottage in the Park, which still belongs to the family, and had been so often inhabited by her illustrious father.

In 1831, though he had retired from the world, Goethe would nevertheless very kindly receive strangers. His daughter-in-law's tea-table was always spread for us. We passed hours after hours there, and night after night with the pleasantest talk and music. We read over endless novels and poems in French, English, and German. My delight in those days was to make caricatures for children. I was touched to find that they were remembered, and some even kept until the present time;<sup>58</sup> and very proud to be told, as a lad, that the great Goethe had looked at some of them.

He remained in his private apartments, where only a very few privileged persons were admitted; but he liked to know all that was happening, and interested himself about all strangers. Whenever a countenance struck his fancy, there was an artist settled in Weimar who made a portrait of it. Goethe had quite a gallery of heads, in black and white, taken by this painter. His house was all over pictures, drawings, casts, statues, and medals.

Of course I remember very well the perturbation of spirit with

<sup>56</sup> Actually Thackeray's visit had taken place in August, 1851.

<sup>57</sup> Thackeray wrote in her album: "During my visit and conversation with my dear patroness-friend, Madame de Goethe, I have deeply felt the truth of Goethe's verses:

'Zierlich Denken und süss [*sic*] Erinnern  
Ist das Leben im tiefsten Innern.'

Yours very truly and thankfully

William Makepeace Thackeray."

(Quoted by Professor Gulliver, *Thackeray's Literary Apprenticeship*, p. 36, from Dr. Walter Vulpus, "Thackerays Besuch im Goethe-Garten (1854)," *Allgemeine Thüringische Landeszeitung*, May 22, 1929.)

<sup>58</sup> A few of these caricatures are reproduced in *Westermanns Monatshefte*, CXXIX, 579-592.



which, as a lad of nineteen, I received the long expected intimation that the Herr Geheimrath would see me on such a morning. This notable audience took place in a little ante-chamber of his private apartments, covered all round with antique casts and bas-reliefs. He was habited in a long grey or drab redingot, with a white neck-cloth and a red ribbon in his buttonhole. He kept his hands behind his back, just as in Ranch's statuette. His complexion was very bright, clear and rosy. His eyes extraordinarily dark, piercing and brilliant. I felt quite afraid before them, and recollect comparing them to the eyes of the hero of a certain romance called *Melmoth the Wanderer*,<sup>55</sup> which used to alarm us boys thirty years ago; eyes of an individual who had made a bargain with a Certain Person, and at an extreme old age retained these eyes in all their awful splendour. I fancied Goethe must have been still more handsome as an old man than even in the days of his youth. His voice was very rich and sweet. He asked me questions about myself, which I answered as best I could. I recollect I was at first astonished, and then somewhat relieved, when I found he spoke French with not a good accent.

*Vidi tantum.* I saw him but three times. Once walking in the garden of his house in the *Frauenplan*; once going to step into his chariot on a sunshiny day, wearing a cap and a cloak with a red collar. He was caressing at the time a beautiful little golden-haired granddaughter,<sup>60</sup> over whose sweet fair face the earth has long since closed too.

Any of us who had books or magazines from England sent them to him, and he examined them eagerly. *Frazer's Magazine* had lately come out, and I remember he was interested in those admirable outline portraits which appeared for awhile in its pages. But there was one, a very ghastly caricature of Mr. Rogers,<sup>61</sup> which, as

<sup>55</sup> By Charles Robert Maturin, published in 1820.

<sup>60</sup> Alma von Goethe (1827-1844).

<sup>61</sup> This famous drawing by Maclise appeared in the September, 1830, number of *Frazer's Magazine*, which Thackeray had ordered to be sent from England while he was at Weimar as a young man. The accompanying text begins: "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum!* There is Sam Rogers, a mortal likeness — painted to the very death!" (p. 237)

Madame de Goethe told me, he shut up and put away from him angrily. 'They would make me look like that,' he said; <sup>62</sup> though in truth I can fancy nothing more serene, majestic, and *healthy* looking than the grand old Goethe.

Though his sun was setting, the sky round about was calm and bright, and that little Weimar illumined by it. In every one of those kind salons the talk was still of Art and letters. The theatre, though possessing no very extraordinary actors, was still conducted with a noble intelligence and order. The actors read books, and were men of letters and gentlemen, holding a not unkindly relationship with the *Adel*. At Court the conversation was exceedingly friendly, simple and polished. The Grand Duchess (the present Grand Duchess Dowager),<sup>63</sup> a lady of very remarkable endowments, would kindly borrow our books from us, lend us her own, and graciously talk to us young men about our literary tastes and pursuits. In the respect paid by this Court to the Patriarch of letters, there was something ennobling, I think, alike to the subject and sovereign. With a five-and-twenty years' experience since those happy days of which I write, and an acquaintance with an immense variety of human kind, I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentlemanlike than that of the dear little Saxon city, where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried.

Very sincerely yours,  
W. M. Thackeray.

<sup>62</sup> In March, 1832, a drawing of Goethe appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* which amply justified the poet's misgivings. Macclise made it from a profile sketch by Thackeray and a full face engraving taken from the Stieler portrait in Munich (Vulpinus, *Century Magazine*, LIII, 922). Carlyle (*Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*, 4 vols., Boston, 1839, III, 93) describes Macclise's drawing as "a total failure and involuntary caricature, — resembling, as was said at the time, a wretched old-clothesman carrying behind his back a hat which he seemed to have stolen."

<sup>63</sup> Maria Paulowna (1796–1872).

1119.

TO S. N. ROWLAND

2 MAY 1855

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Mrs. Fuller.

36, Onslow Square,  
May 2, 1855.

Dear Sir — I myself represent a branch of the Webb family, and use their crest and arms (which are much prettier and more ancient than my own) by right of my paternal grandmother,<sup>64</sup> daughter and heiress of Colonel J. Richmond Webb, who lies in Westminster Abbey at this writing.

When I wrote "Esmond" I thought (for so the tradition was in our family) that I was a lineal descendant of the General<sup>65</sup> — but since have had and mislaid among my heaps of papers, a pedigree of the "Webbs", tracing them to Edward I. lineally — but I am sorry to say the General is not in my direct line. We branch from a common ancestor in Charles II's time, two generations off. This pedigree was compiled by my late uncle the Rev. Francis Thackeray. Our Webbs were of Lydiard-Tregoze in Wiltshire.

I suppose you know that the General's park at Ludgershall was laid out with trees, after the plan of Wynendael. He appears to have bragged a great deal about that achievement, which in truth was one of the most brilliant and timely actions ever fought by British men.

My Memory is the worst in the world and only retains results, not details. When I was writing "Esmond", I read the Marlborough despatches very carefully — a great deal more carefully than Alison,<sup>66</sup> who blunders in numerous details — Berwick's and

<sup>64</sup> Amelia Webb (1757-1810), *Genealogy* (11), daughter of Colonel Richmond Webb (1715-1785).

<sup>65</sup> General John Richmond Webb (1667?-1724).

<sup>66</sup> Sir Archibald Alison's *Military Life of John, Duke of Marlborough* was published in 1847. An enlarged edition appeared in 1852. The *Mémoires* of Jacques Fitz-James (1670-1734), Duc de Berwick, appeared in 1778. Jean Baptiste Colbert (1665-1746), Marquis de Torcy, wrote the *Mémoires*



"MALIROUK S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE"

*From a drawing by Thackeray*



Colbert's memoirs, and the remarkable French Collections relative to the war of the Succession, printed in Louis Phillipe's reign — and my impression distinctly was as stated in "Esmond", that Marlborough, who was in treaty to receive a bribe of three millions of crowns for the raising of the Siege of Lille — gave information to his nephew the Duke of Berwick of the departure of Webb with the convoy from Ostend, and intended to sacrifice him, which he would have done but for the unexpected issue of that brilliant little battle. The verses about General Webb's personal beauty, "like Paris handsome, and like Hector brave," were from a contemporary poem called "The Battle of Oudenarde",<sup>67</sup> which my uncle had, but on which I have not been able to lay hands.

Of course you have read in Swift's Journal to Stella what there is about the General, and know the accounts of him in the Elderly Biographical Dictionaries. Some writer abused me for my inaccuracy about Webb's regiment of Fusiliers, but I took it out of "Chamberlayne";<sup>68</sup> and, indeed, had chapter and verse for every action and movement of the army which I narrated.

Of course the latter part of the book about the Pretender's coming to England is fabulous, but there was a meeting at Kensington, and there was a famous General to be set up in opposition to Marlborough, and this one, I think, was most likely John Richmond Webb.

We appear to have held greatly to this alliance in our family. My father was christian-named Richmond, and one of my uncles Webb. Sir Richmond Shakespeare of the Bengal Artillery, my

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*de M. de \*\*\*, pour servir à l'histoire des négociations depuis le traité de Ryswick jusqu'à la paix d'Utrecht.*

<sup>67</sup> These lines, which Thackeray quotes in Book II, chapter 10, of *Esmond* (*Works*, VII, 221), come from the anonymous "Battle of Audenard, A poem . . . with the characters of the General Officers who were present in the engagement," published in 1708 (*History of Henry Esmond*, ed. T. C. and William Snow, 2d ed., Oxford, 1915, p. 513).

<sup>68</sup> The twenty-third edition (1710) of Chamberlayne's *Magna Britanniae Notitia*. "The chapters in 'Esmond' relating to the exploits of Webb (bk. ii, chaps. x, xiv, xv) are based upon minute research, and contain what is perhaps the best account extant of the affair of Wynendaele" (*Dictionary of National Biography*, LX, 103).

cousin, is named after my father, and had I had a son, he would have got the same baptismal name which is certainly prettier than that family one

Your very faithful servant,  
William Makepeace Thackeray.

I should be glad to see the General's miniature. My poor Uncle Francis had a so-called portrait of him, but I doubt its authenticity.

1120.

TO MRS. BRAY

4 MAY 1855

Published in *The Coventry Herald* during 1898. My text is taken from *The Bookman*, VIII (1898-1899), p. 522.

36, Onslow Square, May 4th.

My dear Mrs. Bray, — A box from Coventry came to our house a few days ago, and ever since my daughters come down to breakfast with the most brilliant breast-knots imaginable. Their old gowns retire as it were, and become invisible before these beautiful ribbons. I must send you and your neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Cash,<sup>66</sup> my thanks for this adornment of my family. I wonder if I shall ever walk with my girls in Stoneleigh Park with you and Mr. Bray in our company, and your little girl trotting on ahead picking flowers as many coloured as Coventry ribbons? Some time in June such a thing may very possibly happen. That was a delightful day in the Park; and Birmingham afterwards was a pleasant holiday — where I saw schools (King Edward's — a very agreeable sight) and sword-making, and Edgbaston — and very kind people<sup>70</sup> at St. Philip's Rectory — as kind as you of Coventry, which is saying a good deal.

It seems to me a hundred years since I was there — nevertheless the recollection is very friendly and kindly. I send my very best regards to your husband and sister, and am yours all very sincerely,

W. M. Thackeray.

<sup>66</sup> John Cash and his wife, the former Miss Sibree.

<sup>70</sup> The Yorkes.

Did you find out the interpolation in the last number? <sup>71</sup> Fred Bayham's speech at the dinner, and the description of the furniture and the barrel organ, were done upstairs in that sunny bed-room, nay in that snug bed.

Thank you for the *Coventry Herald*.

1121.

TO JOHN FORSTER

9 MAY 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

Wednesday. May 9.

My dear Forster.

I am just out of bed after one of my attacks during w<sup>h</sup> I cant read or write letters — they are much less frequent & not so bad as they used to be.

I certainly thought there was an &c — I dont remember the talk with Maclise — and could only have assigned the cause you mention as a probable not a certain reason of difference You yourself assigned the same reason when you on *your* part thought there was a frigidity on mine. We were both wrong. Amen.

We dine with Lord Airlie on Friday at poor Macaulay's <sup>72</sup> house: and I'm sorry I cant see you & Elwin

With best regards to M<sup>rs</sup> Forster

Yours

W M T

<sup>71</sup> In chapter 63 (*Works*, VIII, 657-659).

<sup>72</sup> "Last July was a crisis in my life," Macaulay wrote in 1853 (Sir George Otto Trevelyan, *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, 2 vols., New York, 1876, II, 272). "I became twenty years older in a week." From that time forth his ill health was apparent to all his friends.



1122.

TO GEORGE HODDER

19 MAY 1855

Published in part by George Hodder, *Memoirs of my Time* (London, 1870),  
p. 244.

May 19. 1855. 36 Onslow Sq<sup>e</sup>

Dear Mr Hodder.

I am sincerely sorry to hear of your need; and send the little contribution w<sup>h</sup> came so opportunely from another friend whom I was enabled once to help. When you are well to do again in the world I know you will pay it back again, and I daresay somebody else will want the money w<sup>h</sup> is meanwhile most heartily at your service.

Always yours

W M Thackeray.

1122A.

TO RICHARD LEE

19 MAY 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>e</sup> Brompton

May 19. 1855.

Dear Sir

I return the note of former days and hope you will have luck with the Managers — I doubt whether my recommendation will profit you much — I wrote a little play<sup>72</sup> lately at the request of one manager who refused it, and have sent it to another who has had it several months and I believe not yet read it.

Very faithfully yours

W M T.

<sup>72</sup> See above, No. 868. Thackeray's "little play" was *The Wolves and the Lamb*.

1123.


## TO WILLIAM RITCHIE

25 MAY 1855

*Address:* M. Ritchie | Rue Godot de Mauroy. 36 | à Paris. *Postmarks:* MY 25 1855, PARIS 26 MAI 55. Published in part by Mrs. Warre-Cornish, *Family Letters*, pp. 34-36.

36 Onslow Square. May 25.

My dear William. 1000 pardons. Your letter came when I was ill abed: then I got up and went to the Derby w<sup>h</sup> made me ill again for yesterday — and when ill pen-writing makes me so much worser that I avoid all I can of it. The girls and I will make you and Augusta (to whom in this familiar manner I send my love) as comfortable as we can <sup>73</sup> Your quarters will be awfully narrow, but with a contented mind, why should you not bear them for a brief space? There will be let offs not only on the 31 of May, but on the ensuing day — We find it cheaper to give double-barrelled dinner parties though deucedly unpleasant to give two or one — The house is turned upside down — Frantic knife-cleaning goes on — sham footmen prowl about the premises — My rest is

destroyed: Anny has no more head than a  — I wish

we might do it au hotel — My mind trembles with fear and flutter even now a week off! — and as soon as I have written this little note (and about 18 more[])] I am going to take a portmanteau into the country somewhere, and stay away for 3 or 4 days and recruit. I asked W<sup>m</sup> Stirling to meet you — but my dinners ain't good enough for him or he is going out of town. But you will see a few small lions, and I hope we shall get on.

At the Derby I was next carriage to Mowbray Morris who looked very languid and handsome drinking champagne and eating venison pie as he lay back in his barouche. I believe it was a very good race. I lost my money though — sixpence to Sir Edwin Landseer who backed the favorite against the field. What frivolity is

<sup>73</sup> William Ritchie, his wife, and two elder children came to Europe for seven months in 1855. While in London they stayed with Thackeray at Onslow Square. (*Ritchies in India*, pp. 172-173.) See *Memoranda*, I, clxii-clxiii.

this I write! Sir I am not thinking of this but of those 18 other letters w<sup>h</sup> I have to produce before I go countrywards. In London there's no affection no leisure no relationship no cordiality nothing but fierce business and then fierce pleasure, and then a spell of illness during w<sup>h</sup> one has leisure to think a little. I declare I have quite enjoyed 2 or 3 days this past week w<sup>h</sup> kept me in bed though with the most atrocious pains of the inner man. (I am sure, you see, your wife will read this otherwise I should have used the plumper word.) Well, it will be very pleasant to see a great colony of Ritchies in the Sun shine by the sea-shore (What a row they are making under my windows!) — And O, how I wish those 2 dinner parties were over dont you?

I send my love to all and am always my dear old Wm's

Affectionate

W M T.

He proceeds with the next letter

Sir. In reply to your proposal from the Hull Royal Literary Society I regret &c. &c.

1124.

TO LADY ELIZABETH THACKERAY

28 MAY 1855

*Address:* The Lady Elizabeth Thackeray | 4 Devonshire Terrace | Hyde Park. *Postmark:* MY 29 1854. Hitherto unpublished.

May 28. Onslow Square.

My dear Lady Elizabeth.

I ask your pardon for not answering yesterday as in duty bound but my servant brought me your note on Friday with my dressing things into town and I attired myself for dinner in a hurry, and pocketed the note and — O for shame! — forgot it till this morning.

We shall all be very glad to come on the 9<sup>th</sup> It is Annys birthday and this party of Thackerays had meditated a play for that evening: but we can keep the play for another night, and I shall be

quite happy to drink my daughter's health in the General's wine.  
With best regards to all we are all

Yours very truly  
W M T & Co.

1125.

TO JOHN FORSTER

3 JUNE 1855<sup>74</sup>

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>re</sup> 3 June.

My dear Forster

Couldn't you have the dinner here? I have a sick friend staying with me: and matters would be very much simplified if you & Elwin would partake of our umble meal. I'm constantly unwell but

Yours always  
W M Thackeray.

What soft impeachment is this brought against J. F. of Lincoln's Inn Fields?

1126.

TO LADY POLLOCK

11 JUNE 1855

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Mrs. Fuller.

36 Onslow Sqr., Brompton.

June 11, 1855.

My dear Lady Pollock,

This London life is the ruin of friendship, I know that very well. I have such a great circle of acquaintance that I only catch glimpses of people, and I don't think all this Season I have had two days together, which we might have spent at Hatton. You didn't see me run after your carriage one day in Piccadilly, when you had two footmen in Cocked-hat.

But a cab cut between me and you and I could not come up with you and get a glimpse of Miss Jessie<sup>75</sup> in her court dress.

<sup>74</sup> Thackeray did not meet Elwin until early in 1855, and Forster moved from Lincoln's Inn Fields to Montague Square after his marriage on September 24, 1856. Thackeray was in London on June 3 of both years, but only in 1855 did he have house-guests.

<sup>75</sup> Clara Jessie Pollock, Lady Pollock's oldest daughter.

You are very kind to offer to have us — but my Mother wants us at Paris, where my Step-father has been very ill, and we go away on Thursday. The Ritchies with four of their children and their two sisters come here on Saturday, and stay for three weeks. We shall be away till the beginning of August, when I come back to London for September and a part of October, to work at some lectures which I have engaged to deliver at New York in November.

If you are at Hatton in August or the next month, will you ask us then? Indeed it will give me the greatest pleasure to come to you, and that my young ones should know yours. I send my best regards to the Chief Baron (who I thought looked very well in Westminster Hall the other day) and though I haven't seen you for ever so long, am sure that I am

Yours as sincerely as ever  
W. M. Thackeray.

1127.

TO LADY STANLEY

11 JUNE 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Square Brompton.  
June 11.

My dear Lady Stanley

My mother has sent for us and we go to Paris on Friday, so I lose your dinner and Lady Londonderry's the next day, by a beautiful act of filial duty. Having of late joined an admirable society, that for Administration Reform,<sup>76</sup> I cannot but feel that the Right man is *always* in the Right Place when he is pleasing his Par and his Mar. (Loud cheers)

Always yours  
W M Thackeray.

We are coming back for August & September.

<sup>76</sup> The purpose of the Administrative Reform Association, founded in May, 1855, was to place admission and promotion in the civil services on a basis of merit rather than favor.

1128. TO WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL <sup>77</sup>  
13 JUNE 1855 <sup>78</sup>

My text is taken from John Black Atkins's *Life of Sir William Howard Russell*, 2 vols. (London, 1911), I, 230.

I have just come from the Administrative Reform Association, held in Drury Lane, where I heard your name uttered with enthusiasm, and heard with ('heard,' by the way, is not pleasing coming twice in this way, but Albert Smith is making a deuce of

<sup>77</sup> William Howard Russell (1820-1907), later (1895) knighted, was born near Dublin and educated in that city. He came to London in 1843 as a reporter for *The Times*. In 1845 he joined the staff of *The Morning Chronicle*, a journal with which Thackeray was also associated at that period, but returned to *The Times* in 1848. He went to the Near East in 1854 to report the Crimean War, and the sensational dispatches that he sent home were instrumental in bringing about the fall of Lord Aberdeen's ministry in 1855. His achievements in describing Sir Colin Campbell's campaign against the Indian mutineers in 1858 and in reporting the early battles of the Civil War in 1861-1862 were hardly less remarkable. Having thus created the profession of special correspondent, he chose to spend the rest of his life quietly in England.

Russell met Thackeray in the middle forties, and they henceforth saw each other often at the Fielding and Garrick clubs. The most amusing story that Russell relates of Thackeray in his diary dates from April, 1852. "X. asked a party to Watford to shoot," he writes (Atkins, *Russell*, I, 113-114). "There were only hares and rabbits to be sure, but what more could be expected in April? The sportsmen among whom I had the honour to be numbered were of the Winkle order: Thackeray, Dickens, John Leech, Jerrold, Lemon, Ibbotson, and others were invited and carriages were reserved to Watford. As we were starting, a written excuse was brought from Dickens to be conveyed to Mrs. X. by Thackeray. The party drove up to the house, and, after compliments, Thackeray delivered the billet. The effect was unpleasant. Mrs. X. fled along the hall, and the guests heard her calling to the cook, 'Martin, don't roast the ortolans; Mr. Dickens isn't coming.' Thackeray said he never felt so small. 'There's a test of popularity for you! No ortolans for Pendennis!'"

In 1857 Thackeray helped Russell with the commercial arrangements for his lectures on the Crimean War and was on hand when the first was given. "I was seized with a mortal sinking," Russell recalls (Atkins, *Russell*, I, 267), "and insisted that I could not go upon the stage. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. Whilst I was reasoning thus, Thackeray, treacherously falling upon me, pushed me out upon the platform."

After Russell returned from India, he settled near Thackeray at 18 Sumner Place. His wife was dying of a lingering disease, and he found relief in con-

a row) received with applause. We all wish you back here almost as much as you wish it yourself. I am going to America, so I shan't see you unless you come back soon; but in every quarter of the world,

I am yours very truly indeed,  
W. M. Thackeray.

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fiding his troubles to Thackeray. He also told his friend that he was writing leaders for *The Times*, a secret shared by few. "As [Thackeray] strolled round from his house in Onslow Square, with his cigar, to Sumner Place after breakfast," Russell writes (Atkins, *Russell*, I, 375), "I was anxious for his opinion, and I knew when he said 'I have not read my *Times* very carefully this morning' that he was not quite content with me. He could always guess what was mine. He was, I think, averse to my course of life. 'Don't wrap yourself up in *Times* foolscap. You have escaped now. Try work for yourself!' . . .

"One day some years afterwards I went to the office with Thackeray and others to look at a new printing machine; the old one was at work, whirling round and round, and throwing off the long riband of printed paper with the satisfied hum of wheel and fly, and the buzz of life within its iron roller peculiar to well-organized machinery. Thackeray, with his hand in his breeches pocket, his glasses on his nose, stood before it for a moment, then putting his right hand forth with menacing finger towards the press he exclaimed, 'Heartless! insatiable! bloody! destroying monster! What brains you have ground to pulp! What hopes you have crushed, what anxiety you have inflicted on us all!'" This cannot have been long before December 24, 1863, when Russell noted in his diary: "My dear friend Thackeray died this morning. Oh, God, how soon and untimely!" (Atkins, *Russell*, II, 120)

<sup>78</sup> This note is Thackeray's contribution to a letter of good wishes sent to Russell by his friends at the Fielding Club. Its precise date is determined by Thackeray's reference to the first meeting of the Administrative Reform Association, which took place on June 13, 1855 (*Times*, June 14).

1129.

TO SAMUEL MORLEY<sup>79</sup>15 JUNE 1855<sup>80</sup>

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>re</sup> Friday m<sup>s</sup>

(Private)

My dear Sir

I go to Paris tomorrow morning where a member of my family is very unwell and desirous to see me; and shall probably not return to London until the beginning of August: If your meetings are still going on then, and I can be of any use in speaking I shall be glad to do my best in the service of the A. R. A.

I would even come back for the meeting of Wednesday week (I am free on the S E. Line so that the expense w<sup>d</sup> be very trifling to me) should you think my presence desirable — One literary man will probably be enough, and you have a most accomplished & *certain* orator in my friend M<sup>r</sup> Dickens — whereas, from the very little practise I have had, I am just as likely to fail as not. If you think, however, that two of us might be likely to 'draw a house' I am at your service. Unless you want me, or if I shall do as well on a latter day, I had rather of course spare myself the time and travel.

Believe me very faithfully yours  
W M Thackeray.

My address at Paris is chez M<sup>me</sup> Ritchie. 36 Rue Godot-Mauroy.

P. S. You need not write. I shall see whether you want me by the advertisement of the names of speakers in the Times.

<sup>79</sup> Morley (1809–1886) was a wealthy textile manufacturer who founded the Administrative Reform Association. He served as liberal M. P. for Bristol from 1868 to 1885, voting always with Gladstone.

<sup>80</sup> This note was written the Friday after Wednesday, June 13, when Morley presided and Thackeray sat on the stage at the first meeting of the Administrative Reform Association (*Times*, June 14).



1130. TO GEORGE B. JONES  
JUNE? 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

My dear Jones.

36 Rue Godot. Saturday.

A couple of friends are coming to dine with me at 7 o'clock at the Café Voin, corner of Rue St Honoré & St Florentin. Will you be of the party? I wish I had a lady's party that I might have had the pleasure of asking M<sup>r</sup> Jones.

Always yours  
W M Thackeray.

1131. TO GEORGE B. JONES  
JUNE? 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

Dear Jones

I suppose J T F.<sup>81</sup> from W M T. will be enough for the goblet out of w<sup>h</sup> I hope we shall both drink a cup of wine ere long.

I thank M<sup>r</sup> Jones very much for remembering that I am her very faithful servant & yours very truly

W M Thackeray.

1132. TO KATE PERRY  
2 JULY 1855

My text is taken from *Thackeray and his Daughter*, pp. 73-75.

36, Rue Godot-de-Mauroy, Paris.

July 2nd

Mes Bonnes Soeurs, — I think it is time you should hear from your elderly relative and as J. may be on her way to her holy days and Miss K. I know is in England, I write my little line to Eaton Place West wishing my very best wishes to all J's. and K's. We have had a pretty busy pleasant time here: except that as in London and everywhere else, there has been a little too much feasting

<sup>81</sup> James T. Fields.

for me, too much Burgundy, too much Bordeaux. Isn't this hot weather feverish enough without these stirrers of the blood? I have cut off 2 dinners for to-day and to-morrow. It is true they would have been very stupid: but it's at those stupid dinners the Claret is most dangerous.

Last Thursday, the 28th. at 7 o'clock in the evening, I wrote the last lines of the poor old *Newcomes* with a very sad heart.<sup>82</sup> And afterwards what do you think I did? Suppose I said my prayers, and humbly prayed God Almighty to bless those I love and who love me, and to help me to see and speak the truth and to do my duty? You wouldn't wonder at that would you? That finis at the end of a book is a solemn word. One need not be Mr. Gibbon of Lausanne<sup>83</sup> to write it. There go 2 years more of my life spent over those pages: I was quite sorry to part with a number of kind people with whom I had been living and talking these 20 months past, and to draw a line so ————— on a sheet of

<sup>82</sup> "My aunts," writes Mrs. Warre-Cornish (*Some Family Letters*, pp. 8-9) "left two white-capped maids for the service of Mr. Thackeray and his daughters in the sunny apartment through September. And there he described the old cook, 'coming into the salon one day to find me blubbering in a corner. I was writing the last page of 'Newcome'.' The death of Colonel Newcome could not have been written without tears, any more than the parting of Hector and Andromache. But as for Annette, the witness of a novelist's emotion, she kept her comments on *auteurs anglais* in the classic days of the *appartement* for the subject of their gigantic tallness. 'Monsieur Thackeray était très grand et de belle carrure,' but his friend, 'Monsieur Higgins (Jacob Omnium) était encore plus grand! C'était des géants et de beaux hommes pourtant.'"

<sup>83</sup> "It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve," Gibbon recounts in a familiar passage of his *Memoirs* (ed. George Birkbeck Hill, London, 1900, p. 225), "that I wrote the last lines of the last page [of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*]. . . . After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

paper, beyond which their honest figures couldn't pass, and that melancholy leave taken, I went out to dine by myself, and to see a Pantomime<sup>84</sup> over which I fell into a sweet roseate slumber. The girls were gone to see the great Italian tragedian the Ristori<sup>85</sup> who was acting Mary Stuart that night, but I thought it would be pleasanter to see Clown jump through a window than a Queen have her wicked head chopped off. By the way she is not made wicked in the play. It is Schiller's and she is as pure as Alabaster.

I have been twice or thrice to the Exposition des Bosarts. The English Pictures show very well indeed I think. One night with Maclise the painter, I went to the Château des Fleurs<sup>86</sup> which inspired him with ravishment, and me with mortal melancholy. Crowds were standing round Lais and Phryne dancing the cancan — all sorts of elderly fogies and respectable people. What was Bonneval doing at the Castle of Flowers I should like to know? Venait il en cueiller le monstre — leaving his own languid lily at home? At Lady Ashburton's next day there was the Duchess d'Istrie<sup>87</sup> at dinner — beautiful splendid a thought aged and stale — she put me in mind of the handsome wicked Château des Fleurs. Mérimée<sup>88</sup> came in — its very odd, admiring his writing as I do, what an antipathy I have to him. I had a capital breakfast with honest Jules Janin, who lives up in his cinquième quite poor and honest and merry. I went moreover to see the *Demi-monde*.<sup>89</sup> It put me in mind of myself rather — it's a comedy of Beckys and

<sup>84</sup> Perhaps *Pierrot indélicat* by Danton at the Folies Nouvelles (*Moniteur universel*).

<sup>85</sup> Adelaide Ristori (1822–1906), who was appearing at the Italiens in *Maria Stuart*.

<sup>86</sup> A public garden situated on the Champs Élysées near the Arc de Triomphe, where the most elegant summer balls in Paris were held.

<sup>87</sup> Wife of Napoléon Bessières (b. 1802), Duc d'Istrie, and daughter of Comte de Lagrange.

<sup>88</sup> Prosper Mérimée (1803–1870), whose literary career had been over for some years, was an officer in Napoléon III's court and the trusted adviser of Empress Eugénie.

<sup>89</sup> The famous comedy by Alexandre Dumas fils, which was first performed earlier in 1855. Adolphe Dupuis (1825–1891), one of the most versatile actors of his time, had made his début in 1845 and did not retire from the stage until 1887.

Madame de Cruchecassés and the like. It is wonderfully acted — there is a man — M. Dupuis the Jeune premier, who is quite a pleasure to behold, so easy quiet nonchalant and gentlemanlike is he. And these Mesdames I think have been all my doings. If any of our friends want to hear about them you can say please God bless all friends. We grow old; we work and struggle on with our day's burthens, we groan and we laugh and we scheme for next year — and lo the end comes, doesn't it? This letter is not gay eh! what will you? One is no longer gay at our age, one is content. The girls are very well. Anny is a perfect well-spring of happiness in herself. Thank God. The thought of parting with them for the American expedition disgusts me more and more. Fired with emulation by Dickens's capital speech <sup>90</sup> I have been getting one up — another — but not so good as his though. I wonder whether I shall come back to London by next Wednesday week to speak it? I don't know in the least what I'm going to do, but am yours always my dear kind friends,

W. M. T.

1133.

TO PERCIVAL LEIGH

11 JULY 1855

*Postmark:* JY 13 1855. Hitherto unpublished.

My dear Leigh.

Strasburg. Wednesday.

Will you kindly look to some queries w<sup>h</sup> I return with this the last No of the Newcomes.

I want the Xtian names of

*old* M<sup>rs</sup> Newcome

Madame de Moncontour

M<sup>rs</sup> Mason's maid

and some verses from Bell's Songs of the Dramatists — pub<sup>d</sup> by Parker please Mess<sup>rs</sup> B & E purchase the little book on my account

<sup>90</sup> Dickens's speech at the second meeting of the Administrative Reform Association on June 27 is reported verbatim in *The Times* of June 28. Thackeray's notes for his speech, which was not delivered, are printed in Appendix XVI.

the verses are entitled I think the Man at Arms by Peele — and relate to an old knight who was once a Bedesman. I want a few of them 8 or 10 to be quoted as by Warrington in the space left for him<sup>91</sup>

I am going to Hombourg. Shall be back next month & am

Yours always dear Leigh

W M Thackeray.

Percival Leigh Esq<sup>r</sup>

1134.

TO ALBANY FONBLANQUE

19<sup>th</sup> JULY 1855<sup>92</sup>

My text is taken from *Thackeray in the United States*, II, 116–117.

My dear F., — The Times not till the evening of the second day: that is to say, Monday's Times on Wednesday at three. The climate is delightfully brisk and cheering to me: the country pleasant, the rides numerous: the landscape quite handsome enough without overpowering you. The waters — the Lord knows how they will agree with you: the state of your system being known to him alone. Hotel, very difficult to get rooms in. Neat pretty lodging houses in tolerable plenty. Sooner you go the better. The journey by Calais-Cologne in one long day. Cologne-Mayence another day. Mayence close to Frankfurt, which is close to Hombourg. Or by Paris, and Paris-Forbach-Frankfurt is sixteen hours R. R. Vale et perge,

W. M. T.

This, I think, is in the manner of Sydney Smith, whose lively memoirs I have been just reading.

[For fragments of a letter to Kate Perry, 19 July, 1855, see letter 42, Appendix XXVI.]

<sup>91</sup> The first and half of the second stanzas of "The Aged Man-at-arms," which appeared originally in the *Polyhymnia* (1590) of George Peele (1557?–1596), are quoted in chapter 76 of *The Newcomes* from *Songs of the Dramatists*, ed. Robert Bell (London, 1854), p. 60.

<sup>92</sup> On this date Thackeray wrote to Miss Perry from Hombourg, mentioning that he was reading Lady [Saba Smith] Holland's *Memoir of Sydney Smith* (London, 1855).

1135.

TO JAMES BUCHANAN <sup>93</sup>

27 JULY 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>r</sup>

July 27.

My dear Mr Buchanan

I have only this moment returned to London from a 6 weeks journey during w<sup>h</sup> my letters have lain accumulating on my study table. I find by these documents that I have missed many a pleasant dinner: none I regret more than that to w<sup>h</sup> your Excellency was kind enough to invite me.

And that you & Miss Lane sh<sup>d</sup> go on the 6<sup>th</sup> is most cruel am I not going on the 13<sup>th</sup> if I can get a berth? I have work in plenty on hand until then.

Believe me always most sincerely yours  
W M Thackeray.

1136.

TO TOM TAYLOR

1 AUGUST 1855

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript given Mrs. Fuller by Miss Taylor, who owns the original.

36, Onslow Square, August 1.

My dear T.T.

Will you please dine here next Wednesday at 6.30 to meet Bradbury and Evans, and drink a health to Colonel Newcome?

Yours always,  
W. M. T.

Tom Taylor Esq.,  
Board of Health,  
Whitehall.

<sup>93</sup> Buchanan (1791-1868), later (1857-1861) fifteenth President of the United States, was American Minister to Great Britain from 1853 to 1856. Miss Lane acted as hostess for him in London.

1137.

TO MRS. BAXTER

3 AUGUST 1855

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter. | 286 Second Avenue | New York. *Postmark:* AU 3 1855. Published in *American Family*, pp. 120-121. Original in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library; envelope owned by Mr. Beyer.

My dear kind M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter

August 3.

I have only one minute to write & thank you for your offer: but we have debated, the girls & I, and agreed with very heavy hearts that it is best they stay behind & take care of Granny & Colonel Newcome.<sup>94</sup>

My passage is taken for the 13<sup>th</sup> How glad I shall be if that little arrangement I proposed when I wrote from Paris of a meet at Boston and a visit to Niagara could come off! But what comes of my letters? I am sure more than two or three must have been lost.

I bring out a good natured good looking simple lad, son of my neighbour Baron Marochetti — I saw him 2 days ago standing on his door step and said out of window 'Maurice, will you come to America with me?' & it was agreed instanter. He is very good looking, & will dance at the balls.

It is hard to part but O it will be very happy to see you all!

W M T.

1138.

TO WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

AUGUST 1855? <sup>95</sup>

Hitherto unpublished. Reproduced in facsimile on the opposite page.

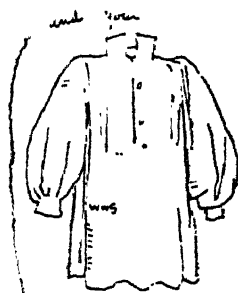
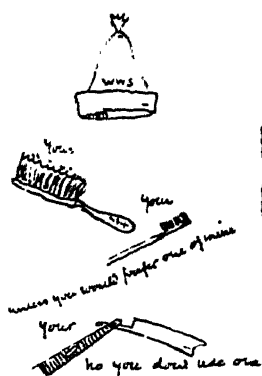
My dear Story. Hadn't you better bring your

<sup>94</sup> Major Carmichael-Smyth. See *Memoranda*.

<sup>95</sup> Though Story was in London during both 1855 and 1856, it seems likely that this note was written in the former year shortly before a dinner described by Lowell in a letter to Charles Eliot Norton of August 11: "Thackeray gave us (Story, Cranch — whom I brought over from Paris — and me) a dinner at the Garrick Club. . . . The dinner was very funny. Thackeray had ordered it for *two*, and was afraid there would not be enough, an apprehension which he expressed very forcibly to the waiter. He said something

my dear Story

Hadn't you better bring y. res



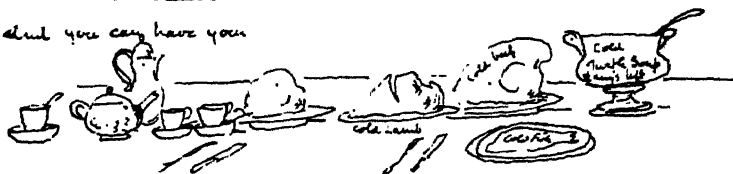
If you put one on every day or if  
not you



And I can give you a



and you can have you



like the girls in the morning

THACKERAY'S LETTER TO WILLIAM WETMORE STORY OF AUGUST 1855





1139. TO THE REV. WHITWELL ELWIN  
6 SEPTEMBER 1855

Extract published by Warwick Elwin, *Some Eighteenth Century Men of Letters*; the whole letter by Mr. Wilson, *Boston Transcript*, July 31, 1920.

My dear Elwyn. 36 O. Square. 6 September.

I think the best thing is to forward you the accompanying letter <sup>96</sup> bodily. M<sup>r</sup> Hannay is a worthy and clever fellow as you

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to Story which pleased me wonderfully. There were some outlets which *did* look rather small. 'Eat one of 'em, Story,' said he; 'it will make you feel a little hungry at first, but you'll *soon* get over it.' The benevolent tone he gave to the *soon* was delightfully comic. After dinner, we went to a room over the 'Cyder Cellar' to smoke. Thackeray called for a glass of gin and water, and presently sent for the last 'Newcomes,' saying that he would read us the death of Colonel Newcome. While he was reading, came in a tall man in his shirtsleeves, and cried 'Well, Thack, I've read your last number. Don't like it. It's a failure. Not so good as the rest!' This was Maurice [Morgan?] John O'Connell. Thackeray was not at all disturbed, but sent him off cavalierly. While reading one of the worst tirades of the 'Campaigner' he interrupted himself to say, 'That's my she-devil of a mother-in-law, you know, whom I have the good-luck to possess still.' I complained of his marrying Clive and Ethel as an artistic blunder. He acknowledged that it was so. 'But then, you see, what could a fellow do? So many people wanted 'em married. To be sure, I had to kill off poor little Rosey rather suddenly, but shall not a man do what he will with his own? Besides, we can hope they won't have any children.''' (*Letters of James Russell Lowell*, ed. Charles Eliot Norton, 2 vols., New York, 1894, I, 238-239)

Christopher P. Cranch (1813-1892) was somewhat distressed at the diversion created by O'Connell, who did not break in unaccompanied. Thackeray, he writes ("A Few Reminiscences of Thackeray," *The Critic*, X, 1887, pp. 315-316), "had hardly got through his reading from 'The Newcomes,' and our thoughts were all full of the pathos of the closing scenes, and toned by his artless rendering of it, when a door opened, and in rushed half-a-dozen young men — artists and small authors, I think — who in a boisterous way surrounded him, and gave vent to all sorts of small shallow talk in a free and familiar style of manners — all of which jarred on my feelings. I began to remember that Thackeray had these two sides to him, the thoughtful, the tender, the purely literary, and — well, call it the Bohemian. For he seemed to be on intimate terms with this noisy matter-of-fact crew, and I could not notice that their irruption into the room had any jarring effect upon him."

The reaction of Hawthorne, who described the last number of *The Newcomes* as "so touching that nobody can read it aloud without breaking down,"

will know if you have read his Lectures on the Satirists<sup>97</sup> who loves reading and letters and is trying his best in the world-struggle — was a midshipman — got into squabbles — has been for some years in London trying with all his might to get on. His novels are very clever, but young, and have no story: his critical writing full, easy, belletristisches and eminently readable.

I am plunging about in the last Century history and hope to fish up materials for 4 lectures. I wish I had more time I go to America 13 October very loth to leave home and my young ones.

I didn't answer your kind note some time back as you said Dont. We have done very well indeed with the Newcomes. After the Times article<sup>98</sup> the enthusiastic Mudie ordered 100 copies more for his library — Did you see the Times article? The Critic says He is a great humourist but not a great moralist<sup>99</sup> — quarreling with my morality & my religion.

to Lowell's account of this evening was similar to Cranch's. "Speaking of Thackeray," he wrote in his *English Notebooks* (ed. Stewart, p. 225), "I cannot but wonder at his coolness in respect to his own pathos, and compare it with my emotions when I read the last scene of the Scarlet Letter to my wife, just after writing it — tried to read it, rather, for my voice swelled and heaved, as if I were tossed up and down on an ocean, as it subsided after a storm." But see above, No. 1132, note 82.

<sup>96</sup> Hannay's letter (the original of which is in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library) reads in part:

"I wonder whether I might ask you to introduce me before you leave England, to the *Quarterly Review* people? I think I could give them an essay now and then, worth reading, and of a kind which I cannot well write for my regular circle of papers? — If you think so, too, and will put me in the way of my *chance* there (always the difficult point) you will give me one more reason for holding you in regard than I have at present. —

"My 'Conyers' [*Eustace Conyers* (1855)] I hear, is honourably mentioned in good quarters, but the tale lingers, and I fear that nothing but some such miracle as a *Times* notice would give me one of those further dividends the publishers agreed for in our bargain, — for I keep the copyright and sell so many copies. —"

<sup>97</sup> *Satires and Satirists* (1854).

<sup>98</sup> In this review, published on August 29, Thackeray is ranked with Fielding and Dickens, and there is predicted for him "a classical renown." But the critic questions his teaching. "He is a great humourist, and we only regret that he is not a great moralist also." Thackeray should in the future, it is suggested, reprove the vices of the world in the spirit of *Rasselas* rather than of *Candide*.

Now, with regard to the religion, I think please God my books are written by a God-loving man. and the morality — the vanity of success &c of all but Love and Goodness — is not that the teaching Domini Nostri? You once said you did not quarrel with my Ethics — perhaps if you write about them you will set that dull world right regarding them. I have 100 letters to write about other folks business & have only time to say that I'm

sincerely yours always  
W M T.

1140.

TO GEORGE HODDER

6 SEPTEMBER 1855

My text is taken from Hodder, *Memories of my Time*, p. 250.

Onslow Square, September 6, 1855

I want a little work done in the way of arranging papers, copying at the B. M., &c., — if you are free, and will come here on Tuesday morning next, I can employ your services, and put some money in your way.<sup>99</sup>

1141.

TO CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY <sup>100</sup>

6 SEPTEMBER 1855

My text is taken from Duffy's *My Life in Two Hemispheres* (London, 1898), II, 123.

Thursday, September 6th  
36, Onslow Square.

My dear Mr. Duffy, — There is not one word of truth in your correspondent's information.<sup>101</sup> I have not written one line in the

<sup>99</sup> Hodder was Thackeray's secretary from this time until he left for America. See *Memories of my Time*, pp. 250-256.

<sup>100</sup> Duffy (1816-1903) had become prominent in the eighteen-forties as a leader of the Young Irelanders and editor of their paper, *The Nation* (1842). He was tried for treason in 1848, but discharged the following year. From 1852 to 1855 he advocated the Irish cause as M. P. for New Ross. Deciding at last that his efforts were hopeless, he left England on October 8, 1855, to seek his fortune in Australia. His political career there was meteoric. He became Prime Minister of the colony in 1871-1872, and he was knighted in 1873. In 1880 he returned to Europe, where he spent the rest of his life.

<sup>101</sup> It had been maliciously suggested in *The Times* that there was probably

*Times*. Ye Gods! when will well-informed correspondent's leave off swallowing *mouches* and telling fibs? I wish you a happy voyage and prosperity wherever you are; and don't think I should be the man to hiss the boat that carried you away from the shore. May we both return to it ere long, and shake hands, says, yours very sincerely,

W. M. Thackeray.

1142.

TO THE REV. WHITWELL ELWIN

12 SEPTEMBER 1855

Extract published by Warwick Elwin, *Some Eighteenth Century Men of Letters*, I, 155.

12 September. Onslow Sq<sup>re</sup>

My dear Elwin

You are very kind and good to me. I send back the article<sup>102</sup> and think what a pleasure my dear old mother will have in reading it. I was puzzled with the word 'myths' in the last sentence from the works of a certain lecturer and find the word stands 'truths' in the printed lecture — and have altered it accordingly.<sup>103</sup>

a government legal appointment awaiting Duffy in Australia. Duffy was "amazed and wounded" when his friend Edward Whitty (1827-1860), a political writer for *The Leader*, wrote that Thackeray was rumoured to be the author of the article in which the suggestion appeared. (*My Life in Two Hemispheres*, II, 119, 123.)

<sup>102</sup> The proofs of Elwin's essay on *The Newcomes*, which appeared in *The Quarterly Review* of September, 1855, pp. 350-378. Though Elwin does not specifically mention the article in *The Times* on Thackeray's novel (see above, No. 1139), he answers the charges brought against Thackeray there before proceeding to a general consideration of his work. When Thackeray dined with Elwin at Forster's on October 8, he insisted that his friend had been too generous in his praise. "I told him," Elwin wrote to Miss Holley on October 17, "that there was probably more in his novels than he himself was aware of, for that I suspected he wrote by a sort of instinct, without marking the full import of the narrative as he went along. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I have no idea where it all comes from. I have never seen the persons I describe, nor heard the conversations I put down. I am often astonished myself to read it after I have got it on paper.'" (*Some Eighteenth Century Men of Letters*, I, 155.)

<sup>103</sup> In the *Quarterly* text (p. 378) *myths* has been changed to *truths*.

I dined with Forster yesterday who told me of the kind things you had said of me. I wish I could come and see you, but O what a heap of work I have to do between this & October 13 when I start.

Hannay wrote a very pretty notice of yours truly in the Leader last week — quite better than the ordinary critics. I dont say any thing about your article because I mustn't. But I am

Very gratefully yours nevertheless  
W M Thackeray.

I am so glad M<sup>rs</sup> Elwin likes Newcomes:

PS. No 2. Pendennis's uxoriousness and admiration for Laura I take to show that he is a weak character & led by women.<sup>104</sup> I hope no offence.

1143.

TO WILLARD FELT  
14 SEPTEMBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Mr. Barrett, who owns the original.

36 Onslow Sq Brompton  
September 14. 1855.

My dear Felt

I have but a minute to save the post, and accept with much pleasure the offer of the Brooklyn Association I get out of my bed to write this. Since my visit to Italy 20 months since about every month I have had 2 days illness sometimes spasms, sometimes aguish fever let us hope I may get quit of my enemy in the States.

<sup>104</sup> "A more substantial fault," Elwin had written (p. 360), "is the part which is assigned to Laura Pendennis — a portrait in itself as true to life as any in the book. There is a pragmatic assumption about her goodness, an air of prudery and self-conceit — the strings by which she leads her pliant husband, who esteems her the more for her pretension — but which render the praises bestowed upon her, and the general confidence reposed in her, somewhat distasteful. Pendennis himself is, to be sure, the ostensible writer, and the admiration he entertains for his wife, and his parade of her virtues before the public, are, as far as he is concerned, consistent traits in his character; but then again we are by no means reconciled to this exhibition of uxorious weakness in the reputed author of the book, who does not even offer the usual apology, — 'though I say it that shouldn't'."

I tell you this that my friends in the States may be aware that these attacks will lay hold of me, and I may probably have to disappoint more than one audience. Say I am ill on the 20<sup>th</sup> at New York, and engaged on the 25 at Boston on the 28<sup>th</sup> at Buffalo. What shall I do? The friends who engage me must take me with this sad limitation — no play no pay of course.

Always yours in a hurry  
W M Thackeray

1144.

TO GEORGE SMITH

22 SEPTEMBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Mrs. Fuller.

My dear Smith,

36 Onslow Square,

The writer of the other-sided note <sup>105</sup> is Mr. Sala <sup>106</sup> who beats me in caligraphy far away, and I really think is a match for the best of us in light descriptive literature. Did you ever read "The Key of the Street" in Household Words? <sup>107</sup> I think it's almost the

<sup>105</sup> Sala's note, my text of which is taken from a transcript supplied by Mrs. Fuller, was written from 40 Museum Street, September 21, 1855:

"My Dear Sir,

"I hope you will not think me obtrusive. You were good enough when I last saw you, nine days since, to promise you would mention me to Messrs. Smith and Elder; but multifarious as your occupations must be just now, I daresay that the 'Hogarth' and its author have not held place in your memory.

"May I hope, before your departure for America, to learn whether I have a chance of doing anything with my book with the firm in question? W. H. grows bigger and bigger every day and the hopes of his biographer proportionately decrease.

"With many apologies for trespassing upon you,  
Believe me, my dear Sir,  
Your very obliged Sert.,  
George Aug. Sala.

"W. M. Thackeray Esq."

<sup>106</sup> George Augustus Sala (1828-1896), the novelist, editor, and magazine writer. His recollections of Thackeray are scattered through *Things I have Seen and People I have Known* (1894) and *The Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala* (1895).

<sup>107</sup> Published on September 6, 1851, pp. 565-572.

best magazine paper that ever was written. There are a dozen others as good by the same hand in the same Repertory. Mr. Sala writes me and Dickens à s'y méprendre. I talked about him a hundred times to D. and admired his extraordinary power.

He is an artist and engraver, has been a scene-painter, is a musician, son of an actress, when I first saw him was clerk to a tailor — is a man of curious talents certainly — perhaps a genius.

Looking over some early papers of my own lately with a view to republication (Ah me! I wish you and I had been in that transaction, but I could not take it away from good old B. and E.) I determined on not republishing some because Sala's were much better; and it was only the day after I had come to this determination, he called on me, and told me about his plans.

I think his book can't fail to be popular. Hogarth and his times <sup>108</sup> with lots of illustrations (no improprieties) done by himself and introduced into the text. I should like to do the book myself very much but the young man will do it better. I hope you'll engage him and encourage him and give him a pretty bit of money when the thing is done. Who knows that I am not sending you the genius who is going to take the lead of us all? He writes twice as well as I could at his age.

On my own account I propose to sell you an edition of "The Georges. Sketches of Courts, Manners, and Town Life"; and if I do a book of travels I shall bring it you but this is hardly likely. I shall more likely do the Esmonds of Virginia, and it will depend on the size to which that book goes whether it shall appear in 3 vols. or 20 numbers.

I send my best regards to Mrs. Smith and Miss Smith.

Yours always,

W. M. Thackeray.

22 September.

<sup>108</sup> Published from February through November, 1860, in *The Cornhill Magazine*, and as a book in 1866 (*William Hogarth: painter, engraver, and philosopher. Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time*).



the first or *great* kind — Yes it *is* of the great kind — but noble in its sentiment magnificently haughty generous & chivalric, and constructed with a wonderful art that w<sup>d</sup> make one suppose the Author an adept in poetry. I think I remember his noble old figure in Barrackpore gardens when we were little *butchas* — I found the sonnet at 5.30 this morning, and shall read it in my lectures about George IV.<sup>113</sup> glad to light on something hearty and lofty to relieve all that meanness. I'm awfully busy; owe you a little note and here it is and God bless you & all young children & all travellers by land & by water.<sup>114</sup>

WMT.

1147.

TO THE BAXTERS

5 OCTOBER 1855

Published in *American Family*, pp. 121-122.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>re</sup> Brompton

Friday. October 5.

My dear Friends

What a ninny I was to order you to Boston. Do you know I thought Boston was much nearer Buffalo than your village is; and that is why I asked you to meet me. How kind it was of you to say you'd come! But for the satisfaction of seeing you a day or two sooner, I mustn't bring you hundreds of miles out of your way — I shall see your faces or your letter at the Tremont House at Boston, shan't I? <sup>115</sup>

I have done George I. II. III. and can afford a day or two at Niagara. I shake you all by the hand. I give the girls fair warning of what I intend to do when I see them. I wish I was taking my own dear women along with me but we have debated the matter many a time, & they agree it is best to remain with their Granny.

God bless all sick persons young children all travellers by land or by water. Tell Putnam to keep a nice room and one for my

<sup>113</sup> Thackeray thought better of this; the sonnet does not appear in his lecture on George IV.

<sup>114</sup> See above, No. 879.

<sup>115</sup> The Baxters duly met Thackeray in Boston (*American Family*, p. 12).

secretary — Wyllly will be a good friend for him — and so farewell, till D V we meet.

W M T.

1148.

TO MRS. PROCTER

5 OCTOBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript given Lady Ritchie by George Murray Smith.

36, Onslow Square.

October 5, 1855.

My dear Mrs Procter,

With all the work I have on hand, I don't see how I can come to Norwood. George IV remains to be done yet and all sorts of books to read, business to do, publishers to meet, proofs to review, and friends to say Good bye to. I shall be glad for a minute at the dinner to see the kind face of my dear old B. C. — that dinner annoys me. Two or three men at the Garrick asked me first to dine with them, and I named Thursday 11, expressly so as to avoid the farewell dinner at home — the last glass of wine — the last talk — the wistful faces of the girls. And now we are to have speeches the which I don't like — but am surprised and indeed touched to find how many kind folks there are who wish to shake me by the hand and say a God speed you. I wish I were back — I am very down hearted at going. But six months idleness will do me good, please God. In my last trip I hadn't a day's illness — and if I can make some more dollars for these young women, shouldn't I?

I don't like to say Farewell and try to think I shall see or write to you again. If I don't God bless you and all yours, says:

Yours affectionately,

W. M. T.

1149.

TO CHARLES NEATE  
OCTOBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

My dear Neate

Mr P. Cunningham Madeley Villas Kensington is the manager of the feast,<sup>116</sup> and I have nothing to do but to eat it and refer my friends to him. I'm afraid it is full. He told me last night there were ever so many more people wanted to come 100 more, and the table holds but 60. What I should like you to do w<sup>d</sup> be to keep your 2/2, you & Mansfield,<sup>117</sup> and give me a refection when I come back I shall like it much better than DV And so Good bye to you says Yours always

W M Thackeray

1150.

TO WILLIAM ALLINGHAM  
9 OCTOBER 1855

*Postmark:* October 9, 1855. My text is taken from *Letters to William Allingham*, ed. H. Allingham and E. B. Williams, p. 282, where the postmark is recorded.

36 Onslow Square, Brompton.

My dear Allingham, — There's always some excuse for not writing — too much business — too much laziness — now it's melancholy. Don't you know it's infernally painful sitting down and taking farewell of friends?

Thank you heartily for remembering me, and for your good wishes. When you come up for your Summer-holiday to London I wonder whether I shall be back again? Ah 'tis I will be the happy man to shake you by the hand then. — Good bye and believe me, always yours,

W. M. Thackeray.

<sup>116</sup> George Hodder (*Memories of my Time*, pp. 258–260) prints an unidentified journalist's account of the farewell dinner given to Thackeray by sixty of his friends at the London Tavern on October 11, 1855.

<sup>117</sup> Possibly Arthur Mansfield, who took his B. A. degree at Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1850, and his M. A. degree in 1853.

1151.

TO MRS. JAMES  
11 OCTOBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>e</sup> 11 October.

Goodbye my dear M<sup>rs</sup> James. I wish I could shake you by the hand and James, and see the pretty faces of the children — I have been these many weeks past in an awful turmoil and perplexity. The famous lectures are only now  $\frac{3}{4}$  done: and I must trust to luck and the voyage and my previous knowledge of his heroic character for finishing George IV.

My women are trying to put as brave a face on the matter as possible. Poor Maurice Marochetti cant go with me. His dear little brother,<sup>118</sup> whom we all loved next door, is gone away to join Gods little angels: his Mother is in dreadful grief: and Maurice must stay by her. He gives up his darling scheme with the best courage, and like a generous affectionate hearted young trump as he is: and I go without a gentleman secretary but with a very faithful useful servant<sup>119</sup> my own promoted 'clerk' in Maurice's stead.

I lost your letter with the country address on it. Dont I lose ever so many? Dont I write thousands now? — A little one of farewell and regard to you and yours from my girls and

Yours sincerely always  
W M Thackeray.

1152.

TO LADY STANLEY  
11 OCTOBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>e</sup> 11 October 1855.

Farewell, and God bless you and yours my dear Lady Stanley. I remember how pleasant it was and how kind you were to me and my Aide de Camp when I was getting ready for my last trip to America. May this one be as prosperous, and may it pass as well

<sup>118</sup> Hodder (*Memories of my Time*, pp. 265–266) describes Thackeray's emotion at the death of young Marochetti and the parting with his daughters.

<sup>119</sup> Charles Pearman.

over! How pleasant it w<sup>d</sup> be to burst into a ball in Dover Street and find you all well & happy as I did after my last journey! <sup>120</sup> I've only time for a little word of Good bye. I shake you all cordially by the hand (and the Airlies' please) and am, believe me,

Most sincerely yours  
W M Thackeray.

1153. TO LADY ELIZABETH THACKERAY  
11 OCTOBER 1855

*Address:* The Lady Elizabeth Thackeray. | The Cedars | Windlesham | Bagshot. *Postmarks:* OC 11 1855, BAGSHOT OC 12 1855. Hitherto unpublished.

October 11. 36 O. Square.

Good bye my dear Lady Elizabeth: I have but a minute to send you and all yours and the General, a word of Farewell and God bless you. I have been working so hard for many weeks past that the visit to the Cedars was impossible. May they be green when I return. May I and the girls sit under them in the summer! says

Yours afftly  
W M Thackeray.

1154. TO MRS. PROCTER  
11 OCTOBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript given Lady Ritchie by George Murray Smith.

October 11, 1855.

Only a line and a shake of the hand. Good bye and God bless all, my dear Mrs Procter, says:

Your old friend,  
W. M. Thackeray.

<sup>1</sup>  
<sup>120</sup> See above, No. 981.

1155. TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

13 OCTOBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

Liverpool October 13.

I dont know how long it will be before my dearest Mammy can get this note — to say God bless her and farewell on her old birthday. It's six o'clock in the morning now and blowing most cheerily I guess we shan't eat a good dinner at 8 bells to day — but there's a good ship, a good captain,<sup>121</sup> and as for a little wind more or less, are we going to be frightened by it? You'll have your dear children ere this reaches most likely. I should like them to learn French with a master, not a mistress, or German with Dr. Kalisch<sup>122</sup> who lives Rue des petites Écuries: but I dont know the number — a note by post w<sup>d</sup> probably find him though. They bring with them near 100£ for G P. w<sup>b</sup> will keep their little kettle boiling till I send some more — One of the publishers brought me 100 yesterday saying he owed it me — Isn't it a mercy to be so rich? I really think if I look out now before very long we may pay the house and have 5 or 6000£ — Is it right to be thinking of these schemes and money gettings on the brink of the stormy waters? It's for the dear young ones' sake we cross them. We made a famous parting of it — And I was relieved when it was over — O what a jolly meeting it will be when please God I come back to you all in the summer! I bless my dearest old mother and G P. I know whose prayers follow me where-ever I go under the good guidance of *patris nostri*.

I'll write from Halifax: and so Farewell dearest Mother dearest children.

<sup>121</sup> Thackeray sailed from Liverpool aboard the *Africa*, Captain Harrison commanding, on October 13 (*Times*, October 15). He arrived in Boston on October 24.

<sup>122</sup> Dr. Kalisch served as tutor to the sons of Baron Lionel de Rothschild and to Lady de Rothschild's children. Lucy Cohen (*Lady de Rothschild*, p. 79) describes him as "a fine Hebrew scholar who had fled as a young student from Germany."

1156.

TO W. W. F. SYNGE

13 OCTOBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

Lpool. 13 October.

My dear W W.

I have written to Smith (& Elder) about your proposed letters. I should follow it up if I were you — I send my best regards to the dear little wife & children & am your always

W M T.

1157.

TO MRS. ELLIOT AND KATE PERRY

13 OCTOBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Mrs. Fuller.

13 October

God bless you mes bonnes soeurs. The wind is blowing but the sky's bright. We sail in a couple of hours. We are very glad all the partings are over — all save one little word of farewell to dear, dear friends. Will write them from Halifax and won't we see them in the summer? Yes, please God.

[For fragments of a letter to Mrs. Elliot and Kate Perry 22 October, 1855, see letter 43, Appendix XXVI.]

1158.

TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

22-23 OCTOBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

Monday October 22. Past Cape Race.

The first letter is almost as choky as the last parting — so we write it in public — on deck — off Newfoundland — at 11 o'clock (6 bells) when it is half past 2 o'clock at Paris — where I daresay

every morning some ladies I know are waking and smiling and making a prayer at home for me <sup>123</sup> Doesn't the same business go on in State-room 83-84 too in the berth over that in w<sup>h</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Charles Pearman sleeps? I am glad & I know you all are that I brought him. He has had to plunge out of bed once only in the night and get the railway rug when the shivering fit came on — the rogue followed me out to sea you see — but he was very mild, I have been well otherwise and not sea-sick at all, w<sup>h</sup> Chawls he have been sea sick and there blew a reglar gale on Friday & Saturday — Now it is as smooth as the Thames off our beloved Greenwich — We were promised cold weather but it is as mild as May, and I have took off my great coat — Yonder lies a dim grey bank w<sup>h</sup> is Newfoundland — tomorrow P. G. we shall make Hali-fax and I shall put this into the post, and it will be fetched away on Friday when I shall be sitting by S—lly B—xt—r at Boston.

The voyage has been dreffly stupid — so are the passengers — Hardly one of 'em do these i's wish to behold again — though 20 years ago I should [have] liked them and been amused by them well enough. But I'm glad my girls are not walking the deck and have not to suffer this dinge & puking & bustle and discomfort — There was a girl of 15 opposite me at breakfast just now. She had beefsteak then a red herring & then actually called for another bloater — the bloated little pig! — I rose and quitted the feast. I couldn't see that darling child gobble up that second fish.

<sup>123</sup> An echo of the last stanza of "The White Squall" in *Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*:

And when, its force expended,  
The harmless storm was ended,  
And, as the sunrise splendid  
Came blushing o'er the sea;  
I thought, as day was breaking,  
My little girls were waking,  
And smiling, and making  
A prayer at home for me.



Here we are interrupted, I, the Captain and the lady with the veil over her pretty face, by a cry of 'Come and see the whale' we rush to the other side of the deck to see the fish, but he is gone. I say to the Captain & the lady with the veil over her face, 'Im writing to my daughters and will tell what you are talking about I will' & I have drawn him, and he's not the least like.



This whale we haven't seen is the incident of the voyage — in 9 days we have seen but 2 ships on this enormous solitary ocean.



Fancy being at sea on it with that life-preserver on! It would be better to heave it over and sink at once. This is a funny little Jew we have got on board, & the honest Captain <sup>124</sup> at my side is delighted I should cawickachaw him — He says he has a brother who cawickachaws most capitally. He is a jolly hearty soldier. I've nothing to tell but this twaddle — only it's better than talking sentiment isn't it? If it's fine tomorrow I shall have another spell at another 1/2 sheet: if not it will be then & always God bless my

dearest women. Kalisch's number Rue des petites Écuries is 57. Get a French master too who can give you the reason of the grammar. And O wont we have a jolly meeting in the summer God willing? And so I bless my girls and their Granny & their dear old G P. We are doing 12 1/2 knots — houray!

Tuesday night 23.

Were not in yet but shall be at Halifax perhaps to night if theres no fog perhaps tomorrow Couldn't write to day it was too rough, & now only say Good night to my dearest children & mother. Must enclose this letter to London as letters to France must be pp & I can't pay here.

<sup>124</sup> Two army officers are listed in the *Africa's* passenger list, Captain Powell and Captain Gunsten (*New York Times*, October 25).

1159.

TO JAMES T. FIELDS  
30 OCTOBER 1855

My text is taken from a facsimile in Mrs. Fields's *A Shelf of Old Books* (New York, 1894), p. 214.

Clarendon Hotel New York. 30 September.<sup>125</sup>

M<sup>r</sup> Fields Sir. I shall be ready to commence in Boston on Monday the 3 December. Put your spectacles on to read this <sup>126</sup> and believe me to be

with the greatest respect

Sir

Your most obliged 'Umbler Servt —

W M Thackeray.

J. T. Fields Esq<sup>e</sup>

1160.

TO HIS FAMILY  
30-31 OCTOBER 1855

Extracts published, *Biographical Introductions*, X, xviii.

Clarendon Hotel New York. Tuesday Wednesday  
30. 31.

Only time for another scrap to my dearest old mother and daughters — haven't had time to take even a walk in New York — been busy all day until late at night getting lectures ready — arrived at Boston on Thursday night, found the good Baxters there to welcome me — a score more friends very glad to see me, a sincere pleasure on my own part at seeing again these friendly people, a great growth of reputation, a chance that the ensuing lectures will be as profitable as the last — came to New York on Saturday night to the same rooms — have turned the sitting room into a bed room, dress in adjoining bed room, where Charles sleeps within call and where he copies the lectures all the morning in the most beautiful hand-writing as clear as print. How glad I am I

<sup>125</sup> An error for October.

<sup>126</sup> Thackeray's note is written in his microscopic hand.

brought him. If health holds out I shall repeat the lectures 4 times in and about New York before 1 December go to Boston for a fortnight then — then to the West (I think its the West — Buffalo Chicago Cincinnati St Louis doose knows where — the gentlemen here are to make out a plan of campaign for me — the various societies will take the business part in their hands, & D. V. will be a little richer. The compliments somebody gets on all hands would please some ladies — one touched me yesterday. Dr Kane <sup>127</sup> the tremendous Arctic traveller has just come back — and says that he saw one of his seamen in one of the eternal nights crouched over a book for hours and hours and behold it was Penden- nis. Shant have any time for dining out after this week — so much the better — where I was yesterday with American fashionable folks (a pretty little heiress with nearly a million of money of her own) — I was disgusted with their confounded vulgarity My dear old Mrs Baxter is a fine lady though — on the day I left New York I had certain brandy peaches out of a bottle of w<sup>h</sup> I very much approved — On Sunday at dinner the good soul brings out the bottle with the rest of the peaches untouched Lucy is just as nice & pretty — Sally is not improved She has been awfully flattered since I went away and O Minny! What do you think shes going to be — to be — mum mum — married! — w<sup>h</sup> I don't envy the young man <sup>128</sup> — who they say is a fine fellow. And I think this is all my news — & I am waiting for Sam Ward <sup>129</sup> who is to breakfast with me; and I feel as much at home here almost as at Brompton. At Boston saw the Stones and Mrs Shawe

<sup>127</sup> Elisha Kent Kane (1820–1857), who had arrived in New York on October 11 from the second of his expeditions to the far north. His *Arctic Explorations* (1856) was one of the most widely read of nineteenth century books.

<sup>128</sup> Frank Hampton, younger son of Colonel Wade Hampton (for whom see below, No. 1209, note 40). He served as a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Civil War and was mortally wounded during General Stuart's cavalry raid before Gettysburg in 1863 (David Duncan Wallace, *History of South Carolina*, 4 vols., New York, 1934, III, 182). His brother, Wade Hampton (1818–1902), was later a General in the Confederate army, Governor of South Carolina, and United States Senator from South Carolina.

<sup>129</sup> Ward (1814–1884) was a well known adventurer, lobbyist, and financier.

who is coming on here. Why didn't I bring the daughters? says everybody I'm sure they would have been most kindly entertained — but that passage is nasty sicky stinky — They would have to meet people I shouldnt want them to know. They are better in quiet with G P and Granny — and when the summer comes, O ye gracious powers what a good time we'll have! The sky here is as fine as the finest Eyetalian the city has grown immensely. All the seats for the lectures are taken — What the deuce do the people mean? What more news have I to send — only the state news that I am my dearest old Mother's and GPs and An-nyminnyamykira's

W M T.

Go on writing here till further horders please.

Wednesday m<sup>s</sup> early. Its such a bright sky, and sunrise I cant sleep here more than 6 or 7 hours — the air is wondrous keen & exhilarating. I write a parting kiss to send by the mail w<sup>h</sup> goes to day. had a very pleasant dinner with S. Ward & a party at Delmonico's — came home late and O had an awful escape — tremble when I think of it. Took my key at the bar entered my apartment and began straightway to pull off boots &c &c — when a sweet female voice from the room within igsclaimed "Georgy!" I had gone into the second floor room instead of the third. I gathered my raiment about me and dashed out of the premises. The welcome and friendliness of this people is surprizing & touching — thats all I have to say this last of October morning to my dear ones across the ocean. I'm glad I came. I wish you all as well & as happy as I am — God bless you again old & young.

[For fragments of a letter to Mrs. Elliot and Kate Perry 30-31 October, 1855, see letter 44, Appendix XXVI.]

1161.

TO JOHN FORSTER

31 OCTOBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

Wednesday 31 October. Clarendon Hotel New York

My dear old Forster. I send you this <sup>130</sup> because its funny and a line because I know you'll like to hear that I'm likely to do very well with the Georges — fire off tomorrow — every seat in the house taken — fire away 4 times in the course of the month pulling in an awful sum of money for those girls you're so good to. The

<sup>130</sup> Thackeray's letter is written on the third and fourth pages of the following effusion:

"Most Respected Sir

"Americanism has greeted you on your second arrival upon the shores of the New World & in the true spirit of Americanism I have taken a truly impudent perhaps offensive manner of intrusion upon your time.

"Let me say in explanation that I am young & poor & have attempted poetry. My winters have yet numbered but sixteen & this will I hope convince you that I have no motive other than the following, which I trust you will commend. My means of education being small & my ambition for learning exceeding them I have formed perhaps too bold an idea in determining to address a few of the wise of the present day & by thus doing see if they can afford time to open an occasional correspondence with me on some useful literary subjects. Can you then my dear Sir as a wanderer from a distant & mighty nation deign amidst your many duties to cheer by a little encouragement and advice the spirit of a young American who finds himself on a difficult road and as yet only at the foot of the hill & being not yet like Addison's character called Application his progress is small.

"But my note is becoming too long for petition so with a humble hope that the author of noble old Thomas Newcome may forgive this appeal if it be too earnest or too impolite I beg leave to sign myself most respected sir

Your most obedient servant

John Bunting Jr.

Darby, Delaware Co.

Pennsylvania.

"P. S. Forgive me sir for discomoding you farther but could you being an Englishman give me the address of John Ruskin the author of Modern Painters the greatest prose work I have ever read & whose 'notes on the Annual Exhibition at the Royal Academy' have been assailed by probably the weakest effort at denunciation ever made, in the London Art Journal of August.

J. B.

To his Excellence

W. M. Thackeray Esq."

welcome & friendliness of the people here touches me and gives me a choky sort of feeling of gratitude — They have more tenderness than we have on our side — they remember old friends with quite an unLondonlike cordiality. It would have done you good to hear 2 at dinner yesterday — D<sup>r</sup> Francis <sup>131</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Hall a lawyer <sup>132</sup> — talk about Macready — I can only write disjointed sentences — one or two this early morning to go by the Steamer to day — I wasn't sick once on the voyage — though it was rough & the gales severe. Charles is the greatest comfort to me — and is at this moment copying the lectures in the most beautiful hand you ever saw. I have had one awful adventure and escape — last night at midnight Sir I got my key at the bar came into my sitting room and undressed, & was going to bed when — Dont turn over the page abruptly but think what could have happened — when a sweet voice from within cried out Georgy! — I'd got into the second floor room by mistake — like M<sup>r</sup> Pickwick <sup>133</sup> — I made a dash at my boots & other garments and fled — its a mercy I'm here. This isnt a letter. only a shake of the hand across the Atlantic, where friends will be glad to know Im well and likely to prosper. Remember me amongst them, and say we feel more cordially here in America than you do in the — no that's not true, but away from home, very jolly & happy, with very kind welcoming greeting me here, and very very kind remembrances of friends across the ocean — You see at this moment I feel very soft-hearted, Sir, closing up a hurried packet to friends, children, — and I pray God Almighty to bless them all.

W M T.

Isnt this letter rich? Will you tell B & E that Ive not had time to send a set of corrections of the ballads — In that addressed to the C.B. <sup>134</sup> beginning ['] by Fates benevolent award' instead of 'head is grey' it should be 'beard is grey'

<sup>131</sup> Dr. John Wakefield Francis (1789–1861), prominent in New York society for several decades.

<sup>132</sup> Probably Abraham Oakey Hall (1826–1898), lawyer and author, who became Tammany mayor of New York in 1868.

<sup>133</sup> See chapter 22 of *The Pickwick Papers*.

<sup>134</sup> "The Last of May," addressed to Sir Frederick Pollock, Lord Chief

1162.

TO JAMES T. FIELDS  
1 NOVEMBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

1 November.

My dear Fields

Newhaven makes me an offer for Monday 3 December, a single lecture — another lecture for Springfield on the next day — On Wednesday, 5<sup>th</sup> could I come to Boston & begin? If you have advertized me for either the 3 or 4<sup>th</sup>, of course I am bound by your engagement: if not I should be glad to accept the above proposals. Send me the dates please of your Boston arrangements

always yours

W M Thackeray.

1163.

TO THE BAXTERS  
1? NOVEMBER 1855<sup>135</sup>My text is taken from *American Family*, p. 122.

November, 1855

How are you all? I have been at work all day till this minute — and should so like to come to dinner. But had n't I better after dinner here now — come up stairs and reread George I? Yes indeed — & so God bless you all is all I send by way of good morrow.

---

Baron of the Exchequer, which is printed below, No. 1667. One wonders if perhaps Pollock, like old Uncle Ned,

had no wool on de top of his head,

In de place where de wool ought to grow.

<sup>135</sup> Thackeray's first series of lectures on the Georges was given at the Rev. Mr. Chapin's Church, 548 Broadway, under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Association on November 1, 5, 8, and 12 (*New York Times*, October 29). This note was apparently written the afternoon before the first lecture.

1164.

TO BAYARD TAYLOR  
NOVEMBER 1855

My text is taken from *Thackeray in the United States*, I, 197.

Wednesday, Clarendon.

My dear Mr. Taylor, — A card has just been given to me which you must have written without having received my note written and promised to be sent from the Albion to the Tribune yesterday. Young <sup>136</sup> has arranged the Press Club dinner should take place on Saturday 17th instead of 24th and we shall meet there I hope.

And don't, don't give a dinner at Delmonico's please. I did yesterday and it is a sin to spend so much money on the belly. Let us have content and mutton chops and I shall be a great deal better pleased than with that godless disbursement of dollars. . .

1165. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY  
6 NOVEMBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

Clarendon Tuesday Nov<sup>r</sup> 6.

You naughty children why did you not write by the last mail? because you forgot and I forgot to tell you that I lived at the Clarendon as before? Now I'm so busy that I can only write this scrap to say Im very well — lectures pooty well <sup>137</sup> — first not so much liked nearly broke down in it having 1/2 an hour too much — second last night went very well indeed everybody amused. Some of the papers for, some against — doesnt much matter. Anny

<sup>136</sup> William Young (1809–1888), editor from 1848 to 1867 of the *New York Albion*, a paper devoted to British interests in the United States.

<sup>137</sup> The reporter of *The New York Times* (November 2) spoke for most of his colleagues of the press when he wrote of Thackeray's first lecture: "Subdued but substantial applause greeted the author of 'The Newcomes,' as he ascended the platform, and we doubt not but that the majority present felt a real glow of old friendship as they saw the genial, kindly, spectacled face, and white-haired head, rise above the carpeted stand." Some exception was taken to Thackeray's royal subjects, who were considered to be a good deal less engaging than the Humourists. *The New York Tribune* (November 2), however, consoled Thackeray's listeners with the reflection that "As the



Shaw's going to be married to a friend of mine George Curtis.<sup>138</sup>  
 The Shaws very nice. very glad I didnt bring you though. Poor  
 Charles working very hard and very miserable. God bless you my  
 dearest dearest women & Granny & G P & thats all.

1166.

TO JAMES T. FIELDS

9 NOVEMBER 1855

Address: J. T. Fields Esq<sup>r</sup> | Mess<sup>rs</sup> Ticknor & Fields | Boston. Mass. Post-  
 mark: NEW YORK NOV. 9. Hitherto unpublished.

Dear Sir

I have never had a copy of poor Marvys book,<sup>139</sup> and should be  
 glad to read my contributions in print.

I paid your 20£ to his widow when I was at Paris, and am

very faithfully yours

W M Thackeray

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Georges succeed each other the interest increases, and we promise ourselves  
 an abundant harvest of instruction and a richer enjoyment from his dissection  
 of the three remaining brutes." Thackeray's old enemy, *The New York*  
*Herald* (November 2), supplied the principal dissenting voice. Thackeray  
 was there described as "the last British lion who has favored us with the sight  
 of his mane and the sound of his roar," and it was suggested that the chief  
 service of his lectures would be to "enable the young fellows to see lots of  
 pretty girls, who will come to hear the lion roar, not knowing that he is only  
 Snug the Joiner, after all." Thackeray having asked the newspapers not to  
 report his lectures, *The Herald* announced, rather churlishly: "we do not  
 accede to his request. We do not report Mr. Thackeray's lectures simply  
 because they are not worth reporting, and our space is too valuable to be filled  
 up with speculations upon the anatomy of dead men's bones. . . . There  
 is no more research or labor required to get up a lecture like that of Mr.  
 Thackeray on George I. than to prepare many of the articles which appear  
 in the HERALD."

<sup>138</sup> Curtis became formally engaged to Anna Shaw, daughter of Francis G.  
 Shaw of Staten Island, in December, 1855. The two were married on  
 Thanksgiving Day, 1856, and went to live on Mr. Shaw's large estate. (Cary,  
*George William Curtis*, p. 102.)

<sup>139</sup> *Sketches after English Landscape Painters*. See *Memoranda*, Louis Marvy.

1167.

TO HIS FAMILY  
13-14 NOVEMBER 1855Published in part, *Biographical Introductions*, X, xvi-xviii.

Clarendon. November 13.

(one month over already)

Now I need not leave the partition-door shut with Charles in the next room because I feel ashamed-like that he should hear me spouting: Now I need not lock myself in and send down my key to the Bar so that visitors may see it hanging on the hook (no 23 my number is, & I have 3 rooms and a bath ongsweet) and think I am out. Now I may look out for some sound sleep without being woke up by that confounded night-mare of a George IV, and eat my dinner in peace and hear what people say to me. Now I am so nervous that, dont you see? my hand trembles I hardly see the paper and wouldnt write only some folks will expect to hear: I finished only yesterday m<sup>s</sup> at 10, breakfasted, took a walk, came home with a cold fit (not shivers) and sickness — went to bed — hot fit &c — took some soup — got up at 7 — went to the lecture and jawed (in rather feeble broken winded accents) for 90 minutes — took a little doseypokey on returning home, slept from 10 till 8, and called for a beefsteak this morning. George III is the lecture they have liked best on account of the pathetic business. G. I. the least. I have by no means had it my own way in the newspapers. Some of them have been pretty smartly down upon me — but not critics I care about, or whose praise or censure makes me angry. I have hardly made a visit yet or shown my beautiful nose in the world — only to the good Baxters and one or two more whose kindness is quite affecting — So with the young men of the Association <sup>140</sup> — they write my business-letters for me, chalk'out my route, fetch me in coaches, go over to the suburbs — What a dreary performance that was at Williamsburg <sup>141</sup> par exemple! The

<sup>140</sup> The lecture committee of the Mercantile Library Association was made up of R. H. Timpson, John Crerar, and W. H. Wickham (*New York Times*, October 29).

<sup>141</sup> Thackeray lectured at Williamsburg, N. Y., with the Young Men's Chris-

people no more understood what I was about than if I had been talking so much Algebra — My aide de camp went out in despair: he had laughed at the right jokes: applauded at the proper spots — but these fellows wouldn't lift a hand or stir a muscle. My impression was that I did not care one penny piece, and my consolation that after 4 such exhibitions I should have 100£ to be divided some day among 2 young ladies. Here, after paying my expenses, I shall probably make 700£ in the month if my health stands. There won't be any other months so good as that. Already I begin to dislike it, feel ashamed of myself and want to bolt. But we mustn't no we mustn't — while health stands: and now for the next six months I shall hardly have any writing to do, & the rest will be the best of all Doctors.

I'm at ease now about your letters that I don't get them — I got one from the Post Master's Office at Paris saying that a letter lay for me there faute de 90 centimes — So I daresay the 2 or 3 next will go there — and now you see (though you all grumbled in your hearts at the time) why I sent the Halifax letter by Chesham Place. Unless I had sent it to London you would not have had it at all. \*Enclose (post paid) to M<sup>r</sup> Daniel.<sup>142</sup> Post Office. King Street Covent Garden. London

Wednesday. M<sup>s</sup> 14th Keep this side for the last: get up very early to fill it fresh as a daisy this morning — lectured at Brooklyn last night <sup>143</sup> shows how much nervousness has to do with health found an immense brilliant lighted room thronged chock up to the ceiling 2500 people I should think spoke the lecture twice as well as before and ended rather the better for having talked had a good supper a good sleep woke early had another sleep and woke out of that actually dreaming that I was lecturing in London to 3 boys

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tian Association as his sponsor on November 7, 14, 21, and 28 (*New York Tribune*, October 31).

<sup>142</sup> Richard Daniel, bookseller and news agent, 2 King Street, Covent Garden (*Watkins's London Directory*, 1855).

<sup>143</sup> Thackeray's lectures at Henry Ward Beecher's Plymouth Church in Brooklyn were delivered on November 13, 20, 27, and December 4, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association (*New York Tribune*, October 30).

and 3 reporters! My friend G. Curtis who's going to marry Miss Shaw writes me the kindest letter to go and stay with him at his bachelor house—but I'm comfortable here with my 3 rooms have ordered letters &c to come to me shall go on here therefore. If you write by the mail w<sup>h</sup> leaves Lpool on Saturday Dec<sup>r</sup> 1. Address me care of Mess<sup>rs</sup> Ticknor & Fields. Boston. États Unis d'Amérique. And thats all and the blessing w<sup>h</sup> I send to my women & my dear old mother & G P this 14 I know will keep quite fresh across the Atlantic and reach them 12 days hence.

W M T.

\*I write expressly to Daniel so forward to him with a request from Miss Thackeray that M<sup>r</sup> D will be pleased to pay & post the enclosed letter for M<sup>r</sup> Thackeray. I will get some one from the Garrick to give Daniel 1£ for the postages.

1168.

TO FRANK FLADGATE

14 NOVEMBER 1855

Published in *Thackeray in the United States*, I, 213-214.

Clarendon Hotel. New York

Wednesday. Nov<sup>r</sup> 14.

My dear Frank.

How does all the G do? I'm sure you'll be glad to hear that I'm doing famously well. At first there was a doubt—almost a defeat. The people didn't know what to make of George I and his strumpets—morality was staggered but they liked better & better with each lecture and now they're done and the success of the affair beyond a question. Last night at Brooklyn there were 2500 persons at the lecture—I'm to repeat them here again beginning Thursday <sup>144</sup> and in Dec<sup>r</sup> go to Boston where a letter that some kind fellow writes by the Lpool mail of Saturday December 1 will be sure to reach me. I wonder whether he will? I should

<sup>144</sup> Thackeray's second series of lectures in New York on the Georges was given at Clinton Hall, Astor Place, under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Association on November 15, 19, 22, and 26 (*New York Times*, November 15).

like to have news of the G. You'll do what I have not read my friend the *Heralds* attack on me <sup>145</sup> — never read that sort of thing — too old a hand. Two or three more have hit into me, but the attacks dont matter here.

Will you please go over — No I've altered that instead of begging you to go to Daniel, I'll write to Daniel and enclose this to him bidding him send this over to you. Have seen old Jim Wallack <sup>146</sup> dine with him next Sunday. Says he is doing a very good business came to my lectures When do you do George II? says he — He had been at the lecture about George III the night before! Shall make a nice little pot of money here 800£ between 1 Nov<sup>r</sup> & 4 December et vogue la galère! <sup>147</sup> Good bye my dear Frank. Hands to all to Stanny and David and Peter <sup>148</sup> and every one says

Yours always

W M Thackeray.

1169. TO MRS. ELLIOT AND KATE PERRY

14 NOVEMBER 1855

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> F. Elliot | 13 Chesham Place | London. | Per Baltic 14 Nov<sup>r</sup>  
*Postmarks:* NEW YORK NOV 14, 27 NOV 1855. Hitherto unpublished.

Clarendon Hotel. New York

November 14.

When I use this writing to mes bonnes Sœurs it is that I am in an awful hurry. Yes, my bark <sup>149</sup> is on the shore and goes in an hour and I want to say a word of God bless you w<sup>h</sup> I know will please some breakfast tables 12 days hence. I only finished George IV the day before yesterday — Exhausted nature would not support me after I had finished that masterpiece — so an hour after

<sup>145</sup> See above, No. 1165, note 137.

<sup>146</sup> James William Wallack (1791?–1864), the actor, had made his London début in 1798. He removed permanently to America in 1845, and by 1852 his success was such that he was able to build his own theatre in New York.

<sup>147</sup> *Rabelais*, *Cœuvres*, Book I, chapter 40.

<sup>148</sup> Clarkson Stanfield, David Roberts, and Peter Cunningham.

<sup>149</sup> The *Baltic*, which carried this letter to England on its voyage of November 14. See above, No. 294.

it was done I had a shivering fit had to go to bed &c &c &c — and to get up the same evening and deliver myself to a tremendous audience — The thing is a success though there has been a fight for it and a doubt about it. At first the papers were disposed to be very hostile — never mind that we've won now. Last night I had to read Lecture I at Brooklyn to 2500 people in the most brilliant hall you ever saw — I calculate I shall make 800£ between 1 Nov<sup>r</sup> & 4 Dec<sup>r</sup> alone — Isn't this worth crossing the water for and a comfort to be able to put away now that health is shaking and good folks are getting old? Have seen no one, nor thot of any thing but my work since I have been in New York — Tomorrow shall be able to look about me and shant I relish Friday & Saturday when theres no lecturing — Why I woke this morning actually dreaming of the thing and that I was remonstrating at a lecture room in England where there were 3 reporters and only 2 little boys for audience! I wonder are you going to write me some letters by the mail w<sup>h</sup> is coming in? You don't know how very fond people grow of their friends when they are in America and how they think and think about them But when *will* the time come that I shall write you a letter and not harried scraps? When I've seen something when I have had leisure to think of something besides my professional business w<sup>h</sup> has been nightmaring this month past — has only just got off my breast and left me all dizzy and nervous as yet. But there's nothing like success I'm 50 per cent better since last night.

A month is already gone out of the 6 or 7 I am to be away. How I long to be on my return even now. I dont like it near so well as the last time — but hush on this! I wish I could think one of you happy. My heart is always with her: — is that any comfort? We are all much flustered here by a war Article in the Times <sup>150</sup> What do you mean by sending such a fleet out? And poor W<sup>m</sup> Molesworth is gone <sup>151</sup> — and Andalusia in a widow's

<sup>150</sup> Much hostile comment was occasioned in the New York press by a leader in *The Times* of October 25 which stated that reinforcements were being sent to the West India squadron, for the purpose of "interposing a powerful fleet between this country and the North American continent."

<sup>151</sup> Sir William Molesworth, who as Secretary for the Colonies was Frederick

cap. Fred said his poor chief was shaking — 'Twas Maclaine<sup>152</sup> and Andalusia killed him with the good dinners. A niece of Russell Sturgiss quite a young girl is going to marry the cleverest and best and most gentlemanlike man in New York and Sally Baxter's intended is a fine fellow. I have scarce seen her since we have been here — Such are the changes of our fickle sex — but the old loves we dont forget, no no, nor the bonnes soeurs — God bless them And a handshake to Fred and one to Sped<sup>153</sup> & O I wish I was there instead.

W M T.

1170.

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

16?–20 NOVEMBER 1855

Published in part, *Biographical Introductions*, X, xvii–xix; additions in *Thackeray and his Daughter*, pp. 81–84.

In both visits to America I have found the effects of the air here the same. I have a difficulty in forming the letters as I write them down on this page — in answering questions, in finding the most simple words to form the answers. A gentleman asked me how long I had been in New York — I hesitated and then said a week — I had arrived the day before — I could not gather my thoughts together readily enough to be able to reply to him — hardly know what is said am thinking of something else nothing definite, with an irrepressible longing to be in motion. I sleep 3 hours less than in England, making up however with 2 heavy long sleep every 4<sup>th</sup> night or so. Talking yesterday with a very clever man (T Appleton of Boston) he says the effect upon him

Elliot's immediate superior, died on October 22, 1855. He was survived by his wife, the former Andalusia Grant, whom he had married in 1844. The good dinners were only a part of Molesworth's burden, for we learn from Mrs. Millicent Fawcett (*Life of the Right Hon. Sir William Molesworth, Bart.*, London, 1901, p. 240) that Lady Molesworth's "ambition was to attain the position of a social leader, and her house became the centre of the most fashionable society in London."

<sup>152</sup> Probably Major-General Sir Archibald Maclaine, K. C. B., of 13 Cumberland Street, Bryanstone Square (*Watkins's London Directory*, 1855).

<sup>153</sup> James Spedding.

on his return from Europe is the same — There is some electric influence in the air & sun here w<sup>h</sup> we dont experience on our side of the globe. Under this Sun people cant sit still people can't ruminate over their dinners dawdle in their studies and be lazy and tranquil — they must keep moving, rush from one activity to another, jump out of sleep and to their business, have lean eager faces — I want to dash into the street now. At home after breakfast I want to read my paper leisurely and then get to my books and work. The men here read surprizingly — one tells me, a busy man keeping a great Store in the City that he does all his reading in the railway-cars as he comes in & out from his country residence daily. Fancy an English City Grocer reading Tennyson & Browning on his way from Brighton to Bread Street every day! A look over the Times, a snooze for the rest of the journey w<sup>d</sup> be enough for him. Yesterday as some rain began to fall, I felt a leaden cap taken off my brain pan and began to speak calmly and reasonably, & not wish to quit my place.

We were going a party of 4 to dine with M<sup>r</sup> Denning Duer <sup>254</sup> banker — a most kind worthy man. We crossed at the Ferry whence the Liverpool steamers sail (I had my wishes as I saw one there in the dock) — the pavement is infernal — disgraceful to a great city: the steam ferry boat admirably commodious — everybody has described the steam ferry boats. We drove through a part of Jersey City — a great raw comfortless city it is, and presently through the grounds of M<sup>r</sup> Kings <sup>255</sup> country place, w<sup>h</sup> are famous for their beauty. A fine thunderstorm darkened the place as we passed it and a hurricane blew for a minute — I could only

<sup>254</sup> William Denning Duer (b. 1812), descendant of an old New York family. His father, William Alexander Duer, had been President of Columbia College from 1829 to 1842. He was married to the daughter of the banker James Gore King (1791–1853), Charles King's brother.

<sup>255</sup> Charles King (1789–1867), who was at this time living on his estate of "Cherry Lawn" in Elizabethtown, New Jersey. When his father, Rufus King (1755–1827), went to England as American Minister in 1799, he took Charles and his brother with him and put them to school at Harrow. Charles returned to the United States in 1806, edited *The New York American* from 1823 to 1845, and was President of Columbia College from 1849 to 1864.



see in the grounds very lean spindle shanked little trees with their naked branches shivering — About M<sup>r</sup> Duers house were the same scrubby melancholy bushes. I had been looking at sketches (by an excellent artist Kensett <sup>156</sup>) all in the morning of New England wood & sea-shore scenery — and the character of them seemed to me scraggy wan melancholy like an American beauty at 35. I like the English style best from habit and education — a great buxom elm tree, a jolly green sward, a fair sonsy lady of what age shall we say? — better than these lean trees haggard landscapes and shrivelled matrons. That woman a beauty but a few years since! (I am thinking of one I saw lately with her children) the sight of her was a pitiable satire — a hundred thousand crows had left marks in her yellow face — they croaked in her voice. Her daughter a beautiful young creature of 17 had already begun to lose her bloom. Some pretty friends of mine and their parents have been more fortunate — I see no change in their kind faces since last I looked at them 3 years since.

I went to see Lawrence who is doing very well. It does me good says he to see an English coat — I understand the home feeling. An English servant maid opened the door at a friends house yesterday & spoke in her kind modest way — my man complains sadly that no one will speak a civil word to him — those polite accents w<sup>h</sup> we remember in Ireland from the people, are changed here to a brusque sharp nasal defiant tone — not sweet to listen to — Looking for my companion the other day as we arrived from Boston through a line of several cars — the cars set off in motion down the Street, and I begged the driver to let me out he began through his nose a shrill blast of curses quite curious to hear — he was only squealing the steam off. Thar! now! Jomp farrerd says he not unkindly and I jumped and ran back to the station.

Saturday 17. Dined with M<sup>r</sup> C. King — President of Columbia College — Son of a minister to England — man of fortune once as some of his brothers still are. then unlucky — Editor of 'the American' newspaper — now College President lively amusing bright well-read English accent thorough gentleman of the old

<sup>156</sup> John Frederick Kensett (1816–1872), landscape painter and engraver.

school — very few like him. Was at school at Harrow with Peel & Byron. — spoke still in admiration of Byrons pluck. Harrow challenged Eton to a match at cricket. Eton w<sup>h</sup> had just been playing Westminster refused Harrow saying that 'Eton only played matches with schools of royal foundation' — I am not good at cricket said Byron, alluding to his foot: but if you will get up an Eleven to fight an Eton eleven I should like to go be one of ours'. Peel a lazy boy not mingling in games at all was very good-natured. The boys would crowd round him before going into school begging Peel to do their verses — Greek Iambics or Latin Hexameters, nothing came amiss to him, and he w<sup>d</sup> scribble off copy after copy of verses for the idle or dull ones. He was celebrated as a 'Shy' — his pleasure was to walk the fields solitary with a pocket-full of nice round stones; and, if he saw a bird on a bough, to fire at it; and his skill was such as to bring down one bird in three — he would bring home strings of little birds with him. Byron would have been good-looking but his complexion was tallowy and his black hair had a greasy look.

Nov<sup>r</sup> 20 N. Y.

This is not very good fun is it? I dont know that it's worth keeping a journal but I think I shall go on — got my dear old Mothers letter & am thankful all are so well & busy. No of course Anny wont go out without a friend except to very intimate homely people. Poor Amy's case I pity, & dont advise on. The lectures go better and better; the lecturer very well — God bless all at home he says and O but he longs to be there! Havent been able to write this m<sup>s</sup> for the visitors pouring in.

W M T.

1171. TO WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY

20 NOVEMBER 1855

My text is taken from *Notes for a Speech at Dinner October 11 1855 by W. M. Thackeray* (Philadelphia, 1896), pp. 23-29.

Clarendon Hotel. New York.

Nov. 20.

My dear Macready.

I have been wanting to write you a line ever since I have been here, and waiting for a day's quiet when I could have leisure to send a letter big enough to travel 3000 miles — but there never is a day's quiet here. It is day after day skurry & turmoil friends calling strangers calling newspaper articles bawling out abuse or telling absurd personalities — You know the life well enough, and have undergone the persecution in your time.<sup>157</sup> The dollars hardly compensate for it; nor the extraordinary kindness and friendliness of the real friends on whom one lights. Several of your's are here and in Boston I know I shall meet many more. Did Forster tell you I had met Hall and C King and good old Dr Francis who all asked with such sincere regard after you and seemed so happy to hear you looked well? I told them I had seen you the last day I was in London and how very kind it was of you to come all the way from Sherborne to give me a parting shake of the hand. My dear fellow, it is about that horrible nightmare of a dinner I want to speak to you. You must know I intended to say something funny about Macbeth & Banquo; and then to finish off with the prettiest

<sup>157</sup> Macready had fared far worse than Thackeray. During his last visit to the United States in 1848 and 1849 Edwin Forrest, the American tragedian, accused him of having caballed to bring about the failure of Forrest's recent appearance in London. Macready was attacked in the press, and his performances were interrupted by rowdies. The hostility of Forrest's supporters came to a head on May 10, 1849, when Macready played Macbeth in New York, a rôle in which Forrest was appearing at a near-by theatre. At the conclusion of the piece a riot ensued in which seventeen persons were killed. Macready was smuggled to Boston, whence he departed hastily for England. It is perhaps a partial explanation of the unfriendly attitude towards Thackeray displayed by some American newspapers that he was known to be a friend of Macready.

compliment and give some notion of the kindness I was feeling — I blundered in the joke, left out the kindness & compliment — made an awful fiasco.<sup>158</sup> If I lose my head when I try speech-making, all is up with me, I say what I dont mean, what I dont know afterwards the Lord forgive me — and you must if I said aught (I dont know for certain that I did or didn't) w<sup>h</sup> was unpleasing. I am savage sometimes when my heart is at it's very tenderest, and I want to tell you now — and no other words are authentic and if I said 'em I deny 'em — that I felt pleased and touched by your kindness and apologize hereby for my own blunder and cordially shake you by the hand.

As far as the money goes I am doing great things here & the dollars are rolling in. I shall make all but 1000£ in five weeks — though not of course to continue at this rate. At first the papers didn't like the lectures: but they are better pleased with the second reading, & the public likewise, who begin to find that what seems very easy is not done in a hurry. What the people like is sentiment, and I could not give them any of this article except about old George III whom they received very tenderly. I polished him off with an image taken from the death scene of an old king whom you have heard of — depicted w

<sup>158</sup> There is no record of what Thackeray actually said about Macready at his farewell dinner on October 11. What he intended to say is preserved in *Notes for a Speech at Dinner October 11 1855* (pp. 16-18): "I remember a particularly jolly [feast] at which I was present, and which took place at least nine hundred years ago. My friend Mr. Macready gave it at Fores Castle, North Britain, Covent Garden. That was a magnificent affair indeed. The tables were piled high with most splendid fruits — gorgeous dish-covers glittered in endless perspective — Macbeth — Macready, I mean — taking up a huge gold beaker, shining with enormous gems that must have been worth many hundred millions of money, filled it out of a gold six-gallon jug, and drank courteously to the general health of the whole table. Why did he put it down? What made him, in the midst of that jolly party, appear so haggard and melancholy? It was because he saw before him the ghost of John Cooper, with chalked face and an immense streak of vermillion painted across his throat! No wonder he was disturbed. In like manner I have before me at this minute the horrid figure of a steward, with a basin perhaps, or a glass of brandy and water, which he will press me to drink, and which I shall try and swallow, and which won't make me any better — I know it won't."

— Here at the w came in a visitor; then another visitor; then good old D<sup>r</sup> Francis who came to doctor me; and now lo the post hour has come and I can't finish that interesting story about George III, and the old King you used to know in times when you wore crowns, and of whom, being dead, it was said, Vex not his ghost let him pass he hates him who would upon the rack of this tough world stretch him out longer.<sup>159</sup> What a nice kind little bit this is of the old man w<sup>h</sup> he writes you! Good bye my dear Macready and believe me sincerely yours always

W M Thackeray.

Dear Mr. Macready, — I am permitted by M<sup>r</sup> Thackeray to add a line. I tender to you my sincerest regards and think of you often indeed. I shall shortly address you at some length. I am still in great affliction. Ever truly

John W Francis

[For fragments of a letter to Mrs. Elliot and Kate Perry 20 November, 1855, see letter 45, Appendix XXVI.]

1172. TO WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

22 NOVEMBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

Clarendon. Thursday. 22 Nov<sup>r</sup>

My dear Story.

I had a pretty little fever & ague yesterday (the 3<sup>d</sup> attack since I've been here) w<sup>h</sup> prevented me from answering your kyind favour. And to day haven't there been 5 or 6 persons into see me ever since breakfast time? How do men do business here? Do they steal hours out of midnight? Tell me some way to correspond with my friends to do my work & take my ease & sleep properly — At present the friends are sacrificed.

The triumphant success of w<sup>h</sup> you speak is a triumph interspersed with catcalls, nay with dead cats occasionally flung by the Herald — but the pecuniary part is undeniable — and I think the folks

<sup>159</sup> *King Lear*, V, iii, 314–316. See *Works*, VII, 685.

begin to like the lectures better now the drift of them is understood.

I have never *asked* any sum, preferring to take a handsome one if offered me. For instance in the city of Troy if illness dont prevent I lecture tomorrow night for 200 dollars. Could not the wealthy city of Salem give me 600? I throw this out. I'll take less or more — not less than 500 though I sh<sup>d</sup> think from such a community.<sup>160</sup>

The gentlemen here had projected a Western Tour for me devising a plan of daily progress and nightly performances at towns w<sup>h</sup> were to give me 100, 150, & so forth — but pride perhaps, & constant recurrence of these aguish fevers makes me revolt at this plan, if I'm to shiver I prefer to shake in bed & not in a railway car as w<sup>d</sup> be my fate if I went on this circuit. I think after Boston I shall go on my old route to the cities I know. Philadelphia Baltimore &c — but nothing is certain as yet.

Edith's plan <sup>161</sup>is **SPLENDID**. It would be delightful. I would sooner have such an audience than any in the world. Think of the pleasure the dear old Mother at home w<sup>d</sup> have at the idea! — But wheres the time to make the lecture? It ought to be the most carefully written thing that ever was done — would take a deal of time & reading & how get them?

G. Curtis made me just such another generous offer as yours,<sup>162</sup> and it goes to my heart to refuse them. I have these constant sick fits & another ailment w<sup>h</sup> troubles me confoundedly and when ill have no comfort except in solitude. I had best grumble my sickness out in my own lodgings; and so I shall take my quarters up at the Tremont as before, and may we then & there have a good time.

I send my very best regards to your wife & to Edith my respects for her most valuable suggestion, & indeed I shall be very glad to see you all again. Appleton is famous: the Shaws are as good as goold and I am yours always

W M T.

<sup>160</sup> See below, No. 1175.

<sup>161</sup> Nothing came of Edith Story's proposal for a supplementary lecture.

<sup>162</sup> See above, No. 1167.

1173.

TO R. B. CAMPBELL  
24 NOVEMBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

Clarendon. Nov<sup>r</sup> 24.

Dear Sir

I have an engagement to lecture on the 30<sup>th</sup>, or I should have had very much pleasure in attending the festival of the St Andrews Society. I hope you will have a merry meeting and am Sir yours & the St A society's very much obliged

W M Thackeray

R. B. Campbell Esq<sup>r</sup>1174. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY  
25-28 NOVEMBER 1855 <sup>163</sup>Extracts published in *Biographical Introductions*, X, xviii.

I have been on a very pretty and pleasant little excursion to Troy. Troy lies on the Hudson river about 4 miles from Albany you know — no you dont? No more did I till Friday when after a five hours' journey of 150 miles skirting a river more picturesque than the Rhine I found myself in a great cheerful handsome city with lots of tall churches and a spouting-hall capable of holding 1500 people w<sup>h</sup> was full to hear &c &c — suffice it to say tears were drawn — even the parsons (there was a crowd of them on the platform) expressed their approval.

To think this was written on Sunday and I have had no time since for a word! I came from Troy on Saturday to dine with the Press Club here — had a shivering fit at the soup — was put to bed at the Hotel slept 10 hours and woke all but well again though a little languid — thats 4 fits I have had since I have been in New York, and how lucky none have as yet interfered with my lectures! Completed the 2<sup>d</sup> course at New York last night — make 500£

<sup>163</sup> This letter was begun on Sunday, November 25, the day after Thackeray's return from Troy, New York, and finished the following Wednesday.

out of those 8 nights: go to night to Brooklyn III. tomorrow Williamsburgh IV. Thursday holy day. Friday lecture. Saturday Charity lecture — Am let out for 5 or 6 nights a week at Boston, go back to Troy for Xmas day and lecture 26–28, 29 lecture at Buffalo. Shall I ever go through with it? Dominus providebit. The talking is no fatigue and not so unwholesome as dining out I daresay. I take no medicine at all for the chill fits & find myself tout aussi bien — afterwards quinine and I dont know that that does me much good one way or other. How kind the people were at the Astor House where I was taken with the shivers! how they put me to bed and blanketed me. What a comfort again and again it is to have Charles with me! I have positively nothing to say you see but this jogtrot: but to parents and children thats as good as any other — From the girls I have had no letter at all — Two from my dearest old Mother. Spose there's another blunder about non payment of a double letter. The people <sup>164</sup> at Troy with whom I was were very kind, and Charles & I are to go back there for Xmas day. I have been severely flogged in the papers — never read one of them — have the news from Charles who grins & informs me Tribune not very complimentary to you this morning Sir — or Herald or Times or what not. — but spite of all this the people go on coming and offers for fresh lectures come in every day. This is written after dinner & before going out on my spouting excursion to Brooklyn — Boat sails tomorrow. Lor how I wish I was going in her! — Shall be coming off suddenly some day — but let us have courage even these little illnesses & attacks ought to give it — They say my lad work during your brief period of strength & popularity. Try and replace some of that patrimony wasted. Behold age illness & something beyond both are near when no man shall work. Jolly isnt it? Charles get me a cigar and my great coat Brooklyn is a great suburb of 200,000 souls — quite a pretty tranquil place entirely different from New York. A man came to me from there this m<sup>r</sup> brother of my friend Percival Leigh <sup>165</sup> — unfortunate — lost 2 children last winter in scarlet fever — seems quite honest

<sup>164</sup> The Dunlops.

<sup>165</sup> See above, No. 1043.



and averse to taking money but shant he have some of the funds of Charity & Humour to be read at Yonkers next Friday? Yes — please God. The gratefullest part of our present prosperity is the being able to afford a luxury or two like this; and give a suffering man a helping hand. Those poor Brothertons! What are they doing? Send them 10£ at Xmas — but I mustn't do more. I'll send over a remittance next mail or so: when my men have paid me. I have had only one letter besides Granny's — from my dear good M<sup>rs</sup> Elliot who says she has written to Anny & Anny hasnt answered her. Answer Miss Anny. I'm very thankful poor Amy's interview with her father has turned out so well.

Wednesday. Keep this little corner as usual to pack up a God bless all — Am stowing in the quinine. Went famously through at Brooklyn slept like a top. have poor Leigh to breakfast: and though I got up at 8 o'clock to be ready by Jupiter have had a visitor at 8 1/4 who staid till now. So God bless my dearests says

W M T.

Nov. 28.

1175. TO WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

27 NOVEMBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

27. Tuesday.

(delicate & confidential)

My dear Story.

I meant 600 for the 4 lectures — of course I'll take 1000 jump at them, turn over head and heels for 1200 — never dreamed of such an offer. I am engaged at Boston Dec<sup>r</sup> 7. 11. 14. 18.

at Providence

10. 13. 17. 20.

At Troy Dec. 26 — purposing to leave Boston Dec 24. Salem might have Wednesday Dec<sup>r</sup> 12, Wed<sup>r</sup> 19. Friday 21. & any Saturday if they would listen to me on that day. even the 24<sup>th</sup> in w<sup>h</sup> case I sh<sup>d</sup> travel to Troy on Xmas day. Always under the condition that I am not laid by the heels with the fever in w<sup>h</sup> case of

course my pay is forfeited. Or I might give 2 lectures George III & IV only — or if I began on Thursday Dec<sup>r</sup> 6 the whole course. But my beginning at Salem before Boston might not be liked — on w<sup>h</sup> point will you ask Fields please?

And now I'll tell you of something else besides chill & fever w<sup>h</sup> I carry about: an irritation of the bladder w<sup>h</sup> causes me great inconvenience, & is sometimes very awkward in lady's society — Suppose — no. I had best go to the hotel, get a warm bath whenever I want one without bothering kind friends, and come to see them when time serves. It's very very friendly of you and your wife to offer to house me and I send you all my kindest regards.

Always yours my dear Story  
W M T.

1176. TO MRS. ELLIOT AND KATE PERRY

27-28 NOVEMBER 1855

My text is taken from *Thackeray and his Daughter*, pp. 85-87.

New York

November 27, 1855.

O you kind friend who ask me for nice long letters, you little know how difficult it is to write 'em! Three days ago to Anny I began and wrote 10 lines — never 10 minutes leisure have I had since — the room is never clear of visitors. I have been lecturing every night except 2 in the week, and in the intervals fever and ague. Isn't it good fun? Four attacks this month; and yet mus-sifully I have never missed a lecture — only a dinner or a breakfast or two wh. would be more pleasant than shuddering in bed but wh. I don't care for losing. What a comfort it was to me to get your letter on Sunday Mrs. J. E. — and to hear your voices again after this long silence.

I have been away for 2 days to Troy on the Udson River and staid with some kind people, English and of the H. droppers too but very good and hearty, at a pretty country house between Troy

and Albany — preached to a multitude at the former place, pocketed 200 dollars, agreed to go back again day after Christmas — spending the Anniversary with my English friends, and think that country the prettiest I have seen in the States. The river is like unto a certain Rhine we saw together, Albany is a fair old city with some houses 100 years old. Troy very picturesque, in fact it was a pleasant trip but for the 5 hours journey in the stifling cars where your feet freeze whilst your head throbs with heat. What very small beer is this I am letting run! This gay world of New York I have not seen. I am not a man, I'm a lecturer this time.

Of all the birds in bush or tree though many be more gay,  
The one I love to hear and see, it surely is a J!  
(What matter though its wings may be a somewhat pied with grey),  
Those plumes are dearer far to me than birds of more display,  
Than Molesworth splendid as a pea-hen on a sunny day —  
Than golden pheasant Ailesbury <sup>166</sup> — what other name to say?  
O happy shall that meeting be (for which my heart will pray)  
When I (as Alphabets agree) shall once more come near J.  
O blessed shall the steamer be and fortunate the day  
Which sees me safe across the sea and moored beside my K.  
Quick weary months and flee and flee! Speed dreary frost away  
Come Spring! and those will seem to me as welcome as the May!  
Quick William! go and fetch the tea and bread and butter tray,  
And send — next door to sixty three <sup>167</sup> — and if Mr. B.'s away,  
Our best regards and Mr. T. has come back home to-day.

I see 3 *days* in the rhymes and I don't know what more repetitions, but isn't friendship only a continuation of repetitions? and don't we go and see each other though we have no news? You

<sup>166</sup> The former Maria Elizabeth Tollemache (1809–1893), who had married the first Marquess of Ailesbury in 1833. “For nearly 60 [!] years,” writes G. E. C. (*Complete Peerage*, ed. Gibbs and others, I, 64), “the ‘ever-green Maria Marchioness,’ sprightly, gay and universally popular, was a constant frequenter of London parties and country race courses, and was to be seen in Hyde Park with flaxen hair (or wig), driving two ponies, generally preceded by two outriders.”

<sup>167</sup> The Brookfields lived at 64 Cadogan Place.

must know I came home from visits wh. I must pay thinking I was going to have a chill, and have been toasting at the fire and written myself out of it. Let us go out again on the tramp and come back at night well after the lecture please God, and write the girls their letter for tomorrow's steamer. *Wednesday 28. Bon jour Mesdames Adieu Mesdames.*

1177. TO DR. WILLIAM PRESCOTT DEXTER  
3 DECEMBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Mr. Schuman, who owns the original.

Clarendon, Dec. 3, 1855

My dear Sir,

I have wanted to call and thank you for your kindness to me when I was seized with that unlucky fever and chill on the night of the Press dinner — but day after day and every day business has laid hold of me; and now I am on my way to New Haven without discharging my duty of gratitude. Will Mrs. Dexter please to receive my thanks too for her goodness in tending me? I have been taking quinine fiercely ever since and have had no return of the chills — I hope they may keep off and that I may come to another Press Club dinner without being such a kill-joy as I was on the last occasion. Believe me my dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

W. M. Thackeray

1178. TO FREDERICK SWARTOUT COZZENS <sup>168</sup>  
3 DECEMBER 1855

Published in *Thackeray in the United States*, I, 45-46.

Clarendon. Dec<sup>r</sup> 3.

My dear Cozzens

Thank you for the cheque for 100\$ and M<sup>r</sup> MacAdam <sup>169</sup> for his kindness in speaking about me — and M<sup>rs</sup> Cozzens for her hospitality — and those dear little children for wanting to trot up and see the Gentleman take the Quinine And this is brought by my messenger who is ordered not to quit your premises until he pays for a box of capital little cigars — for w<sup>h</sup> unless the account be produced instantly I vow I will never smoke any more tobacco of the Sparrowgrass brand.

<sup>168</sup> Cozzens (1818-1869) was a New York wine merchant, an original member of the Century Club, and the author of *The Sparrowgrass Papers* (1856). When Thackeray came to Yonkers on November 30 to give his lecture on "Charity and Humour" for the Yonkers Library Association, he stayed with Cozzens at "Chestnut Cottage." In his journal (under the date "November, 1852," an error for 1855, since the placard for Thackeray's Yonkers lecture reproduced in *Thackeray in the United States*, I, 41, identifies him as "The celebrated author of . . . THE NEWCOMES") Cozzens describes his trip with Thackeray to Sunnyside to see Washington Irving. "The day inexpressibly balmy and beautiful. As we rode by the Hudson, Thackeray kept exclaiming, 'This is very jolly!' 'How jolly!' as view after view appeared. Irving was in fine spirits. Thackeray said, looking around the room, 'I must take an inventory or note of the furniture, etc., so that when I write my book on America I shall be able to put all this in.' 'Oh,' said Irving, catching at the joke, 'you must not forget my nieces, — introducing them again, with mock courtesy. 'This is the one that writes for me: all my stories are from her pen. This young lady is the poet of the family. She has a collection of sonnets that will astonish the world by and by. Another niece of mine is up-stairs. She is the musician and painter, — a great genius, only she has never come out.' " (Arthur D. F. Randolph, "Leaves from the Journal of Frederick S. Cozzens," *Lippincott's Magazine*, XLV, 1890, p. 743.) Irving returned to Yonkers for a dinner in Thackeray's honor that Cozzens gave before the lecture. The other guests were John F. Kensett, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Putnam, and Judge Daly.

<sup>169</sup> George MacAdam, a member of the Yonkers lecture committee.

And when you go back to kind jolly little Yonkers, will you — will you (here my feelings overpower me) see if I didn't leave a razor-stop there? I fancy I can't sharpen my razors on any other; and my man will call tomorrow m<sup>s</sup> in hopes of being put in possession of this treasure.

It was the jolliest day I have had for a long long time — May many more be in store for you and Yours always

W M Thackeray.

1179. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

3-4 DECEMBER 1855

*Address:* Miss Thackerays | with Major Carmichael Smyth | 19 Rue d'Angouleme St Honoré | Paris. | Per Cunard Steamer via Boston & Liverpool.  
*Postmarks:* BOSTON DEC 5, PARIS 18 DEC. 55. Published in part, *Biographical Introductions*, X, xix.

Monday. Dec. 3. 1855.

What comes of the letters of you young women a Mussy only knows. Here am I more than a month here without a line from you — two letters from Granny, and that one of yours I know is lost at the Post. Are the others swallowed up there too? I have had a busy and pretty pleasant week lecturing every night but one no return of chills & fever, stowing away quantities of quinine every day under old D<sup>r</sup> Francis's orders — One day went out to Yonkers 15 miles from here on the Hudson River, and spent the pleasantest day I have had in the States — drove from this pretty village a busy bustling new place planted over with 500 villakins w<sup>h</sup> the New Yorkers inhabit lying on the river banks thrice as broad as the Rhine and as picturesque to Irvingtown, 9 miles where good old Washington Irving lives with 2 nieces who tend him most affectionately in a funny little in and out cottage surrounded by a little domain of lawns not so smooth as our's and woods rather small & scrubby — in little bits of small parlors where we were served with cake and wine — with a little study not much bigger than my back room, with old dogs trotting about the premises with fleets of ducks sailing on the ponds — a very pleasant patriarchal life.

He is finishing the 2 volume of a life of Washington.<sup>170</sup> He has other 2 to write — it's a bold undertaking for a man of 74. I don't know whether the book is good or not. The man is: and one of the pleasantest things I have noted in American manners is the general respect and affection in w<sup>h</sup> this good old man is held. He described however how a few days or weeks since a stranger came and introduced himself woke up good old Irving from a snooze in his arm chair sate and talked for half an hour and a few days after appears a long account in the Herald of Sunnyside, and M<sup>r</sup> Irving, and how he slept and looked and what he talked about &c &c — Isn't it pleasant? A gentleman told me that he went lately into his own house (he has very fine pictures) and found a stranger without your leave or by your leave cataloguing the pictures furniture &c — who announced himself as Reporter of the Herald. O its a great country! — I suppose I am a little sore at the way in w<sup>h</sup> the Press has treated your Papaw — very kindly in the main — but with an ignorance & impertinence often that turns my stomach at times. 'Eh Mesdemoiselles! if it werent for the dollars I think he would not be long here — but here comes M<sup>r</sup> Truslow of Williamsburgh who is going to pay me for my lectures — I get 4000 dollars in the month — shall make if health holds out nearly as much next month — this is worth a little fighting & criticism Why, in these 2 months I shall win back as much as I lost in a single night when a boy to that rogue at écarté.<sup>171</sup> Laus Deo.

On Saturday night — a great theatre full of people came to hear Humour & Charity — Glass<sup>172</sup> who was distant far in the upper boxes said he heard every word though I was so far off he couldnt see my face. Old Morgan<sup>173</sup> who has been with all his family at all the lectures must needs cry out 3 cheers for M<sup>r</sup> Thackeray to w<sup>h</sup> nobody responded and I dashed off the stage in a panic. People afterwards told me that they thought he was drunk.

<sup>170</sup> The first two volumes of Irving's *Life of George Washington* appeared in 1855, the last three between 1856 and 1859.

<sup>171</sup> See above, Appendix IV.

<sup>172</sup> James Glass, an English artist living in New York.

<sup>173</sup> Possibly Charles Morgan (1795-1878), the shipping and railroad magnate.

I am writing on Monday morning because I am going to New Haven to lecture because I shant be back in time for the Boston post tomorrow — because *I* wish to keep my family aware of my movements altho I dont hear from *them*. Theres a sarcasm! Last mail brought me a kind letter from Forster — that & one from M<sup>rs</sup> Elliot and 2 from Granny is what I have had. I have deferred the Western tour and after Buffalo shall go to Philadelphia Baltimore Richmond Charleston probbly — and get back to the West in the Spring. Do you know that more than a quarter of the 6 months is over already? If Im not back time enough from N. Haven tomorrow Charles will seal & post this, and though I dont write it you'll understand this note ends like all the rest with a God bless all.

Tuesday 4 Come back from Newhaven handsome place, splendid lecture room — only 125 dollars though. — no return of chill — to night last night in New York. Sally Baxter is to be married on the 12 — am engaged that day at Boston — where if I dont find a letter from my daughters ouf what a state I shall be in.

1180. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

9-11 DECEMBER 1855

Extract published, *Biographical Introductions*, X, xix-xx.

9-11 December.

More blunders somewhere the 2 mails are in and no letters from home. What can have become of the letters of you girls? (This is Charles's paper for copying the lectures on) A'n't I very good natured not to scold: and very light hearted not to be uneasy? I came here on Thursday was very glad to get away from the racket of New York left 780£ there and all expenses paid — the expenses are awful though. I have not bought a single thing except a pair of gloves, given away 20£, given a dinner w<sup>h</sup> cost 15£ and spent 100£ — as much as we three spent when we went that jolly Italian Swiss Austrian Venetian tour.<sup>174</sup> How pleasant it would be to have it again in the summer — every inch of it! I am getting better in

<sup>174</sup> In July and August, 1853.



ealth; have been 15 days without a chill; the quinine agrees with me: I wake fresh and hungry & have a tongue as red as a lobster. On Monday I was at Newhaven — O yes I wrote you. On Tuesday Brooklyn immense audience on Wednesday Springfield — a very pretty town of 5000 villas each in its little garden — no poverty seemingly anywhere — near 3000 of the stupidest people I ever beheld to hear the lecture in a magnificent new Hall to w<sup>h</sup> Im surprized that people can be got to come. You see my letters are not those of a human being but of a travelling lecturing quack. On Thursday came on to Boston; and here are prodigious audiences too, and people who understand what I am at a great deal better than the New Yorkers; and the papers praise me as much as the N. Yorkers abused me. I was annoyed at that abuse — though I didn't read it. Charles does that for me and when he says heres a paper not very complimentary Sir I leave it alone. He is the greatest comfort to me (I think I said that before) keeps every thing going with great intelligence and faithfulness, seems really to like us; 'I wish the young ladies could have seen that theatre full at New York Sir' says he and won my heart by the speech rather. All the friends here were very glad to see me. I only wish I had 2 stomachs — for it is the habit here to dine and sup too, and parties are made for one meal & the other. I had a very pleasant little partykin last night at Cambridge at Longfellow's,<sup>175</sup> where there was a madcap fiddler Ole Bull who played most wonderfully on his instrument, and charmed me still more by his oddities & character — quite a character for a book Longfellow lives in the house w<sup>h</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Washington occupied when he was in command outside of Boston — a fine old solemn stately house. He is a kindly pleasant gentleman, has pretty children. I liked him. Can you see to read this? I hardly can to write it it is 4.30. I am going to dine with Story and you have had your tea and are thinking of bed.

Tuesday 11 Dec<sup>r</sup> Only time for a little scrap to day. All yesterday from 10 o'clock till 4 ceaseless visitors would not let me write.

<sup>175</sup> Fields was the only other guest (Samuel Longfellow, *Life of Longfellow*, II, 270).

I had to go to Providence then; am back to the first cold weather-day of the year — And received yesterday, what do you think? a second letter from the Post Office at Paris saying that a second letter was detained in fault of payment — this will be pretty well the last of the blunders won't it? But this only accounts for 2 letters and I should think my daughters must have written more than 2 in the 2 months I have been absent. My letters can only be chronicles of worries but if we worry some money into our pockets need we complain much? One of my worries is that I cannot be present at Miss Sally's marriage tomorrow. But I am engaged to lecture — the 2 long journies at this time might be dangerous. I know I'm right; and yet I feel as if I was wrong, am certain that these kind folks will feel bitter mortification.

How stewpefied I am — with all this heap of letters before me w<sup>h</sup> I must write! God bless my dearest women and my dear old G P and Granny. You'll be getting this about Xmas time. I shall pass mine D V with those kind people <sup>176</sup> at Troy on the Hudson, that lies on the way between this & Buffalo — And after Buffalo, Philadelphia and Baltimore and then? — who knows what then? jolly little Richmond in Virginia I hope and to cheat the winter a little in the South.

So once more good bye my darlings — 2 months all but 3 days already gone.

W M T.

1181.

TO CHARLES BRADENBAUGH <sup>177</sup>

11 DECEMBER 1855

*Address:* C. Bradenbaugh Esq. | Mercantile Library | Baltimore. *Postmark:* BOSTON DEC 11. My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Mr. Stokes.

Dec. 11. Boston.

My dear Mr Bradenbaugh

care of Messrs Ticknor & Fields.

I am engaged at Philadelphia from Jan 2 to Monday 7. and should be very glad from the 8<sup>th</sup> inclusive to come to Baltimore.

<sup>176</sup> The Dunlops.

<sup>177</sup> Described in *Matchett's Baltimore Directory* (1855-1856) as a merchant, living at 427 Baltimore St.

Will you kindly arrange for me that I should lecture in your city Tuesday Thursday Friday (if that is not too much) and Monday 14<sup>th</sup> or as near as possible to those days? There is home-made lecturing enough at Washington and I shall scarce attempt anything there but I should like to see my friends there and for that end to leave Saturday & Sunday free.

Believe me very faithfully yours

W M Thackeray

C. Bradenbaugh Esq.

1182. TO MRS. BAXTER AND SARAH BAXTER

11 DECEMBER 1855

Published in *American Family*, pp. 123-124.

Tremont. 11 Dec<sup>r</sup>

My dear Friend. I feel as if I was doing wrong though I am doing right. I lay awake for hours that night when Baxter said he wished me to come to N. Y. for tomorrow, & thought of your kindness & regard and that I ought & w<sup>d</sup> do anything to please you. But an engagement was made for me here for Wednesday evening — another on Thursday. Ought a man with a chill & fever on him to break a contract, travel 9 hours next day to see a pretty lass made happy? You would be more angry if I were ill than I should be myself: and I think the chances were against my well-ness if I had done those 2 journies — After four hours I am feverish anxious and obliged to lie down. No. My duty was to stay away. I heartily pray God bless Sarah and make her happy. I heard such a fine character of her husband from M<sup>rs</sup> Perkins yesterday. *She* M<sup>rs</sup> P. was so changed improved *happyfied* by her marriage that it did one good to see her. May your girl be so too. I know your heart & time are full & send only a shake of the hand & the kindest kindest wishes for you all from

W M T.

1855.

TO MRS. PROCTER

517

My dear Sarah. I must not come: but say with all my heart God bless you and your husband. I hope he will be my friend & that I always may be

affectionately yours

W M Thackeray.

1183.

TO MRS. PROCTER

14-18 DECEMBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript given Lady Ritchie by George Murray Smith.

Boston.

December 14, 1855.

My dear Mrs Procter,

Will you have one of the stupidest letters in the world? If not — call the postman back — give him over this — say it's a mistake and for another Mrs Procter. I can get no paper fit to write upon, no pen to write well, no table to sit at but a horrid little soapy marble slab which freezes my elbows and the accursed legs of which are perpetually twisting round my own. I can't sit five minutes still without a confounded waiter with a card preceding a grinning stranger. I tell you I'm nearly mad with interruptions. I ought to have a straight waistcoat and then I couldn't write — a lunacy commissioner's lady will understand the grace of this hint. Were you ever called a Lunacy Commissioner's lady before? It is a very pretty title. Now wouldn't it have been better to call the postman back at once?

Since I left England about forty years ago — everything has been going well in a merkingtile pint of view — everybody is to the full as kind as formerly. Here at Boston 'undreds of people are turned away from the lecture room (its a fact and to-night I have taken a great theatre capable of holding thousands and there's such a storm of snow and rain!) — and yet I hate the thing so that you needn't be surprised if I walk in about two hours after this letter. I am overworked, overdined, oversupped, overvisited —

three days ago I fell ill and have passed two since in great pain and comfort in my bed room with my faithful Charles watching over me and a Yankee doctor, fancy a fellow like this

[*Sketch.*]

to prescribe for me! This lovely picture is the first I have drawn these two months. The love of the beautiful disappears here. Thought vanishes ( I have just laid the //// lines across the Dr's trowsers) in a ceaseless unrest. I have not thought a consecutive sentence since my work was done (I have [*Sketch*] his jacket now. There have only been three people in since I began him.) Yesterday for the first time since I have been away I got letters from the girls — fancy six of these letters delayed for want of postage at Paris — and I have had one from Fladgate, and one from Forster, and one from Chesham Place <sup>178</sup> and isn't it the turn of Weymouth Street now?

What shall I tell you? I was furiously assailed by some of the N. Y. papers and am praised as eagerly here — and except in one or two instances, neither praise nor blame elates or angers me. I go home to Philadelphia and Baltimore, and whither next depends on my health which is not over good. Possibly I may go South for the winter: but the Great West in the snow does not tempt me. Tuesday Dec. 18.

It is three days since the writing of the above insane remarks. The door has never ceased to clapp, the letters to pour in, the waiter to usher in strangers here — I am not more collected or amusing than formerly — am just returned from Providence where I performed — dance to-night again — play the fiddle tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow — pass Xmas day at the city of Troy probably and then go to Buffalo — back to New York — then to Philadelphia by the New Year. I read little Dorrit <sup>179</sup> in the railway car this morning and thought chapters III and IV a famous preface — didn't like the elaboration of the first part — but what

<sup>178</sup> The Elliots lived at 13 Chesham Place, the Procters at 32 Weymouth Street (*Watkins's London Directory*, 1855).

<sup>179</sup> The December number of Dickens's novel, chapters 1 to 4. The transcript reads "little Pevril."

has a miserable crazy being like yours truly to tell about literary work? About two hours of quiet I have had here, whilst I went to see dear old Washington Irving at his college [*sic*] on the Hudson — such a homely little cottage with two kind little nieces to take care of the old man. Here there is a very pleasant society of literary big-wigs with large old houses and good large libraries and good cellars with old wine, yea old claret of 44 — but law! there's no time to drink it. Gulp the claret and be off to the lecture. How did it rain and storm on Saturday night and weren't there 2000 people waiting to hear me on the tight rope? It is a little fortune that's the truth. I shall have saved £1200 by the end of the month after paying all expenses — and as I am losing memory sense wit perception, (everything but kind feeling which one can't make money by) had we not best seize upon the little harvest while it is there, and ere winter comes.

I warned you what the letter was a-going to be — well, the meaning of it is that it will find you round the Xmas table and you will read a God bless you all, from,

Yours,  
W. M. T.

1184.

TO JAMES T. FIELDS

15 DECEMBER 1855

*Address:* J. T. Fields Esq<sup>e</sup> | 37 Boylston St<sup>t</sup> Hitherto unpublished. *Endorsed:*  
From Thackeray, Rec<sup>d</sup> Dec. 15. 1855.

My dear Fields

Why not give them George III & IV.<sup>180</sup> George III on Wednesday George IV on Saturday. This would give me 3 days for Providence and Tuesday still for George IV.

But as illness is more than possible — the proprietor of the T. Temple should be induced to take a smaller sum in case of forfeiture by illness.

<sup>180</sup> Thackeray gave "Charity and Humour" at the Tremont Temple on December 15 and repeated "George III" there on December 21 (*Boston Advertiser*, December 15 and 18).

The Saturday concerts being costly will not interfere with our modest-priced entertainment. B. Taylor & Gilman<sup>181</sup> are breakfasting here or I should have come to you.<sup>182</sup>

Yours

W M T.

Never mind answer. Come or not as suits you. W M T.

1185.

TO MR. BAXTER

15 DECEMBER 1855

My text is taken from *American Family*, pp. 124-127.

Tremont, Saturday

15 Dec<sup>r</sup> 1855

My dear Mr. Baxter: I think you will be pleased to hear that on *the* Wednesday I got a fine attack of spasms, (part of which I was obliged to bear grinning through the compliments of a Quaker family.) — that they came on much worse in the night, & that I was in bed all yesterday in considerable pain having to put off my lecture at Providence.

<sup>181</sup> Probably Arthur Delevan Gilman (1821-1882), the Boston architect.

<sup>182</sup> During Thackeray's second visit to Boston, Fields was his constant companion as well as his impresario. On one occasion Fields was persuaded to invite his friend to an evening meeting of a scientific club. "I was very reluctant to ask him to be present," he writes (*Yesterdays with Authors*, pp. 32-33), "for I knew he could be easily bored, and I was fearful that a prosy essay or geological speech might ensue, and I knew he would be exasperated with me, even although I were the *innocent* cause of his affliction. My worst fears were realized. We had hardly got seated, before a dull, bilious-looking old gentleman rose, and applied his auger with such pertinacity that we were all bored nearly to distraction. I dared not look at Thackeray, but I felt that his eye was upon me. My distress may be imagined, when he got up quite deliberately from the prominent place where a chair had been set for him, and made his exit very noiselessly into a small anteroom leading into the larger room, and in which no one was sitting. The small apartment was dimly lighted, but he knew that I knew *he* was there. Then commenced a series of pantomimic feats impossible to describe adequately. He threw an imaginary person (myself, of course) upon the floor, and proceeded to stab him several times with a paper-folder, which he caught up for the purpose. After disposing of his victim in this way, he was not satisfied, for the dull lecture still

Now suppose I had got this attack on Wednesday at New York? I should have lost that night's lecture — Thursday's, Friday's & Saturday's (for I'm so weak now that I can scarce see the paper, & you see its a very different thing being carried 5 minutes in a coach to a lecture room, & having to travel 9 hours before getting to it) — and then how annoyed Baxter would have been that I should have lost 4 days and the proceeds thereof for the sake of a ceremony which I would as soon see as see one of my children have a tooth out! It was a comfort to me when I was hit, to think of this and to sigh out "Well, now Baxter will see I was right." Is that fatal day well over? are the tears dried, and has the pretty bride left you? I dont know that I want to know about it. What a blow it must have been to you two! — to the father especially — I am certain I shall never quite forgive my daughters for marrying — a very reprehensible sentiment — did not you fall in love? did not you marry? — is it not written that a woman shall leave all and follow &c? yes — this is very well, but we retain our opinions, at least I do. And so now it is done and done, I don't intend quite to forgive Sarah — It is the highest compliment that I can pay her. . . .

At last I have letters from the girls, with 2 more from that post-master at Paris who can send *his* letters, confound him, unpaid though not the children's. They are happy — pretty well — busy — going out quite enough — Old GC [*sic*] and Granny doing their best to make their old house pleasant to those young ones — I wonder whether I shall suddenly rush back upon them as on a former occasion? T'other day I got an anonymous letter containing a newspaper article having the author's own ribaldry — Good

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went on in the other room, and he fired an imaginary revolver several times at an imaginary head. Still the droning speaker proceeded with his frozen subject (it was something about the Arctic regions, if I remember rightly), and now began the greatest pantomimic scene of all, namely, murder by poison, after the manner in which the player king is disposed of in Hamlet. Thackeray had found a small vial on the mantel-shelf, and out of that he proceeded to pour the imaginary 'juice of cursed hebenon' into the imaginary porches of somebody's ears. The whole thing was inimitably done, and I hoped nobody saw it but myself; but years afterwards, a ponderous, fat-witted young man put the question squarely to me: 'What *was* the matter with Mr. Thackeray, that night the club met at Mr. ———'s house?' "



God, thinks I, why put myself in a position to suffer this kind of thing? What amount of dollars can compensate a man for this insult? To be sure I have had anonymous letters at home. It is as well that I stopped this maundering letter here yesterday — continued to be unwell all day and all night — certainly could not have lectured last night or tonight had my illness befallen at New York — so we must console ourselves once more for an absence which renders no one inconsolable. This is nonsense — my head is so weak that I can hardly write sense — I can read though and enjoy the egotism of quiet — have been reading the *Life of Goethe*,<sup>183</sup> the old rogue who at 75 had a deep passion for a girl and was severely wounded — the girl “was sent back to school.”

If you could see me now you would see me feeling a deep passion because I can't get a pen to write nor paper to suit me, not smooth paper, nor rough, nor gold pen, nor quill. When we are ill what selfish drivellers some of us men are! This was to be all about you, about Sarah, about the marriage, about poor Lucy's grief — and its all about me and my little twopenny aches and pains. Never mind, your heart on your side is so unreasonably soft that you (there! it wont work though its mended!) that if I tell you I am unwell you will straightway begin to forget your own woes and so I do a little good by writing. But write me about matters please. O my! what twinges I had yesterday as I was lecturing! No one would have thought from the sweet serenity of my countenance what hagonies were going on within!

1186.

TO ANNE THACKERAY

18 DECEMBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

Dec<sup>r</sup> 18. Boston.

Continue to address care of Ticknor &amp; Field here.

At last has come the hand writing of my dearest women & Granny, and I know (what I have never for one moment made

<sup>183</sup> Apparently not the biography by Lewes, who though he mentions (*Book VII*, chapter 5) Goethe's senile amour with *Fräulein von Lewezow*, says nothing about the girl's being “sent back to school.”

myself uncomfortable about) that they are all well and jolly and busy — And I have come back from Providence to day, and have wrote other 5 letters, and have had other 10 visitors, and have read little Dorrit in the cars: and have dined at 3 o'clock and feel a trifle apoplectic but must scribble on as I have to lecture to night and afterwards to go to Edy Story's child's party where I suspect a delightful surprize is in store for me — of little children acting Giglio & Bulbo <sup>184</sup> though of course I know nothing about it. The lecturing is no part of the hardship of this business: it is the suppers & representation afterwards w<sup>h</sup> must be done — Next Monday I leave this kind place spend Xmas at Troy, go to Buffalo where I daresay I shant see Niagara after all, & then shall go to New York for a day, to Philadelphia & Southward — perhaps to New Orleans — most probably — working up the Mississippi in March to Saint Louis — lecturing at Cincinnati & Western Places afterwards and finding myself back hereabouts in April — May — that is, if health endures, but Lord bless us who can count on tomorrow? Last week I was obliged to give up a lecture on account not of shiver & shakes but my old friend — not a bad attack of him — I think I rather enjoyed a mild stomach-ache and 2 days of quiet in bed; reading the Life of Goethe that old rogue — he had an unnappy attachment at 75 and the young lady who shared it was *sent back to school*; let us hope the poor young people both consoled themselves. Sally Baxter's marriage went off very smartly on the 12<sup>th</sup> & I hope she will get over *her* passion for an old fogey who shall be nameless — It began to be a newsance at last to the old party, & very likely to the young one. My girls I suppose must undergo the common lot; but I hope they wont Sallify — Indulge in *amours de tête* I mean. Indeed I dont like to think of their entering into that business at all unless upon good reasonable steady grounds — with a Tomkins who is likely to make them happy and has enough to keep them — and who above all falls in love with them first — for say he is the best of young fellows but cannot keep himself — who is to do it? — the old father to keep the family? — that wouldn't be generous nor fair. No my dearest

<sup>184</sup> In *The Rose and the Ring*.

old Fat you mustnt hanker after a penniless young clergyman with one lung. It is as much as I can do to scrape together enough to keep my 3 daughters (your mother being one): and you must no more think about a penniless husband, than I can think about striking work—these luxuries do not belong to our station. Besides has he ever thought about you? Girls are romantic, visionary, love beautiful whiskers & so forth—but every time a girl permits herself to *think* an advance of this sort she hurts herself—loses somewhat of her dignity, rubs off a little of her maiden-bloom. Keep yours on your cheeks till 50 if necessary. Creyke <sup>185</sup> has nothing—an incurable illness—and all the habits of a rich man—his illness prevents him from earning (I'm very fond of him you know & think him a fine fellow)—but you might as well ask me to give you a diamond necklace as to accomodate you with this luxury of a husband, of little darlings, of bills to pay, house to keep &c &c—You must marry a man that can keep you—and you've just pitched precisely on the gentleman that cannot. I dont say banish him from your mind—perhaps it is a fatal pashn ravaging your young bussom—perhaps only a fancy w<sup>h</sup> has left already a head that has taken in a deal of novels—but settle it in your mind that it would be just as right for you to marry Charles Pearman (what do I say? Charles is healthy & can make his 40£ a year) as poor Creyke—and so despair & peridge, or resume your victuals and be jolly—determining that this thing never can be. Don't you suppose everybody in life wants something he cant get? Sorry we can't give you this Tomkins—Good bye Tomkins—God bless my dearest old Fat.

I write to Lubbock to send G P. 100£—to night is the last lecture here. Yesterday for a moment I did not remember the N<sup>o</sup> of the house in Onslow Square—Suppose my brains fail and I cant work who's to take charge of me?—let's work whilst we can and gather up our modest little harvest whilst the sun yet shines. God bless my dearest Granny & GP. & my dearest children and see us all together sometime in the happy New Year

W M T.

<sup>185</sup> Possibly Robert Gregory Creyke, who took his B. A. at Oxford in 1843.

1187. FROM MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH  
TO MRS. BAXTER  
19 DECEMBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

Dear M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter

We received by the last mail 3 cards w<sup>h</sup> convey to us the pleasant assurance of being remembered among y<sup>r</sup> friends & bidden to what we presume to be the wedding feast of "Miss Baxter" & "M<sup>r</sup> Hampton" — & so while we thank you for the kind thought of us, we give you other kind thoughts & wishes, for the happiness of your daughter in the new state on which she has entered — I believe it is usual to congratulate the parents on these occasions, but I cant bring myself to feel it matter of congratulation. I can say nothing to you on this head — that your child had her true wedding garment, I earnestly hope; & that you are thereby assured of her welfare; & so as the Mothers daily task is, your sacrifice is compleat & she in her turn is to know in Gods own time the love that her Mother bore to her — Is she likely to come to the old world & give me an opportunity of seeing the fair young friend whom my Son has so much admired? — how kind you have been to him once again & what pleasure it was to him to have y<sup>r</sup> friendly greetings, & how truly his old Mother thanks you — I try to have no anxiety for him feeling Who has the watch, but oh, the little faith even in that Presence — My G'daughters wish to write you a little word & I am glad to leave them a place for their pleasanter & more sunny thoughts; 63 summers bring very grave ones, but I am glad of the occasion w<sup>h</sup> enables me to send Major Smyths & my warm wishes for the happiness of your nouveaux mariées & to assure you dear M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter that I am very sincerely yours

Anne Carmichael-Smyth

Dec<sup>r</sup> 19<sup>th</sup>

Would you kindly let my Son know if you receive this; the post is so shameful here that one has no confidence in the letters being forwarded —

1188. FROM ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY  
TO MRS. BAXTER  
19 DECEMBER 1855

Hitherto unpublished.

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter

We got y<sup>r</sup> cards & y<sup>r</sup> invitation on the 13<sup>th</sup> inst. too late for us to have the pleasure of dancing at Miss Sallys wedding, but quite soon enough for us to think of her on the 14<sup>th</sup> and to hope that she may be happy. Will you please present our remembrances to her & to Miss Lucy as well as our best wishes, and will you give our love to Somebody Else if he should come to N. York again & believe us to remain

Sincerely Yours  
Anne & Harriet Thackeray.

1189. TO CHARLES BRADENBAUGH  
21 DECEMBER 1855

My text is taken from *Thackeray in the United States*, I, 244-245.

Boston, 21 December.

My dear Mr. Bradenburgh [*sic*], — I have just returned from Providence and find your note. The days you propose will suit me perfectly and I have noted them in my pocketbook. If you think they would like to have me at Washington, why should I not go? I might give them a couple of lectures. George III. say on Friday 11<sup>th</sup>, George IV. on Tuesday 15<sup>th</sup>, or indeed, the whole 4 if they were so minded: but I thought there was so much of native eloquence to be had at Washington that there would be no call for English talking. Do you know of any one who would manage matters for me there? I shall be thankful for the services paid or not, of a competent agent and am

Yours always very faithfully  
W. M. Thackeray.

1190.

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH  
29 DECEMBER 1855—1 JANUARY 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

Buffalo. Dec<sup>r</sup> 29.

My dearest Mammy. Whilst the snow is coming down & the old year at it's last gasps, let me have a little chat with home. I came here 2 days since sorely against my will — fancying myself unwell, that I did not like the journey &c — but the journey agreed with me perfectly. I am glad even to have seen this entrance to the Great West of w<sup>h</sup> the life is quite different to all that we know in Europe & the Atlantical America — thousands of thousands of miles of fertile lands where the produce of the first crop pays the fee simple of the farm where log huts grow to cities of 10, 20, 100000 people in a few years — where I daresay there'll be an immense empire when our old Europe is exploded. I was amazed at the traffic on the railway the hundreds of busy people thronging from town to town the scores of busy towns — I'm going to buy some shares in that there Railroad — It is the entrance to the West & the West is bigger and a hundred thousand times richer than the bank of England. I travelled all Xmas day (I wonder did the rail way porter at Springfield to whom I gave my letter for the girls & a 1/4 dollar, post it?) slept at M<sup>r</sup> Dunlops at Albany a good kind man and wife who have a handsome house & fortune & did their utmost to make me comfortable — and rested on the 26<sup>th</sup> reached this on the 27<sup>th</sup> at midnight — had a jolly sleigh drive yesterday & saw the Niagara river & the Canadian Shore — lectured to 3000 people — and w<sup>d</sup> have gone to the Cataracts this morning but for the snow falling, rather a relief — for I have to perform again to night and dont fancy a hard day of slipping & slithering in snow & ice before these performances — so I shall go away tomorrow actually without setting eyes on the Falls. So you are posted up in my present doings. If my health holds out, I must go on money-grubbing for some months to come. They have paid me nearly 1600£ in 2 months of w<sup>h</sup> I have spent 200 in travelling — it is awfully dear work — Next month will be

another profitable month — afterwards in the South not so much profit but more pleasure for February & March — afterwards profit again, & afterwards — O Ye Gods wont I be glad to come back leaving 500£ a year behind me in this country! Then grim death will not look so grim — Then the girls will have something to live upon or to bestow upon the objects of their young affections — then, when the house is paid for, we may live and take things easily — then, when I have written 2 more novels, for w<sup>h</sup> I shall get 5000£ apiece — why then, at 50, I shall be as I was at 21. You will be only a young person of 69 then: and will look after your great grandchildren. I used you know to hanker after parliament, police-magistracies, & so forth — but no occupation I can devise is so profitable as that w<sup>h</sup> I have at my hand in that old inkstand — A strangury may burst up all these fine plans to be sure — healthy or ailing who's secure? Amen whatever lot be sent. — Whilst I have been writing this I have been visited by 3 people for autographs and the door has this moment closed on M<sup>r</sup> Tomkins Daguerreotypist with a request I would slip over and have my mug taken off — declined with thanks — Yesterday came a man an odious person seemingly of a D<sup>r</sup> who knew me in England & Paris in 1829 — You Sir, says he, have advanced on the path of fame: I have remained utterly obscure (just like Mary) — the moral being How inscrutable are the ways of Heaven bon Dieu that such a creature as you sh<sup>d</sup> be advanced, and a man of my merit sh<sup>d</sup> be no where! My letters are not particularly lively are they? I have been thinking for the last few minutes (after fetching some coals out of the passage in a newspaper & heaping them on the fire) that the old Lord house at Fareham would be a good place to live in & to give tea parties, and ah! why didn't we learn to play at whist in our youth? <sup>186</sup>

New York. January 1. 1856. This corner I keep for a happy New Year — arrived last night from Buffalo — 2 hours after a fire in the hotel — Fancy how I clutched at the desk & the sermons! — very little damage done & fire got under in time — at

<sup>186</sup> "Not play at whist? 'Quelle triste vieillesse vous vous préparez!' were the words of the great and good Bishop of Autun." (*Works*, XII, 413)

Buffalo Hotel there was another fire only 10 days ago — But what a comfort to come 500 miles through the cold snow — warm snug — ready for work tomorrow! And so God bless my dearest old ones & young ones in this & all succeeding years. Have you & the girls any favorite poor. Give them 100 francs with thanks to God for our abundance.

W M T.

1191. TO GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

1855

My text is taken from *Thackeray in the United States*, I, 208.

Clarendon, Thursday.

My dear Curtis, — Don't forget the *partie carré* dinner at Delmonico's, the other merry blades being Bayard Taylor and Fred Cozzens; the day and hour, Saturday at seven sharp. That's all. Adoo!

W. M. Thackeray.

1192. TO MRS. ELLIOT

28 DECEMBER 1855—1 JANUARY 1856

My text is taken from *Thackeray and his Daughter*, pp. 87–89.

Buffalo, Dec. 28. New York, New Earsday

A friend who takes charge of me at Philadelphia writes me word, that several letters are there waiting for me — most looking like business letters — one in a female hand wh. he daresays I should like — I wonder whether the female letter is from Chesham Place, London? I should like it to be from there. What have I been doing since I wrote to it last? — having a very good time at Boston. The Bostonians much better pleased <sup>187</sup> and of course far better

<sup>187</sup> George Ticknor (*Life, Letters, and Journals*, II, 294) writes that Thackeray's "audience was the best the city could give, and above twelve hundred strong, besides which he repeated the lecture about George III. to an audience of two thousand." Story also notes that Thackeray lectured to crowded houses but continues: "people did not want to be pleased, and he was severely criti-



judges than at New York. At Buffalo they came two nights running, 3,000 of them! They are really surprizingly almost touchingly friendly. Prescott gave me his book <sup>188</sup> — but Ticknor, whose book no one reads, is a cleverer man than Prescott. Both have comfortable old houses, handsome large libraries and famous Burgundy and Claret in their cellars. So has Longfellow at Cambridge, who lives in a noble old house whilom occupied by Washington. I have fallen in love with Bayard Taylor. He was a poor boy almost without shoes 10 years ago, since then he has travelled the whole world over to Europe, Egypt, Nubia, China, Japan, buried a wife whom he married in the last stage of consumption — made 6000£ by his books and lectures — is coming to London in Spring and is one of the most interesting men I have ever seen in my life. Lord, you should have seen the theatres full of people coming to hear yours truly! Providence is as jolly a place as Boston almost. There is always a knot of pleasant folks, fogeyfied, respectable, fond of literature with whom it is jolly to consort, and I shall remember Lawyer Ames <sup>189</sup> and a nice old University Library and a half-dozen fellows with kindness always. From Boston I came 100 miles through a sweet country wondrously peopled to Greenfield — such a nice village — with such a good fellow for my host here, Hon. G. T. Davis, <sup>190</sup> a man you'd all delight in. And the people

cised. He was not heavy and instructive enough for Boston, and only a few dared thoroughly to like the light and genial sketches of manners he gave us in his inimitable way. Oddly enough, *our* people objected to him that he pitched into the Georges and called them names. . . . P. M. objected to them on the score that he could find all the facts and anecdotes in books he had in his library. I told him I was astonished to hear him say so, for I thought Thack. had invented them all." (James, *William Wetmore Story*, I, 301)

<sup>188</sup> The first two volumes of his *History of the Reign of Philip the Second*, which are advertised as "Just Published" in *The Boston Courier* of December 10.

<sup>189</sup> Samuel Ames (1806–1865), who in May, 1856, became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island. The Library was that of Brown University.

<sup>190</sup> The Hon. George T. Davis (1810–1877), who practised law in Greenfield from 1832 to 1871 and was representative from Massachusetts from 1851 to 1853. He was a friend and Harvard classmate of Oliver Wendell Holmes, in whose poem "The Boys" (1859) he appears as "our 'Member of

flocked through the snow and absolutely peopled the railway cars to hear the lecture. Bon Dieu, what do they mean? It was Xmas Eve when I was there and in a glass of wine I drank it to friends at home. I wonder whom I thought of besides my children? Can you guess? All Xmas Day travelled to Albany and drove to Mr. Dunlop's house where was the kyndest welcome and quiet, and a jolly little sleigh drive next morning through a fairyland of frozen land, river and city-scape where all the trees were glistening with silver, and all the houses iced with plum-cake snow, and so, on the 27th from Albany I came on to Buffalo wh. I reached at midnight — and to-day I have been sleighing about the grim looking place and seen the darkling lake and a bow shot across Niagara river, the black firs and glittering white houses in Canada. But I mustn't write any more of this letter but keep it for next mail. Next year I am to begin at Philadelphia and then who knows whither I go? to New Orleans perhaps — but wherever I am you know there's always an electric telegraph between me and Cheshogan Place.<sup>191</sup>

New York, January 1. A happy new year to all dear friends says somebody who thinks about them a great deal. What a blessing to be able to come 500 miles through the driving snow — warm, snug I was going to say, and comfortable I shd. have been but for an Irishman who sate next me and had a cold and used his fingers as we use a pocket handkerchief. 20 years ago that journey wd. have taken a fortnight. Oughtn't I for one to be thankful for railroads, who never could have made all these dollars without 'em? Aren't you bored by my perpetual talk about dollars? Last night 2 hours after my arrival we had a fire in the hotel. Didn't

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Congress' ". (Manuscript *Records of the Class of 1829* in the Harvard College Library) A friend of Davis described him to General Wilson (*Thackeray in the United States*, II, 101) as "a wit and charming raconteur: a person of fine literary tastes and scholarship, and one of the most agreeable companions I ever knew. Thackeray lectured at Springfield [Greenfield?], and at a supper after this lecture he met Mr. Davis, I think for the first time, was delighted with him and said to him: 'I don't see why you Americans come to hear me lecture. Why don't you lecture and give them the opportunity of hearing you?'"

<sup>191</sup> Mrs. Elliot lived at Chesham Place, Mrs. Brookfield at Cadogan Place.

I dash at my desk and sermons? It burned in a cellar but luckily the hour was early, the injines quickly on the spot — sermons, preacher, portmanteaux all were perfectly safe — and I went to sleep so sleepy that I guess I forgot even that little prayer which is said upon my pillow most nights.

Now I have put my holiday clothes on, and am going a-visiting. How will the Baxter house look now that Sally has left it? The marriage was very smart I hear — the bride looked lovely. Except my own gals I tell you I care for no women under 30. Good-bye — write me again long letters you women under 30. Address henceforth care of Messrs. J. G. King's Sons, New York, and they will forward to me. So hail Fred, and God bless J. and J. and K.

[For fragments of a letter to Mrs. Elliot 1? January, 1856, see letter 46, Appendix XXVI.]

1193.

TO CHARLES H. BRAINARD \*

5 JANUARY 1856

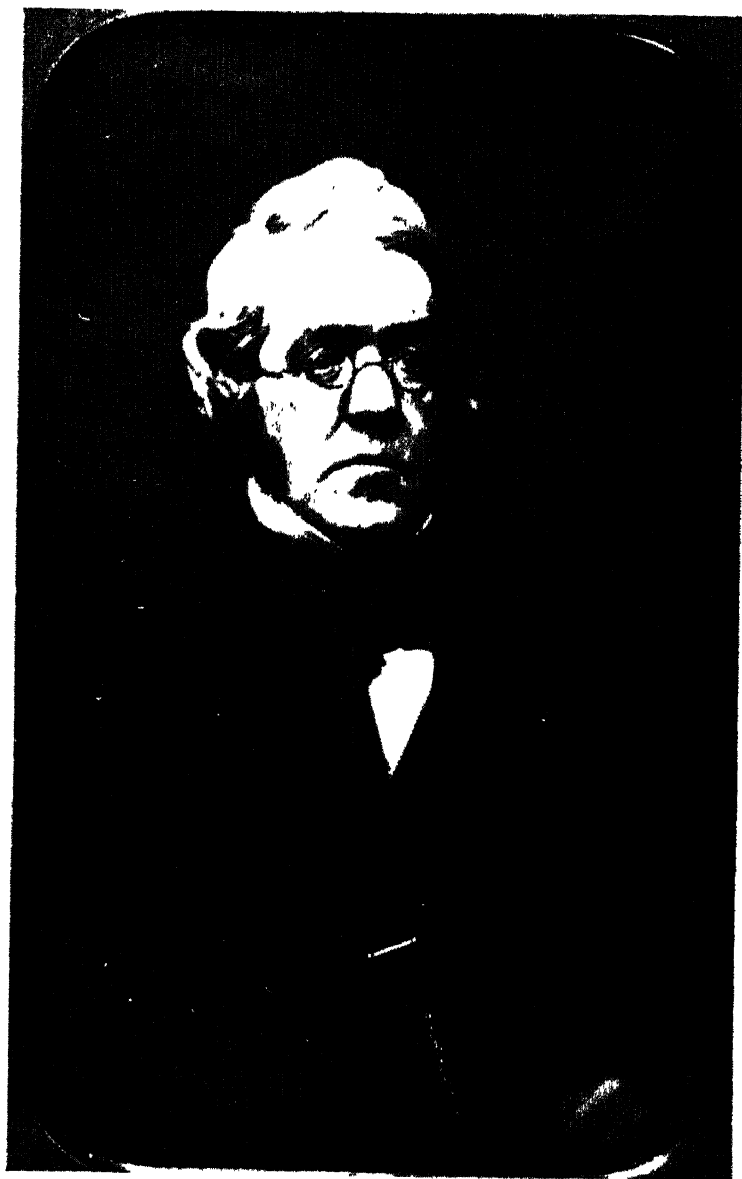
Published in part in Brainard's "Recollections of Thackeray," *Some Noted Princes, Authors, and Statesmen of our Time*, ed. James Parton (New York, 1885), p. 55.

Jan 5. Philadelphia. Lapierre H.

My dear Sir.

I thank you & M<sup>r</sup> Milburn for the offer w<sup>h</sup> you make me. I have friends at Richmond Charleston Augusta & Savannah, and a half engagement to a Society in N. Orleans — Afterwards I am engaged by Societies at St Louis & Cincinnati so that I think I shall hardly want a manager for my career. I shall be at Baltimore on Tuesday (for Wednesday & Thursday) & if you think after the above knowledge regarding my plans that we could do any business together perhaps you could find time for a run over from

\* A Washington photographer, recommended to Thackeray by the Rev. William Henry Milburn (1823-1903), the blind Methodist preacher and Congressional chaplain, for whom Brainard had acted as agent during a lecturing tour a few months earlier. Brainard made several daguerreotypes of Thackeray in Washington.



THACKERAY DURING HIS SECOND AMERICAN TOUR

*From a photograph*



Washington: but I don't at present see how I need any aid except that of the faithful Englishman who takes charge of me. Believe me

Your very faithful Serv<sup>t</sup>  
W M Thackeray.

Gilmore House will be my address at Baltimore.

1194. TO HENRY CORRY ROWLEY BECHER  
5 JANUARY 1856

Published by E. J. Carty, *London Advertiser*, November 6, 1926. My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Mr. Talman.

Philadelphia January 5, 1856.

My dear Becher.

A letter dated 17 December has only just reached me here. I didn't send you my picture in Ballou<sup>2</sup> — It is not pretty enough to make me anxious to multiply my effigy among my friends.

I have been for 2 days to Buffalo — never saw Niagara — and looked at Canada across the water. I hope I shall stand on the terra firma sometime — But I had to set off in a snow storm so as to keep my engagement here — and last night lost at least 500 hearers I am sure by a most furious outbreak of winter here wh<sup>h</sup> swept all the people out of the streets

I dont think at present of lecturing in Canada. You see my opinion about the Georges & my disrespectful way of speaking of some of them might be taken in bad part by stout old loyalists resident among you, and I have no mind to an unquiet life. I have done wonderfully well with the lectures as yet — better than on the last visit even — am going to Baltimore perhaps Washington and then onwards to the South returning by Mississippi — St<sup>t</sup> Louis — &c — my course will bring me back very near upon Canada again and I hope I shall so make out as to pay you a visit. But the making of dollars is the object of this tour — I want

<sup>2</sup> An article on Thackeray and an engraving from the Laurence portrait reproduced above (opposite p. 89) appear on the first page of *Ballou's Pictorial*, December 8, 1855.

these for the sake of the young ones at home and against the rainy day w<sup>h</sup> cant be far distant — My health is a good deal hit — since I made a journey to Rome 2 years ago I never have been well from one ailment or another. I was very sorry indeed to miss you at Boulogne <sup>3</sup> My mother gave me famous accounts of you though and how you prosper and bring up a good family and keep up the good old name. I was writing to her only 4 days since and saying how I should like to retire and buy the old Lord House at Fareham and play whist and settle down there like the dear old Aunt whom both of us love. I send my very best regards to M<sup>r</sup> Becher and hope one day if but for a day to shake you & her by the hand

Always my dear Becher yours  
W M Thackeray.

1195.

TO MORTON McMICHAEL  
JANUARY 1856?

My text is taken from a facsimile published by McMichael, *Philadelphia Press*, June 12, 1887.

My dear MacMichael.

Lest you should be making a party for Tuesday I write a line to say I am engaged to dinner on that day am not well, and must bear myself very soberly & cautiously, So please let us not have that jollification.

Yrs ever  
W M Thackeray.

1196.

TO JAMES T. FIELDS  
6 JANUARY 1856

My text is taken from Fields's *Yesterdays with Authors*, p. 24.

Should any letters arrive, addressed to the care of J. T. F. for the ridiculous author of this, that, and the other, F. is requested to send them to Mercantile Library, Baltimore. My ghostly enemy

<sup>3</sup> See below, p. 677.

will be delighted (or will gnash his teeth with rage) to hear that the lectures in the capital of Pa. have been very well attended. No less than 750 people paid at the door on Friday night, and though last night there was a storm of snow so furious that no reasonable mortal could face it, 500 (at least) amiable maniacs were in the lecture-room, and wept over the fate of the last king of these colonies.

1197. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

6-13 JANUARY 1856

*Address:* Miss Thackerays | with Major Carmichael Smyth. | 19 Rue d'Angoulême St Honoré | Paris. | via Boston & Lpool. *Postmarks:* BALTIMORE JAN 14, 28 JANV. 56 CALAIS. Extracts published in *Biographical Introductions*, X, xx-xxi.

Philadelphia 6. Baltimore 13. Jan. 1856.

This mail brought me two famous long letters from my darters did I mention them in the packet I sent off day before yesterday? I think I'm writing in the most comfortable hotel I have been at in the States, though what is tolerably pleasant work for me must be dreary for poor Charles who has not been out of the house this blessed day and is too shy or timid to come down among the haunts of the public, and has no one to ask him out to dinners suppers &c like his master, who has too much of the dinners & suppers and would be very glad indeed to get a little quiet and his own way. Last night was a snowstorm w<sup>h</sup> robbed me of at least 500 hearers <sup>4</sup> — other 500 came though I wonder how they could. To day, roads are blocked, no mails arrive, great walls of shining snow are piled up in the streets and at 5 o'clock as I came home from dinner-breakfast hundreds were marching single file to Church through the snow. We had a very good dinner at 12 o'clock w<sup>h</sup> would have been very pleasant but for one good natured talkative consummate

<sup>4</sup> Thackeray lectured at the Concert Hall on Chestnut Street in Philadelphia on January 2, 4, 5, and 7 (*North American and United States Gazette*, January 2). It is noted in *The Public Ledger* of January 7 that "The storm which commenced on Saturday afternoon, did not terminate till four o'clock on Sunday morning. The snow fell about fifteen inches on a level, but in the streets of the city was piled up in places five or six feet high."



dandyfied old donkey of an Englishman, before whom I lapsed into utter silence as my wont is and was sorry for my host his name is Boker<sup>5</sup> (not a pretty name) but a very kind clever gentleman-like fellow and a tragic pote of some note — Well — I was sorry for my silence not that I want to show off but I sh<sup>d</sup> have liked to gratify my friend by talking — Impossible — in the presence of certain people utterly impossible and I feel I get more & more mum every year. Yesterday was a pleasant dinnerkin with a pleasant old gentleman<sup>6</sup> whose cheery presence always acts upon me and who has a charming daughter something like M<sup>rs</sup> Bigelow Lawrence, whom it would be very pleasant to fall in love with I daresay. There is a Jew here I like very much; and my friend M<sup>r</sup> Reed a most accomplished clever man all kindness; and half a dozen more good fellows. Reeds brother was the friend I went to see who was drowned in the Arctic<sup>7</sup> — His widow a sweet woman comes to my sermons — theres something very affecting in her sweetness and patience — In the 'Office' hard by they are talking of trains being snowed up — of burning one carriage to keep the passengers warm of distributing some chance provisions to keep them alive — Somebody is pretty surely snowed up somewhere to night. When we left Buffalo this day week, I thought some pleasure of that sort might be in store for us: but it wasn't you see. I have slept at Albany, New York, and Philadelphy since then, spouted 3 lectures at 50¢ apiece say, had 5 good dinners and five nights warm sleep. Bon Dieu what a lucky lot some folk's is compared to some other folks! Think of poor M<sup>rs</sup> Glass this night — When I am secretly cuddling and cherishing the thought of going to bed nice and early with Ciceros Life and Letters<sup>8</sup> — and you know how I'll read it, don't you? Those studies I have

<sup>5</sup> George Henry Boker (1823–1890), the poet and dramatist, whose *Francesca da Rimini* had been produced in New York on September 26, 1855.

<sup>6</sup> William D. Lewis and his daughter, Mrs. Nielson.

<sup>7</sup> See above, No. 1079.

<sup>8</sup> *The Life and Letters of Marcus Tullius Cicero*, published by Edward Moxon in 1840, which consisted of *The Life of Cicero* (1741) by Dr. Conyers Middleton (1683–1750), William Melmoth's translation of *Cicero's Letters to Several of his Friends*, and Dr. Heberden's translation of *Cicero's Letters to Atticus*.

indulged in at home sometimes. If Amy is unhappy about her family matters, we must make our family as happy as we can for her. Sure there is beef enough for us all; and it was a piece of luck of not unkind Heaven in her favour that she should find friends who can love and take care of her, and to whom she can be useful in return — for most useful to me she is. See the mystery of Gods ways! Your poor mothers illness makes a comfortable place for Amy at home; and keeps Mr<sup>s</sup> Bakewell & her family in theirs — and so happiness for some comes out of other's misfortunes — and one need not go on moralizing. Had I not better go & read the Life & Letters of Cicero up stairs in N<sup>o</sup> 56? I read the Holly Tree Inn<sup>9</sup> this morning the opening of w<sup>h</sup> is in Dickens's best manner — and I am very glad to think that his girls and mine are friends. I don't dislike your friend. I liked the elder best but the pretty one may have the good qualities w<sup>h</sup> I liked in the elder or qualities quite as good though different. And I have read Prescotts Philip II, more amusing than most Romances, and long for Macaulay<sup>10</sup> of w<sup>h</sup> I saw a nice English copy yesterday and was going to buy it but for the size of the book — we have cast off our book baggage. first the desk full at the first journey: now the black trunk: and I shall have to do the reading all over again if ever I bring out those volumes of Georgies w<sup>h</sup> I talked about. But it will be pleasant work for winter evenings: and we'll have just such a gas lamp as that I am writing under here — a pooty ittle gas lamp, growing out of the chandelier; and we'll have one too — and I daresay I'll draw under it at least twice next winter. Parliament and Ambition flit out of my head for the present. There is a feasible plan before us of making a fortunekin before I am 50 — just enough to live upon respectably — almost as well as we live now — and to tha(t en)d I ought to keep my nose for the next 5 years. But I can't afford an unproductive husband to either of you two girls, mind that. Perhaps Nan will be able to write and earn for herself — it's not unlikely — yes it's unlikely, but not impos-

<sup>9</sup> "The Holly-Tree," which appeared in the Christmas number of *Household Words*.

<sup>10</sup> Volumes III and IV of his *History of England*, which had just been published.

sible . . . Since this I've been trying to draw the old negro who waited at dinner yesterday — first drawing I've tried since who knows when? And now shan't I go upstairs and read them Ciceros letters? God bless my women. And good night to them.

The above was written at Philadelphia. Jan 6. Now it is Baltimore Jan 11: and I have given 2 lectures <sup>11</sup> here already and they have been very much liked and they have been very thinly attended and there is a great travelling Opera company of 100 people who have chosen my very 2 nights for their performances; & my manager here is exceedingly wroth with the fiddlers and singers for coming at this season — but they are 100 wanting bread many of them, shall we be angry that they take away a little of the butter off ours? — It is so diabolically cold here that I scarce go out, lie a bed most part of the forenoon, and pass the time in very comfortable quiet with Macaulay to read — a 16/ volume published here very decently printed & bound for 3 francs. He is not so fiery strong and picturesque as the other Macaulays. I dont think I have read it with so much pleasure as Prescotts history. When we have made a little fortune — it will be pleasant some day to write a nice little History-book — but where is the memory of the astounding Macaulay? It was lucky I came from Philadelphia on Monday, we were only 3 hours delayed on the road — on Tuesday the cars were blocked up in the snow: on Wednesday the New York cars were blocked, and the people burned the seats of one, and tore down neighbouring fences to warm themselves. — I get a telegraphic message, last night 'Can't you come on to Cincinnati immediately and lecture there?' Je vous en souhaite! to go 500 miles through this snow and be blocked up a day or two en route! Bayard Taylor does it — dashes about regardless of frost or heat — but he has been before the mast: has travelled through Europe on 50£ a year, is not a child of luxury like us — also he is 30 years old; & that makes some difference.

<sup>11</sup> Thackeray's lectures at Baltimore were given under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Association in the Universalist Church, located at the corner of Calvert and Pleasant Streets, on January 8, 10, 14, and 16 (*Baltimore Sun*, January 5). An Italian opera troupe from the New York Academy of Music gave *Il Trovatore* on January 8 and *Norma* on January 10.

Now it is Sunday 13<sup>th</sup> Saturday I went to Washington 40 miles off, not 2 hours by railroad and absolutely spent 10 dollars in coaching in order to pay 4 visits. Just as I arrived at Washington there came a severe snow storm in the midst of w<sup>h</sup> I went to dinner with jolly M<sup>r</sup> Crampton our Minister, and returned from his house in a great thaw and a sweet refreshing rain w<sup>h</sup> I suppose will break up the spell of frost for the moment and let loose the poor souls who have been congealed on the railroad tracks. What a comfort it was to dine with an Englishman again! to be treated civilly by servants, and hear the talk one has been accustomed to speak! It seems to me I am not near so much in love with the country this time as before — doesn't it seem so to you? I went to Washington partly to see a man whom an eminent lecturer here recommended to me to travel and make engagements in the South: and I saw him and he gave me an account of his last years proceedings — but when I found how the lecturer and his man had to skip from one town to another to make friends with newspapers, get their bills out, the streets placarded and make 50 dollars by the days entertainment I declined to eat so much dirt for so little money and have decided to go only where friends manage matters for me, and where I have not too muddy boots to clean. The other visits I paid at Washington were to M<sup>r</sup> Pyne <sup>12</sup> Clergyman w<sup>h</sup> he married W W F S to Henny his wife; and to M<sup>rs</sup> Wainwright a nice kind old dear — Upon my word I could hardly bring myself to pay 5 dollars for a carriage to pay these visits, but remembering what a point poor little M<sup>rs</sup> Synge w<sup>d</sup> make of it and how it will please her that I should have shaken hands with her home I went for 15 minutes talk about the weather, my daughters, her grandchildren, saw W W F's picture with Bobby and Henny's with baby (&) longed to be back where those pictures were taken, praised baby grinned at Miss Wainwright the Aunt (I have an impression W W F said she was a fiend) — Good bye — of course come back to Washington — and bring the girls — delightful — but O how glad I am we didnt get that Secretaryship! W is the dullest place

<sup>12</sup> The Rev. Dr. Pyne of St. John's Episcopal Church (*Washington and Georgetown Directory*, 1853).

in the world: and chills and fever abound there. All Cramptons servants and attachés have been hit one after the other — the poor Baxters are down on their backs day after day with it the mothers life is passed in a flurry between one childs sick bed and anothers.

This is the longest letter I ever wrote my daughters — but then it is a very stupid one. I wonder whether men make jokes and turn neat sentences in writing to their daughters? To day I wrote to M<sup>rs</sup> Ticknor at Boston <sup>13</sup> quite naturally too — but the sentences took a trim pert smart brisk humourous turn, and the letter strikes me as being for posterity, and adapted for print. I write a notykin to Brodie with her 5£ — I forgot it till now. What 5£s there are to pay month after month. To day at Washington I saw my nice friend M<sup>rs</sup> Stanard <sup>14</sup> of Richmond on her way home, & this day week I am engaged to dine with her in Virginia. Direct your letters through Daniel London to the care of Mess<sup>rs</sup> J. G. King's Sons New York, whom I will keep advised of my movements — and dont be alarmed if you dont hear reglar from me for I shall be getting farther off with every stage of my journey until I get to N. Orleans and then to S<sup>t</sup> Louis &c — It is this day 3 months I left Liverpool. Well, it has been stupid wearisome but tolerable, profitable, & the time has passed pretty quick. Pass quickly other 3 months and bring me home to my dearest women again says their Father.

Please Granny give Anny a little tip or anything she wants. I'll send some more money soon. Dividends if you please!

<sup>13</sup> I have not traced this letter.

<sup>14</sup> The former Martha Pierce of Kentucky, who had married Robert Craig Stanard (1814-1857), a Richmond lawyer and boyhood friend of Poe. It would appear from General Wilson's testimony (*Thackeray in the United States*, I, 254-255) that Thackeray also knew Captain and Mrs. Robert Conway Stanard of Richmond.

1198.

TO ?  
7 JANUARY 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

Lapierre H. 7 Jan.

My dear Sir

I hope as I live by fees myself you will not be above receiving mine and my thanks for the prescription w<sup>h</sup> has already done me good. When we met just now I hadn't the face to talk business to you, & despatch mine with the thanks of

Yours very faithfully  
W M Thackeray.

1199.

TO MRS. BAXTER  
11 JANUARY 1856

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter | 286 Second Avenue | New York City. *Postmark:*  
BALTIMORE JY 11. Published in part, *American Family*, pp. 128-131.

Gilmor House. Baltimore.

Friday. Jan 11.

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter. The welcome handwriting found me at Philadelphia; and now it is Baltimore and 6 days later. We assemble very meagre audiences at Baltimore. The Opera Company has chosen my nights: and, small blame to them, the pretty girls of B prefer the greater attraction — I am pleased with the anger of my *Felt* here, M<sup>r</sup> Bradenbaugh, that our room should be 1/2 full, and our audience away to the other entertainment. They are 100 in their company; wanting bread many of them, & shall I be angry, because they take a little of the butter off my enormous loaf? The bitter weather too fights against us. So it did at Philadelphia: nevertheless we did very well there, and the last audience was prodigious. I have not been very well, and in these fits become exceedingly glum and the thoughts of rushing home grow at such times overpoweringly strong. But one goes home and lo the blue devils salute you on the other side of the water! I found excellent company, kindness, & hospitality at Philadelphia — the

same to a minor extent here — That going out to suppers after lecture, when one is tired sick hating society and longing to go to bed, is awful. Twice I spoke last night to the *very* pretty lady of the house — once about terrapins, that they were good; once about the old China — that was all. Why did she ask me? What will she not think about the conversation of these literary men? — Yet her husband would have been sadly disappointed if I had not gone. I wish I could do kind acts with a good grace — These are my news. I have read Macaulay Vol III. — it did not amuse me so much as Prescott or near so much as the first 2 volumes. He has been sick too: his hand is more languid than in the first part of the work.

I thought I saw death in that poor boys face the day I dined with the good Snellings — A melancholy appealing look in his eyes scared me — and now they are closed and the end come for him. Their loving hearts will be awfully wounded. Before these griefs one can't say anything — Take off your hat and let the funeral pass — God help the mourners. It is the knowing a few good folks like those, that makes me love this country of your's. Why should you not go to Boston for a while, and break down those fevers of your dear children? About Young's country of Riverdale they are unknown: but there good doctors of course are not at hand. Some time — a good bit hence — I shall write to that lady you speak of — but now I can't; there's a something between us — I might sit with her for hours alone, and should not be able to open my mouth to M<sup>rs</sup> Frank Hampton — any more than to the lady of the terrapins last night. When my girls do that inevitable natural righteous thing — I know it will take me years to be reconciled to it — why, I am not familiar with the youngest yet — we must take each other and ourselves with our peculiarities — about w<sup>h</sup> there is no reasoning, and w<sup>h</sup> there's no changing. . . I have been chewing the cud since I wrote this; and turned the pages, and laboriously put in stops, crossed the t's, and dotted the i's — I began to take a liking to a very nice woman at Philadelphia, widow of poor Henry Reed lost in the Arctic — sad plaintive gentle sensible sensitive — and there's another there M<sup>rs</sup>

Neilson, as bright as sunshine — with a brave old father (Lewis) immensely sympathetic to me. Here is Bradenbaugh a clever man — rough diamond — M<sup>r</sup> Wallace a very elegant scholar & gentleman, M<sup>r</sup> J. P. Kennedy <sup>15</sup> exceedingly pleasant natural and good-natured: and he has introduced me to a Club — O Gods such a dreary Club! such a desperate dinner! such a stupid man that *would* talk! — What rubbish is this to fill sheets with? — I send you all a hearty greeting and to the Snellings my very best regards — I dont know what I am going to do next. Have made no plans — Am I going South or no? Good by — my dear friend, & hail all at the B. H & its master. I am always yours W M T.

1200.

TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

15 JANUARY 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

Wednesday. Jan 15.

My dearest Mammy. I sent a long letter to Boston on Monday, but a mail came in last night from that place w<sup>h</sup> had been eight days on the road and brought me my dear girl's & mothers letters by the Canada of 21 Dec<sup>r</sup> — Thinks I the long letter may fail on

<sup>15</sup> "Thackeray tells me he is going to write a novel with the incidents of our revolution introduced into it," Kennedy wrote on January 15. "To give him some information he is seeking with this view, I lend him some books; — 'Graydon's Memoirs of the Revolution;' 'Heath's Memoirs' and 'Garden's Anecdotes,' which he takes away with him. . . ." And on January 16 he continued: "I go to hear Thackeray's fourth lecture on George IV. — gossipy and anecdotal like the others. After the lecture I walked up with him, Merri-son, Harris and Bradenbaugh. Harris, having come from the house of Representatives, had had no dinner, so he proposed we should all go to Guy's and get an oyster, which we did, and had a pleasant session till after midnight. While we were at table, Bradenbaugh, who is president of the Mercantile Library Association, and therefore had the superintendence of Thackeray's lectures, went out and got the account and presented it to him. It was a dollar or so above one thousand dollars, for the four nights. Thackeray told me that Boston gave him fifteen hundred, New York fourteen hundred, and Philadelphia fifteen hundred, which, with this one thousand, make a total of five thousand four hundred dollars for four courses of these light and playful lectures — pretty good pay! He is going on South, and will perhaps treble this amount before he gets back." (Henry T. Tuckerman, *The Life of John Pendleton Kennedy*, New York, 1871, p. 364.)



the way — best send a short letter by the New York steamer of Saturday, or who knows what tender alarms mayn't be excited what fevers chills &c others mayn't have whilst I am comfortable and well? — And from this day forth please you are not to be frightened if you dont get news regularly — as I go South the distance is greater & the mails irregular. I think I am in better health than I have been these 2 years — blessed be the inventor of India rubbers w<sup>h</sup> have kept me from tumbling about streets covered with ice. I have ⟨. . .⟩<sup>16</sup> changed to be sure: but you'll hear as I chop & change, and will write care of J. G. King's Sons New York please: who will be instructed of my whereabouts. How glad I am I didn't get that Secretaryship to Washington! We are all in a panic here about a French-Russian alliance, in w<sup>h</sup> case bad times might come indeed for poor little old England, and perhaps the end of her reign. Anny's letters are famous and Minny's are funny. I am glad Nan works at the piano. Her drawing is very good in spite of what the Master may say — much better than mine at her age, and so is her writing too. I like to think of them having a merry little winter: and can sympathize with my dear old G. P's jaws mine are quite dilapidated & I can't wear the Stevens ivories any more. Give my regards to White's Dickensens any body who is kind to my women. ⟨. . .⟩

1201.

TO JAMES T. FIELDS

16 JANUARY 1856

Published in Fields's *Yesterdays with Authors*, p. 25.

Baltimore. Jan 16.

Dear Fieldth! The thanguinary fat'th (I don't know what their anger meanth) brought me your letter of the eighth Yethter-day only the fifteenth! What blunder cauthed by chill delay (Thee Doctor Johnthon'th noble verthe) <sup>17</sup> thuth kept my longing

<sup>16</sup> The bottom third of this leaf has been lost. About six lines are missing here and at the end of the letter.

<sup>17</sup> "No summons mock'd by chill delay" ("On the Death of Mr. Robert Levett"). See *Works*, VII, 671.

thoul away, from all that motht I love on earth? Thankth for the happy contenth! thothe, Dithpathched to J G K & Thonth, and that thmall letter you inclothe from Parith from my dearetht oneth! I pray each month may tho increath my thmall account with J. G. King, that all the Shiphth w<sup>h</sup> croth the Theath good tidingth of my girlth may bring! — that every blething fortune yieldth, I altho pray, may come to path on Mithter & Mrth J. T. Fieldth, and all good friendth in Bothton. Math!

1202.

TO WILLIAM BRADFORD REED

16 JANUARY 1856

My text is taken from Reed's *Haud Immemor*, pp. 18-19.

Baltimore, Jan. 16, 1856.

My Dear Reed:

Your letter of the 9th, with one from Boston of the 8th, was given to me last night when I came home. In what possible snow-drift have they been lying torpid? One hundred thanks for your goodness in the lecture, and all other matters; and if I can find the face to read those printed lectures over again, I'll remember your good advice.<sup>18</sup> That splendid crowd on the last lecture night, I knew, would make our critical friend angry.<sup>19</sup> I have not seen

<sup>18</sup> See below, No. 1227.

<sup>19</sup> The most pertinaciously hostile of American critics of *The Four Georges* was the reporter for *The Philadelphia Bulletin*. He complained that in the first lecture "the tone of sarcasm was too uninterrupted," that in the second there was "nothing but a sort of polished scurrility," and that even in the third, the best of the series, Thackeray's great powers were debased to mere scandal-mongering (*Bulletin*, January 3, 5, and 7). These earlier strictures were moderate, however, in comparison with the tirade of abuse to which the final lecture gave rise. *The Georges*, *The Bulletin's* critic asserted (January 8), are equally an offence against good taste, morality, and historical truth. Their popularity can only be interpreted as a token of the vulgarity and ignorance of Thackeray's audiences. "It was for a nation of 'snobs' he was writing, when he prepared these lectures for America. . . . He left his reputation safely at home when he left England. What he has brought with him is a different thing altogether, and he can afford to damage it or lose it altogether in America, in consideration of the handsome profits he can make here. When he goes back he can deliver lectures in England on Snobbism in America, or write novels satirizing American society, and so he can make

the last article, of course, and don't intend to look for it. And as I was reading the George III. lecture here on Monday night, could not help asking myself, "What can the man mean by saying that I am uncharitable, unkindly, that I sneer at virtue," and so forth? My own conscience being pretty clear I can receive the Bulletin's displeasure with calmness — remembering how I used to lay about me in my own youthful days, and how I generally took a good, tall mark to hit at.

Wicked weather, and an opera company which performed on the two first lecture nights here, made the audiences rather thin; but they fetched up at the third lecture, and to-night is the last; after which I go to Richmond — then to go farther south, from Charleston to Havannah and New Orleans; perhaps to hark back and try westward, where I know there is a great crop of dollars to be reaped. But to be snow-bound in my infirm condition! I might never get out of the snow alive.

I go to Washington to-morrow for a night. I was there and dined with Crampton on Saturday. He was in good force and spirits and I saw no signs of packing up, or portmanteaux in the hall.<sup>20</sup>

I send my very best regards to Mrs. Reed and your sister-in-law, and Lewis and his kind folks, and to Mac's whisky punch, which gave *me* no headache. I'm very sorry it treated you so unkindly.

Always yours, dear Reed,

W. M. Thackeray.

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the enterprising Atlantic voyages pay on both sides of the water. We heartily hope he will lecture and write about us. He may be wrong as Dickens, Marryat, Hall and Trollope were; but he will do us good as they have done, and we can afford to pay handsomely for being gradually cured of our insane passion for foreign lions."

<sup>20</sup> See No. 1203, note 23.

1203. TO MRS. ELLIOT AND KATE PERRY

17-27 JANUARY 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

Washington Thursday 17. Richmond 19 Jan. Richmond. 27 Jan.

Mesdames — Those letters addressed to M<sup>rs</sup> Elliot Chesham Place are meant of course for an amiable Cerberus that I know there, and why don't the other 2 heads of Cerberus bark out something kind in reply to my salutation? Do you know why I am using my old hand writing? — because I have bought a new gold fountain pen price 4\$: w<sup>h</sup> is really very ingenious and not much more inconvenient than a common pen — I daresay I shall write half a page with it and then never use it no mo. I am just arrived from Baltimore, have done pretty well at Baltimore & have been much affected by the kindness of a provincial Warrington there,<sup>21</sup> who has done all his might to make me happy, and evidently is pleased to regard me with a kindness (I was going to say Admiration) w<sup>h</sup> some folks will not be angry with him for feeling. I had showed him a pretty drawing Anny sent me of Minny sewing in a pretty letter — (They are charming her letters thats the truth — ) and so last night at the very latest he comes up to my room counts out the dollars he has to pay me over, (he has been manager of the Lectures for me) — and now says he Good bye One more look at the little girls picture, and he takes up the letter and looks at it and kisses it and goes away, the kindly fellow. — The spectacles were moistened somehow by his goodness and attachment — a fellow of remarkable reading too — lonely in this great town — (The towns are great but the Society in them very small, and as well defined as Society in European towns.) He thought so well of me that I was quite frightened, and felt a Domine non sum dignus<sup>22</sup> — Bon Dieu how I should like to be as good as that friendly soul thinks me to be! He gave me Emersons Essays w<sup>h</sup> I had never read. Have you? They are very wise and benevolent — They come to very like conclusions to those w<sup>h</sup> the Worldling who writes these presents to you reaches sometimes — and as I read

<sup>21</sup> Charles Bradenbaugh.<sup>22</sup> *St. Matthew*, 8, 8.

honest Emerson, I fancy I have known it all before. I wrote from Philadelphia didn't I? I found very good and kind friends there too — by Heavens they are very tender hearted & friendly. I wonder why they should be so good to me? (The fountain pen I think is already beginning to fail, dont you?) (Since the above



was written the fountain pen has gone off with a spirt) but it is something like the old gold pen, and will do for drawing and dipping into the ink like ordinary pens won't it? It would be good sport and practise to stop here for a month and draw negroes. Negroes and horses — negroes and mules — Negro boys — old women &c. They are endlessly picturesque.

We have been having the most awful weather — trains stopped, cars snowed up passengers burning the seats to make firewood — I am glad I declined to go West in this bitter weather — and though money making will cease in a great measure in the South yet it will be pleasant to go there — Do you know I have a feasible scheme for being worth 20000£ by the time I am 50? Won't that be a wonder, if it ever comes off? And then we will be independent of all police magistrateships, government places & the like. And shall have made our means all out of our own brains.

Yesterday at 5 in the morning left Washington, in the snow with an omnibus full of passengers égayé too by the society of a Virginia farmer holding in leash a large fierce dog w<sup>h</sup> growled and bit awfully — he was muzzled it is true: but the owner amused us by telling how this dog was going to his plantation. The only animal who could protect him his ducks & pigs against the thieves who prowled about. The night before I dined at Governor Fish's — a good man with a splendid house at New York, and a very agreeable ladylike wife. The company consisted of Senators, Secretaries and very grave stupid folk, Kold the traveller — a simple gobe-mouche of a man and no ladies. It pained me to hear how confidently they talk about a war <sup>23</sup> — a war in 90 days said one

<sup>23</sup> The principal American grievance against England concerned the British Minister, Crampton. During the Crimean War he had enlisted men in the

of them — say on the 18 May. The administration especially Secretary Cushing<sup>24</sup> talks confidently about it, says it cannot be avoided — means very likely to effect it in spite of both countries — for, a contest provoked, and a little American blood purposely or by chance spilt — no power could stop a battle, & these people are capable for their own purposes of precipitating one. What suits their purpose to tell (I'm not up in the Central America dispute) the W<sup>h</sup> Adm<sup>n</sup><sup>25</sup> tells without scruple in the Newspapers. Meanwhile our folks are perforce silent and Crampton has to bear all sorts of charges and misstatements and keep a cheerful countenance. His dismissal is confidently talked about by Cushing & his Papers. How will Yours-truly's railroad investments look in case of a war? To be sure: how will the funds look in England? She will suffer more than this country will — except along the Atlantic seaboard. The West cannot be invaded, increases & multiplies in spite of itself, or of New York or Boston or Philadelphia burning, & does not care a fig for a war. That is the cry w<sup>h</sup> I hear from many a western-connected man.

I am sitting at Richmond with my window open thank God: though a plenty of snow is still on the ground — turned a hundred people away from my lecture last night<sup>26</sup> — was shocked to see a score of little school girls just under me as I talked of the favorites

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territories of the United States to serve as mercenaries in the British army. President Pierce did not protest at the time, but in 1856, seeing in Crampton's activities an opportunity for political capital, he insisted on the Minister's recall. On May 28 he broke off diplomatic relations with Crampton, who returned at once to London. The English government, deciding that a war could not be fought to assuage the injured feelings of their representative, at length appointed another Minister. Ticknor wrote from London in the summer of 1856 (*Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor*, II, 327) that "Thackeray, who has a strong personal regard for [Crampton], was outrageous on the matter, and cursed the Ministry by all his gods for making him, as he said, their scape-goat."

<sup>24</sup> Caleb Cushing (1800–1879), Attorney-General in President Pierce's cabinet, who was instrumental in procuring Crampton's dismissal. He is the "General C." of Lowell's *Biglow Papers*.

<sup>25</sup> Washington Administration.

<sup>26</sup> Thackeray lectured at the Richmond Athenæum on January 18, 21, 23, and 26 (*Richmond Enquirer*, January 18 and 23).

of the first Georges of Giully Sophia Dorothea & so forth. 27<sup>th</sup>  
There was no mail for a week. Ive lectured 5 times in the past  
week, been away for 3 days, and O it is so cold! am going to  
Charleston in an hour — and so God bless you all I never change —

1204.

TO JAMES T. FIELDS

21 JANUARY 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

American H. Richmond Va.

January 21. 1856.

My dear F.

How disgusted you'll be with my handwriting I have a letter  
from J G Kings of 18. saying they have not heard from you —  
and yours of 8<sup>th</sup> says you write them that day or next.

And Bradenbaugh writes from Philadelphia 'I have forwarded  
a letter to Washington for you with J. T. F in the corner of the  
superscription' I pray Heavens no accident has befallen your letter  
containing the bill for 2430 to Kings and am

Yours ever

W M T.

200 people couldn't get in here on Friday night. 'Spect they  
will have room tonight — plenty of snow.

1205.

TO GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

21 JANUARY 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

American H. Richmond. Va.

January 21.

My dear Curtis. The *Courier des États-Unis* wh<sup>h</sup> I casually take  
up informs me of the loss you have suffered.<sup>27</sup> You have shown me  
so much kindness and friendship since I have been here, my dear  
Curtis, that I can't but sympathize with any good or evil fortune

<sup>27</sup> Curtis's father had died earlier in the month (Cary, *George William Curtis*, p. 105).

w<sup>h</sup> befalls you, and write a line (w<sup>h</sup> does not require any answer) only to say that I am sincerely grieved for your calamity and that I am yours most truly always

W M Thackeray.

Please to give my very best regards to our friends of Staten Id <sup>28</sup>

1206.

TO THE REV. WHITWELL ELWIN

28 JANUARY—23 MARCH 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

My dear Elwin. At the top of this old sheet of paper is the date of July 18. 1818 — and a letter of John Adams the President of the US. addressed to M<sup>r</sup> Wirt as you see below <sup>29</sup> — and I write with a fountain pen bought at Washington, and in a tavern in a swamp in South Carolina, where we have been detained these 6 hours and are to stay as many more and our engine broke down Sir — and our engine broke down the day before yesterday Sir in Virginia as I was coming from Virginia University where I had been to lecture in o such wicked frost & snow! They haven't had such a winter these 60 years — and an immense comfort it was to me yesterday to see the snow lighter and lighter on the ground until at Wilmington N C. it disappeared altogether and to day we worked through pine-forest and marsh until we were brought up by our mishap — Law bless you — they are always mishappening

<sup>28</sup> The Shaws.

<sup>29</sup> The bulk of the following note to William Wirt (1772–1834), author of *Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry* (1817) and Attorney-General of the United States from 1817 to 1829, is written at the top of the page, but *Mr. Wirt* is at the bottom, in the midst of Thackeray's letter:

“Quincy. July 18. 1818

Dear Sir

Accept a Morsell of ancient Massachusetts litterature: and will you be pleased to compare it with M<sup>r</sup> Henry's Argument against the Parsons.

It was preached and printed in 1749.50 and reprinted in England. It made a great Noise in New England and in old.

Pray Sir will you do me the favour to point out the Errors and faults in it. Be assured you will very much oblige your real Well Wisher

John Adams.”



here trains after trains are delayed in the north, and passengers rush on undismayed by the cruel weather. Forster has written to me of you and that you were pleased to hear of my pecuniosity. It is wonderful how the people love to hear lectures and come through abominable slippery ice to listen to a man who is utterly weary of speaking. In most places there are 2 papers that applaud and 2 that attack me fiercely. I dont read these latter unless surprized into them, and as for the praise I try not to be puffed up by the same. Can any one praise me more than a certain Norfolk parson?

I am delighted to hear of Forster's Secretaryship.<sup>30</sup> He has worked hard and well for the Whigs and the public too: and it does good to the whole literary profession that members of it should get good posts and government recognition, and do their duties well as of course he will. Let us for the honour of the trade, hear of a few of us dying worth a little money, without talk of hats being sent round at our decease or that stale old outcry about the improvidence of authors raised against us (See how I'm obliged to dodge round the folds made by old M<sup>r</sup> Adams in the

The above was written in N C. January 28 (I find by referring to the pocket book)<sup>31</sup> I was interrupted in the little old tavern by the guard of the train who tapped me on the back and said Were a goin now — an engine had arrived to our relief. Then the letter was pushed into the travelling [bag] then I went to Charleston and stayed a fortnight having a pretty merry time then I travelled ever so many hundred miles of dreary swamp & pine railroad through Georgia and Alabama, and then up the Alabama river to Mobile and thence to New Orleans

The drawback of writing letters from these parts is that the subject is so supremely disagreeable. Over a thousand miles of railroad I have not seen a beautiful prospect — only swamp, sand, pines, wood cabins or villages and negroes reposing here and there — on the Alabama river a view about as mournful as if it was a tributary to the Styx, on this Mississippi the same dreariness on a wider scale, in the taverns dirt stenches dreadful swearing in the bars

<sup>30</sup> Forster was appointed Secretary to the Commissioners of Lunacy late in 1855.

<sup>31</sup> I have not traced this diary.

gongs banging night & day to plentiful filthy meals, every mans & womans knife in the mouth or the dish alternately — I was drawing a picture <sup>32</sup> for home & only made men performing this feat, but looking down the table at dinner to day every single woman was occupied so — and when we had done there came a giantess (we are going both to perform at the same fair no doubt) to eat alone — and when I looked she had her knife down *her* great mouth. I can hardly bear it. I do not mind about spitting any more: but the gentlemen very very many of them blow their noses with their fingers and only use their pocket handkerchiefs for dessert. I don't like to write about the country & what I see in it. A plainer and more practical man would not be shocked by rough manners w<sup>h</sup> may sicken a Londoner — I see a sort of triumphant barbarism, a sordid greed everywhere and an extravagance quite as astounding, well its a fact the boat shakes so that it shakes the sentences out of my head. All profits of all businesses immensely high.

1207.

TO THE SECRETARY OF THE  
GEORGIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

31 JANUARY 1856

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Mr. Barrett, who owns the original.

Mills H. Charleston. S. C.

Sir

Jan 31.

My lectures will conclude here on Friday Feb 9<sup>th</sup> and I shall gladly proceed hence to Savannah, and lecture under the auspices of your society.<sup>33</sup>

<sup>32</sup> See frontispiece.

<sup>33</sup> At the invitation of the Georgia Historical Society Thackeray lectured in Savannah at St. Andrew's Hall on February 13, 14, 16, and 18 (*Savannah Daily Morning News*, February 13, 15, 18). "The Audience at St. Andrew's Hall last evening," it is recorded of the second lecture, "was decidedly the largest that we have ever seen assembled in a lecture room in Savannah, and comprising as it did, a large portion of the intelligence and refinement of our city, must have afforded Mr. Thackeray a gratifying evidence of the high appreciation in which he is held as a litterateur and lecturer by our community."

I do not know what charge to make, or if the G. Historical Society desires to participate in the profits of the speculation: but I shall gladly leave the arrangement to my friends in Savannah, who I have no doubt will deal quite fairly by

Your very faithful Serv<sup>t</sup>

W M Thackeray.

I can leave this by the boat of Monday Feb 11, and wish to take the Steamer for Havannah on Feb 19 — so that I have but a week for the lectures.

1208. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

2-7 FEBRUARY 1856

*Address:* Miss Thackerays | with Major Carmichael-Smyth. | Rue d'Angoulême St Honoré | Paris. | By Cunard Steamer v Boston & Lpool. *Postmarks:* BOSTON FEB 15, PARIS 25 FEVR. 56. Extract published, *Biographical Introductions*, X, xxi.

This is the paper on w<sup>h</sup> Charles and me writes the lectures (only we don't go between the lines) and you will see by the map w<sup>h</sup> your exlant Geagraffick *ejucation* have a made you *fimilyar* of it, that your Pa have arrived in the South young ladies w<sup>h</sup> he was very much pleased to git your dlitafle letter of the 8 Jan. Yesdy was the first lecture here and after leaving behind me the most dismal snows and ices, here I sit at an open winder, have taken off my warm clothes, am pretty well thank you, & shant see the North again until there is some bearable weather. What a weary journey we had from Richmond to this place! We were 48 hours on the road to come not more than 400 miles — we broke down and stopped 8 hours at a roadside hotel we got a little sleep between times we didnt reach Richmond <sup>34</sup> till Tuesday afternoon. We had a convulsion of nature w<sup>h</sup> occasioned the propriety of calomel we were pooty well on Thursday quite right on Friday with the help of some good Champagne, your very humble servant on Friday when we lectured to a distinguished horditory, and taking our

<sup>34</sup> A slip for Charleston.

ease and paying our visits on Saturday when we bought a sketch-book and made one sketch and now we are come home to dinner — and who do you think is here? Can your beating heart tell you? Sally the mum-mum-married and her jolly husband who is a grand seigneur in these parts — and last night poor Lucy arrived from New York after a stormy passage leaving winter and ice-blocked ports behind her — and having been ill weeks and weeks & months past with ceaseless chill & fever — What has a appened to Sally? I declare to goodness she looks 30, & is scarcely handsome. Suppose Anny were to marry would she look 30 6 weeks after marriage and lose her beauty, my gentle cheeyild? — I am glad Min is going to turn tragic actress — How fond you would both be of the little blackies — they are the dearest little imps — I have been watching them all day, about pumps, crawling in gutters, playing in sunshine — I think I shall buy one and bring it home — and happy they unquestionably are — but but — I remember telling you of a pretty little child scratching my elbow and holding up a plate to me at dinner when I was here before,<sup>35</sup> and now — now my friend has tired of Charleston and his beautiful luxurious house gardens and establishment, and has sold his house and his wines — and I dont like to ask abt the ebony child whom he tickled and nursed and brought up in luxury, and who I fear may be sold too — Whilst I have been writing this I have been out to pay a visit to my last love — a sweet blonde with blue eyes she crows upon my floor and she is 7 months old — and I think Granny & I and you have all got the love of children famously developed. — No, this paper is not at all nice to write letters upon in this way — the lines dodge the eyes, and I am thinking of them & how to keep 'em strait rather than of what I have to say — wish Anny were here to dictate. We must put on another month to the Calendar my dear woman — I can scarcely be home before June but then please God my health goes right I shall have made nearly twice as much as in the last trip — 5000£ left here, in all — and 1500 to bring back and pay for the house at whome. Then we need not be frightened about anything happening and if a certing party

<sup>35</sup> See above, No. 965.

says Sir your wanted — there will be enough just barely for mother & bairns — Enter boy with card & note — Papa reads

M<sup>rs</sup> Barnwell Rhett <sup>36</sup> requests pleasure &c — what wonderful names — Bungo is written a little way down the street and in Tradd S<sup>t</sup> I just saw 'M<sup>r</sup> Chevis Jervey' on a neat silver plate.

Feb 6. Since I began this is ever so many days off. The communications between here & New York have been interrupted by the sno: and I have the satisfaction of knowing that Granny's glum imagination about 10 days hence will be inventing score of reasons why I didn't write. It is a pretty good time. Not very profitable and not much to do but pleasant people and agreeable talk over old wine. Poor Charles awfully bored: he is too shy to make acquaintances and has nothing to do from morning till night. How pleasant it would be to make a trip from Havannah to the West Indies, wouldn't it? But that I am so greedy of money I might do that — and see, O what a comfort! Some English people again. A kind letter from my old host M<sup>r</sup> Low of Savannah makes me welcome again to his house, and I go next week, and on the 19 if present plans hold good to Havannah whence to N. Orleans is an easy 3 days run. That city is perfectly healthy now so Granny needn't be alarmed, and by the middle of March I shall be some way up the Mississippi and by Lady Day or so at S<sup>t</sup> Louis — from there all is plain sailing — great cities to visit and pillage, great lakes to see — back by Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia praps again. New York again — New England and Boston again — and then and then and then — but poor Miss Thackeray wont have very many balls this season in London. I didnt offer the house to W W W W F <sup>37</sup> because it was dismantled because Eyre was in it and because I sent him some money to go on with: but he is quite welcome if he has gone on Nan's invitation — Answering these questionkins or making plans is idle across these thousands of miles of water. Last night M<sup>rs</sup> F. Hampton and Miss Baxter went to a ball both looking very bright and pretty — Hampton is a fine

<sup>36</sup> The second wife of Robert Barnwell Rhett (1800–1876), a Charleston aristocrat.

<sup>37</sup> William Webb Follett Synge.

young fellow — good looking burly honest not a literary cove — Last year when the Cholera was on his plantation he would not leave it but staid and nursed his poor black people by whom he is adored — His sisters are slaves to the slaves too up at all hours of the night to go see the sick working day & night for these thriftless folk making the best of a bad bargain by the practise of a hundred virtues. O how I should like to set up an Atelier and draw these niggahs! They are endlessly funny. To day is Race day, lecture day, and I'll keep the remainder of the page for last good words to my dearest old Granny & G P. and children.

Feb. 6. Since this young ladies nothing have a happened but one lecture, and now there is a great refreshing shower of rain falling — w<sup>h</sup> washes away my blue devils and makes me feel all the more cheery. All the people who are (gone) to the races must be finely flooded: and they dread rain here as much almost as I dread snow

I have been this morning to see a crazy portrait painter with a beard like Brotherton — and not much more skill in his business — I wish I could have praised and did wherever I could get a feeble chance, but of course the praise was not enough, and I left the poor fellow balked of what his soul longed for. What rubbish his pictures were! Yet he talked well enough, and his beard was beautiful — And to improve my mind yesterday I read Sir S. Romilly's life and letters <sup>38</sup> — and I went to bed at 9 o'clock and slept till 7 this morning and I think this is all that has happened to me — The mail has taken from Sunday to Thursday to come from New York — so as this has to go to Boston — I must shut him up to day and forward him with my balessing to my old and young folks to whom I want to get back so much that I dont know how I shall get the 3 months through — Never mind — they will pass and I shall grumble and one happy day O sich a happy day shall see Liverpool Dock! So God bless all says Papa.

I see it is Feb 7. Charleston.

<sup>38</sup> *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Samuel Romilly* (1840).

1209. TO MRS. ELLIOT AND KATE PERRY  
6-7 FEBRUARY 1856

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> F. Elliot | 13 Chesham Place | London. *Postmarks:* BOSTON  
FEB 13, 25 FE 1856. Hitherto unpublished.

Charleston. Feb 7 not 6<sup>th</sup>

A desire for news from Chesham Place begins strongly to animate this boosom. It is ages since I heard — it will be weeks ere I hear again. Am I not going to Savannah & Havannah and will letters reach me at New Orleans? The cold has penetrated even here. I fancy one feels it more even than in the North, though there's no snow but the houses are not armed against the cold as in N Y & Boston J'ai froid et je m'ennuie are not these pleasant incentives to letter-writing? I have been here a week of w<sup>h</sup> 2 first days were spent in bed. The people are very kind pleasant and hospitable. The newspapers praise the lectures. I know one person who is very sick of them. Can you guess his name? But he will go on spouting them D V for 3 or 4 months to come. He will it is to be hoped, earn as much money by them as will pay for his house: and leave 5000£ here. Then he will be worth 10000£ — very well for one who was worth 000 four years ago — and if he dies there will be bread and cheese at least for Miss Annyminny. What shall I tell you — M<sup>rs</sup> Frank Hampton Miss S—lly B—xt—r as was is here with her husband and her pretty sister whom I like best now — and I have a new love — living on the same floor with me such a pretty little blue eyed blonde! She is seven months old — the only person who moves this glum old heart in the least. Bon Dieu, comme je m'ennuie! It is Race day the great day at Charleston — the whole town is on the course three miles off — only what do I care for seeing races? Charles ennues himself more than his master and with more cause He has nothing to do: not a single companion — I said to him tother day — What do you do in the evening Charles — I read the paper Sir and I lay on my bed and — here his eyes filled with tears — but he remains very good & faithful and is a great comfort to his employer. I

want to amuse mes bonnes soeurs and only draw a great blue devil? Sh! that is the colour of the day. Better to have news in blue devil ink than none at all. Have you settled a peace yet or has that pretty prospect vanished? — We are yet without anything but telegraphic news — the roads between this and New York are blocked — the trains always late — the ice in mountains along the roads.

Feb 6 <sup>39</sup> The child of grief paused here in his complaints yesterday — nor has anything happened since to enliven his mood. It is dreffly stupid that is the fact: and will be for the next 3 months until that welcome Spring sun shines w<sup>h</sup> shall see me on board the returning steamer. With a well constituted mind — a man desirous for information &c. you see this would be different — but I ain't desirous of information. I am frivolous and futile a long course of idleness (w<sup>h</sup> novel-writing is) has wasted my intellect — an impaired digestion or it may be an unhappy passion in early life has made me indifferent to all things in this world — I say? Am I to go on grumbling all day to day too? When I say nothing interests me I fib — the negroes here do considerably I wish I had a sketch book and a hundred of them drawn — I am not dissolved in pity for them. They seem happy enough here as in Richmond. Two gentlemen beg me to go away to their plantations & see for myself. Colonel Hampton <sup>40</sup> S. S. B's new father in law — who has a great rank in these parts — is quite like a fine old English gentleman with a pleasant rosy face and white hair & bland simple manners — He is treated as they would treat — whom shall we say?

<sup>39</sup> A mistake for February 7.

<sup>40</sup> Colonel Wade Hampton (1791–1858). His father, General Wade Hampton, served in the Revolutionary War and was considered to be “the wealthiest man in the Southern States”. Colonel Hampton himself was a pattern of the great southern gentleman. He entertained lavishly; he was an able sportsman and farmer; and the strength of his political influence won him the title of “the great Warwick of South Carolina.” It is unlikely that Thackeray found time to visit his plantation of “Millwood” near Columbia, the appearance of which before its devastation by General Sherman's soldiers in 1865, is described in *The American Agriculturalist*, January, 1847, pp. 20–21. (Benjamin Franklin Perry, *Reminiscences of Public Men, with Speeches and Addresses, Second Series*, Greenville, S. C., 1889, pp. 108–113)



Sir Thomas Acland<sup>41</sup> at Exeter. He calls for a bottle of Champagne of w<sup>h</sup> he only drinks a glass — we have much better dinners when we dine at his table — than the common table d'hôte — The town is alive with balls. Lucy & Sally went tother night and looked uncommonly bright & pretty — but I didn't go — What care I to see Lucy and Sally dancing? My place is by the side of older women — O Lord I wish I were in it!

And this letter is so dreadfully foolish that I scruple about sending it — but you'll be glad of a line ever so dull wont you to say I am always J. J. K's.

1210.

TO JUDGE KING

9 FEBRUARY 1856

My text is taken from Mr. Morris Parrish's "Adventures in Reading and Collecting Victorian Fiction," *Princeton University Library Chronicle*, III (1942), p. 41, where the date is also recorded.

My dear Sir: I hope you will pardon me for having stolen a volume out of your library which I return with thanks and contrition. I went in to look at Mrs. King's beautiful supper table as I came from the ball the other night, and could not withstand the temptation of a volume of Old Plays.<sup>42</sup> Thank you for your hospitality and believe me always yours W. M. T.

1211.

TO EYRE CROWE

?—16 FEBRUARY 1856

*Address:* Eyre Crowe Esq<sup>r</sup> | 36 Onslow Square | Brompton | London. *Postmarks:* NEW YORK FEB 20, MR 3 1856. Hitherto unpublished.

My dear Eyre. Thank you for your letter and the welcome news from the old house at home. How I wish I were back in it! I am

<sup>41</sup> Sir Thomas Dyke Acland (1787–1871), a Devon landed proprietor and M. P. "His name was often on men's lips as the type of an independent politician and thorough gentleman" (*Dictionary of National Biography*).

<sup>42</sup>One of the twelve volumes of *A Select Collection of Old Plays* (1744), edited by Robert Doddsley.

bored to extinction by this present journey. I make more money than by the last performances: but I hate the business worse and worse hate the parties, eschew the balls, dont like to speak to anybody and make myself so disagreeable that I am sure they will never bear me for a third visit. If you see your neighbour Maurice Marochetti give him my best regards and tell him I am glad for his sake he did not come on the journey. I asked poor Charles how he got on and for answer his eyes filled up with tears. He is bored even more dreadfully than his master — has nothing to do except packing up days or when I am unwell, then he is of the greatest comfort to me. We are going to Low's comfortable quarters in Savannah next week; and the week after to Havannah perhaps — though if I heard that the infernal winter had broken up in New York I think I should run back thither & cut N. Orleans & the Mississippi. M<sup>rs</sup> Hampton Miss Sally Baxter that was is here with her sister & husband. He is a fine fellow — like an Englishman big broad honest handsome gentlemanlike quite unlike the N. York whippersnappers. His wife is very much improved by her marriage and our mutual flame extinguished most satisfactorily There is one painter here with a fine beard and mon dieu que sa peinture est affreuse! S Lawrence is doing well but not very well — He has saved no money he says but then he has 10 children. Why dont you marry & get 10 children? I get famous letters from the girls & they are about my only comfort. Very sorry to hear that your father is still sore about Amy.<sup>43</sup> She is the greatest comfort to us, & a great comfort too it is to think that money matters go so well with me, that I can afford to have such a dear little companion for my daughters and make a happy home for her. Lord! how I wish we were all in it I say again. I have already potted 10000\$ and if health lasts ought to get near as much more before I come home.

Savannah — chez Low — who has a pretty wife & child and is just as good a fellow as ever & sends you his regards. I have had this crumpling in my pocket since Charleston have been to Augusta, am very jolly to get here, am going to Macon Montgomery N.

<sup>43</sup> For the circumstances of the Crowe family at this time, see *Memoranda*.

Orleans pulling in little hauls of dollars along the way. Charles has just got a letter from Gray, & I famous ones from the girls: and I see old Jo in the Illustrated L News and in this clean house with this quiet feel comfortable for once — & Charles is great taking the checks — and I think I have nothing to tell you but Lord when June comes shant I be glad to be back again! The Pacific <sup>44</sup> is now 25 days out & nothing heard of her. Goodbye my dear Eyre always yours

W M T.

Feb 16.

1212.

TO KATE PERRY  
14-16 FEBRUARY 1856

My text is taken from *Collection of Letters*, pp. 169-171.

Savannah, Georgia, —  
Feast of St. Valentine.

This welcome day brought me a nice long letter from K.E.P., and she must know that I write from the most comfortable quarters I have ever had in the United States. In a tranquil old city, wide-streeted, tree-planted, with a few cows and carriages toiling through the sandy road, a few happy negroes sauntering here and there, a red river with a tranquil little fleet of merchant-men taking in cargo, and tranquil ware-houses barricaded with packs of cotton, — no row, no tearing northern bustle, no ceaseless hotel racket, no crowds drinking at the bar, — a snug little languid audience of three or four hundred people, far too lazy to laugh or applaud; a famous good dinner, breakfast etc., and leisure all the morning to think and do and sleep and read as I like. The only place I say in the States where I can get these comforts — all free gratis — is in the house of my friend Andrew Low of the great house of A. Low and

<sup>44</sup> The *Pacific*, Captain Eldredge commanding, left Liverpool for New York on January 23. It failed to appear on the date scheduled for its arrival, and on February 11 two steamers were dispatched in search of it. By the following May all hope for the vessel, its forty-five passengers, and company of 141 men was abandoned.

Co., Cotton Dealers, brokers, Merchants — what's the word? Last time I was here he was a widower with two daughters in England, about whom — and other two daughters — there was endless talk between us. Now there is a pretty wife added to the establishment, and a little daughter number three crowing in the adjoining nursery. They are tremendous men these cotton merchants.<sup>45</sup>

When I had finished at Charleston I went off to a queer little rustic city called Augusta — a great broad street 2 miles long — old quaint looking shops — houses with galleries — ware-houses — trees — cows and negroes strolling about the side walks — plank roads — a happy dirty tranquillity generally prevalent. It lies 130 miles from Charleston. You take 8½ hours to get there by the railway, about same time and distance to come here, over endless plains of swampy pinelands — a village or two here and there in a clearing. I brought away a snug little purse from snug little

<sup>45</sup> Among Thackeray's friends at Low's house were two little Negro boys, Jim and Sady, of whom he later wrote: "I made Sady's acquaintance on a first visit to America, — a pretty little brown boy with beautiful bright eyes, — and it appears that I presented him with a quarter of a dollar, which princely gift he remembered years afterwards, for never were eyes more bright and kind than the little man's when he saw me, and I dined with his kind masters on my second visit. Jim at my first visit had been a little toddling tadpole of a creature, but during the interval of the two journeys had developed into a full-blown beauty. On the day after my arrival these young persons paid me a visit, and here is an accurate account of a conversation which took place between us, as taken down on the spot by the elder of the interlocutors.

"Jim is five years old: Sady is seven: only Jim is a great deal fatter. Jim and Sady have had sausage and hominy for breakfast. One sausage, Jim's, was the biggest. Jim can sing, but declines on being pressed, and looks at Sady and grins. They both work in de garden. Jim has been licked by Master, but Sady never. These are their best clothes. They go to church in these clothes. Heard a fine sermon yesterday, but don't know what it was about. Never heard of England, never heard of America. Like oranges best. Don't know any old woman who sells oranges. (*A pecuniary transaction takes place.*) Will give that quarter-dollar to Pa. That was Pa who waited at dinner. Are hungry, but dinner not cooked yet. Jim all the while is revolving on his axis, and when begged to stand still turns round in a fitful manner.

"*Exeunt Jim and Sady with a cake apiece, which the housekeeper gives them. Jim tumbles downstairs.*" (*Works*, XIII, 646-647)

Augusta, though I had a rival — A Wild man, lecturing in the very same hall: <sup>46</sup> I tell you it is not a dignified *métier*, that which I pursue.

What is this about the *Saturday Review*? <sup>47</sup> After giving Vernon Harcourt 2/6 to send me the first 5 numbers, and only getting No. 1, it is too bad they should assault me — and for what? My lecture is rather extra loyal whenever the Queen is mentioned, — and the most applauded passage in them I shall have the honour of delivering to-night in the Lecture on George II, where the speaker says “In laughing at these old-world follies and ceremonies shall we not acknowledge the change of today? As the mistress of St. James passes me now I salute the sovereign, wise, moderate, exemplary of life, the good mother, the good wife, the accomplished Lady, the enlightened friend of Art, the tender sympathizer in her people’s glories and sorrows.” <sup>48</sup>

I can’t say more, can I? and as for George III, I leave off just with the people on the crying point. And I never for one minute should think that my brave old Venables would hit me; or if he did that he hadn’t good cause for it.

Forster’s classification <sup>49</sup> delights me. It’s right that men of such ability and merit should get government recognition and honourable public employ. It is a compliment to all of us when one receives such promotion. As for me I have pestered you with

<sup>46</sup> On the invitation of the Young Men’s Library Association Thackeray lectured on George III and George IV at the Masonic Hall in Augusta on February 11 and 12 (*Augusta Daily Chronicle and Sentinel*, February 10). The advertisement for the Wild Men’s performances is reproduced on the opposite page.

<sup>47</sup> *The Saturday Review* of December 15, 1855, devotes two columns (pp. 106–107) to a protest against Thackeray’s lecture on George IV. It is maintained that he is a much maligned monarch. Because he was a worse man than his father, he was paradoxically a better king, for he was consequently too weak and slothful to put his misguided ideas concerning the government of England into operation. Moreover, since Americans do not discriminate between the monarch and the man, Thackeray’s lecture is grossly unpatriotic, however rigidly he may limit his attention to George IV’s private character and life.

<sup>48</sup> See *Works*, VII, 650.

<sup>49</sup> See above, No. 1206.

## MASONIC HALL.

Great Wonders will be seen in this Place.

**THE WILD MEN**, with novelty, can be seen at the above Hall, for a few days, commencing **MONDAY, Feb. 11th**—open day and night.

Admission 25 cents—No half price.

Ladies and children can visit the **WILD MEN**, as there is neither word, action, nor deficiency of dress, to offend the most delicate eye or ear.

**N. B.**—These Lectures can be attended by Ladies unaccompanied by Gentlemen, as good order is maintained; also, seats reserved for Ladies and Children.

(Open from 10 o'clock, morning, to 1 o'clock, P. M., and from 2 to 6, and from 7 to 9 at night. **Sch 10-12**)

**WILL REOPEN ON MONDAY, MARCH 3, 1857.**

**Col. Wood's Museum**

Was visited by over

50,000 PERSONS

during his previous visit in town, mostly ladies. He remains but one week longer. Will reopen at the splendid rooms.

18 ST. CHARLES STREET,

opposite the Southern Bank of New Orleans, with several additional curiosities.

**THE WONDERFUL FRENCH BIRD WARBLER**, for this week.

**THE INFANT ESAU** and his Mother **M'ne CLOFFE**, LIA, the greatest curiosity of this century, and a subject of admiration and wonderment to all persons who have seen her in Switzerland, France, England and the United States, is to be seen in this place for a few days only.

**THE AMERICAN GIANTESSE, MISS SYLVIA HARDY**, from Wilton, Franklin county, Me., who is nearly 5 feet high, weighs 181 pounds, and requires 1544 yards of ordinary dry goods for a complete dress.

**Doors open from half past 4 A. M. till 3 P. M., and from 6 to half past 9 P. M.**

**Admission, 25 cents; children and servants half price.** mh2-11

## Armageddon Lecture.

The scientific and absolute discovery of the United States' prophecy.

The political inequality of the three great races of men, and the extension of republican democracy over the white race.

The divine right of the United States to North and South America and the adjacent islands.

The invasion of the United States by Great Britain and allied Europe, France excepted; "the battle of the great day of God Almighty" or "Armageddon" in the Mississippi valley, and the consequent universal overthrow of monarchy and church and State union.

Perpetuity and splendor of the American Republic.

To the truthfulness of this theory, learning, patriotism, and piety are widely committed. The Louisville Journal says that the author, "Mr. Baldwin, very clearly traces the United States in the grand panorama of the prophetic map."

It has aroused ecclesiastical and legislative bodies like a galvanic battery. Will the patriotic give it a hearing?

Three lectures on the subject will be delivered in the Lecture Room at Odd Fellows' Hall, on **MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY NIGHTS, March 10th, 11th and 12th**, by Messrs. **PITTS and BALDWIN**, of Tennessee.

Tickets for the course, \$1; single tickets, 50 cents.

**N. B.**—All the clergymen of the different denominations in the city, as well as editors of newspapers, are respectfully invited to attend, without charge. Also, the Mayor and Common Council of the city. mh3 M&E



my account of dollars and cents, and it is quite clear that Kings or Laws<sup>50</sup> cannot do anything so well for me as these jaws and this pen — please God they are allowed to wag a little longer. I wish I did not read about your illness and weakness in that letter. Ah, me! many and many a time every day do I think of you all.

Enter a servant (black) with the card of Bishop Elliott.<sup>51</sup> . . .

If you are taking a drive some day, do go and pay a visit of charity to my good cook and house-keeper Gray, and say you have heard of me, and that I am very well and making plenty of money and that Charles is well and is the greatest comfort to me. It will comfort the poor woman all alone in poor 36 yonder. What charming letters Annie writes me with exquisite pretty turns now and then. St. Valentine brought me a delightful letter from her too, and from the dear old mother; and whether it's the comfort of this house, or the pleasure of having an hour's chat with you, or the sweet clean bed I had last night and undisturbed rest and good breakfast, — altogether I think I have no right to grumble at my lot and am very decently happy, don't you?

16th Feb. My course is for Macon, Montgomery and New Orleans; no Havannah, the dollars forbid. From N. O. I shall go up the Mississippi, D. V., to St. Louis and Cincinnati, and ye who write will address care of J. G. King's Sons, New York, won't you?

Yours afft.

W. M. T.

<sup>50</sup> An echo of a couplet contributed by Dr. Johnson to Goldsmith's *Traveller* (11. 429-430):

How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

<sup>51</sup> Stephen Elliott (1806-1866), Episcopal Bishop of Georgia since 1841, who served at this time as Rector of Christ's Church in Savannah (Walter Stevens Perry, *The Episcopate in America*, New York, 1895, p. 83).



## 1213. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

15 FEBRUARY 1856

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript supplied by Mrs. Fuller.

Savannah, Georgia,  
Feb. 15, 1856.

A famous letter from my dearest women, and my dearest old Mammy came to me here on St. Valentine's day, and finds me in the comfortablest quarters I shall have between this and Europe. O the blessing of quiet, and a clean sweet bed and sleep and all day to myself and leisure to read muse sleep without hearing the hundred thousand feet of the hotel trampling by, without having a hundred people to stare at breakfast or being scared with a hundred knives plunging down as many throats at dinner! I have hardly had leisure to think, it seems to me, since I left home 4 months ago; but certainly am better in health, we begin to have a wholesome longing for employment again. The chills and fever have gone, and I have had a recurrence of my old amusement but only at intervals of about 6 weeks and with warnings, which, if I could have regarded them might easily have been cared for. But what is a gentleman to do in a 48 hours railway journey? I was laid up for a couple of days on arrival at Charleston and since have been all right. I had a fortnight at Charleston and these fortnights as I expected are not quite so profitable as the time at the North; but what a blessing it is to escape the snow — not to be blocked up in a drift for 10, 14, 36 hours, as acquaintances of mine have been, and to have to burn the woodwork of the cars to make fire. For 70 years there has not been such a fierce winter. Even here it is cold and a good fire is a pleasure and a great coat comfortable at night. Whether I go to Havannah next Tuesday or to Macon Montgomery Mobile N. Orleans is uncertain. Havannah would be the pleasantest, but tother route the most profitable, and I shall take it, if I can see my way to the dollars, and so work round by the Mississippi and St. Louis to Cincinnati, then back to N. York, and

dear kind old Boston — Enter at this moment a card; lady down stairs wishes to see me, grave old lady, shakes hands, curtsies — “Mai name is Newcomb Sir, have read your memoirs of the Newcomb family, and perhaps you will tell me about them as we are entitled to a fortune of six millions of dollars in England”? Now this woman I daresay would give an opinion about books, and is as well qualified as many another critic. What numbers of people who ought to be locked up are walking about and giving their opinions freely! Since Charleston I have been to Augusta, 120 miles 8 hours through an endless swampy flat of pine forest with a village or 2 in the dry sandy places — Nice quaint old town Augusta, rambling great street 2 miles long — doctors and shopkeepers the society of the place, the latter far more independent and gentlemanlike than our folks — much pleasanter to be with, than the daring go ahead northern people. Slavery no where repulsive — the black faces invariably happy and plump, the white ones eager and hard; “We never use that word which you have just employed” says a gentleman to me at Augusta — “We respect our servants Sir” — “Yes Sir but a boot is a boot, and a slave is a slave, whatever else you call him” — Then we go off into the statement that the negro is happier in his American condition than in any other state at all, which I am not disinclined to agree — but you read that the other day a woman killed one child, and tried to kill another and herself rather than go back to slavery — that a party of fugitives were discovered in a leaky river boat rather than return. — A company of wild men had the next room to mine at Augusta — I brought away 60 guineas for 2 hours talking. I hope the wild men got well paid too. Here, over my head, is a dancing school, you could hear the fiddle talking to its scholars as I was discoursing to mine. It was queer to hear the dancing master bawling out in his nasal Yankee twang. One fancies that business ought only to be done by Frenchmen. My host here one of the best of good fellows Mr. Low was a widower when I was here last with 2 daughters at home, now he has a pretty young wife with a little daughter No. 3 and they went to Europe last year and saw the other children, who write very nice letters to their new Mamma and have lived near

Malvern somewhere (Mr. Low keeping a house for them in a princely way) and are acquainted with Mr. Rashdale.

I am heartily sorry to hear of the poor Corkran's anxiety.<sup>52</sup> Ah Bon Dieu! what a good fortune that if I can hold out a little more, girls and wife may be placed out of the reach of want at least! God bless my dearest old Mother and G P says always their affectionate son W. M. T.

P.S. The news has just come in — no Havannah for me, but Macon, Columbus Montgomery Alabama River. Next letter will probably be late again.

1214.

TO MRS. BAXTER  
17 FEBRUARY 1856

Published in *American Family*. pp. 131-135.

Savannah. 17 Feb.

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter. A little note from Lucy at Charleston reached me last night, and told me what I was very sorry but not surprized to hear that in the midst of all your watchings and cares and nursings you had fallen ill too — surely there must be some malaria hanging round that Second Avenue Corner, and you should all move away for a season at least and get into a wholesomer air. How well your girls (*our* girls they almost seem to me) looked at Charleston! Sally in her blue dress and lace — the 10000 \$ worth w<sup>h</sup> I gave her and the 10000000 w<sup>h</sup> her father gave her — looked as handsome as a fairy Princess going to the ball. I liked her husband more thoroughly every day I saw him. I thought her Papa-in-law a fine courteous old gentleman — and his daughter in law happy, improved, bearing her new name and station with a great deal of good sense and cheerful graciousness: and as for Lucy, I must tell you that there was a very strong Lucy party in Charleston, and that all of us young fellows agreed in admiring her looks (w<sup>h</sup> I fear is the first thing we young rogues think of,) and her sweet

<sup>52</sup> See below, No. 1384.

natural manners w<sup>h</sup> win everybody. Frank Hampton & I got on by feeling and expressing a fellow-loathing for a certain person<sup>53</sup> whose name I daresay you can guess. And yet vulgar as that Individual is I rather like h— bless me I was going to mention the Individuals sex! — and am glad that Sarah should be kind to the party in question. I write only petty rubbish — I have nothing to say. The wearisome lecturing business goes on, the little heaps of dollars roll in gently, and every week makes the girls about 500 \$ richer: and almost every week brings me a delightful letter from them. At Baltimore I did not know whether I was going to strike for the West or not and had very nearly done so because J<sup>no</sup> Crerar<sup>54</sup> was so pressing. At Richmond I had a pleasant little time a very

<sup>53</sup> "At a certain dinner party [in Charleston]," writes Lucy Baxter (*American Family*, pp. 13-14), "where I went alone with him, my sister not being well, a lady was present who from their first meeting had antagonized Mr. Thackeray. She was clever and rather brilliant, but had written some very trashy novels, whose reputation had certainly not extended beyond her native city. On this and other occasions she seemed determined to attract Mr. Thackeray's attention, to his great annoyance. At last when something was said about the tribulations of authors, the lady leaned across the table, saying in a loud voice, 'You and I, Mr. Thackeray, *being in the same boat*, can understand, can we not?' A dead silence fell, a thunder-cloud descended upon the face of Mr. Thackeray, and the pleasure of the entertainment was at an end. . . . This annoyance on the part of the lady was the culmination of numerous attacks, and struck just the wrong chord. She is referred to as the 'Individual' in a letter to my mother."

The lady in question was Mrs. Henry King (1826-1875), formerly Susan Petigru and later Mrs. C. C. Bowen, who passed the whole of her life in Charleston and wrote several volumes of fiction including *Busy moments of an Idle Woman* (1854) and *Lily* (1855). She and her friends appear to have regarded her encounter with Thackeray as a triumph, for Charleston tradition has it that "the celebrated English author . . . undertook a tilt with her and was badly discomfited." (Charles Armstrong Wauchope, *The Writers of South Carolina*, Columbia, 1910, p. 223)

<sup>54</sup> John Crerar (1826-1889) was at this time a bookkeeper in the iron firm of Fullerton and Raymond. An active member of the Mercantile Library Association and later its president, he served on the committee for Thackeray's lectures and made arrangements for them not only in New York but in other cities as well. In 1862 Crerar went to Chicago, where, his biographer relates, his "life was not an eventful one, except in the rapid accumulation of wealth." After his death the bulk of his fortune was used to found the John Crerar Library in that city. (Thomas W. Goodspeed, *John Crerar*, Chicago, 1939)

pleasant little time — went to the Virginia University in the snow then to Charleston then to let me see to Augusta then on here to my friend Low's house delightful for its comfort and quiet and decorated with a pretty little wife and baby since last I was here. And I have a passport for Havannah in my desk and should have gone thither on Tuesday had not money-grubbing chances offered at Macon Columbus probably Montgomery: then Mobile & New Orleans. Then the Mississippi & St Louis and Cincinnati and who knows what other places on my way to New York? — You will have the snow removed by April, won't you? Whenabouts please God I shall see Second Avenue again. I see and observe no more and like the life no better than I did; but hold out my hat for the dollars perseveringly, and am determined to go on resolutely singing my dreary old song. Suppose I am stupid and bored, what then? A few months boredom may well be borne for the sake of 2 such good girls as mine. At every place I find kind and pleasant people and am a little melancholy when the time comes to leave them. So let us trudge on till the Summer comes, and the bag is pretty full. You will give very kind remembrances to the Snellings for me. You will and must go out of the Brown House, and set up poor dear little George on his legs again. What a year of trials you have had! It was a comfort to see Lucy smiling and being happy & getting well. Let the house: that is my solemn injunction: and get well all of you. A letter at New Orleans I think would find me — or send one to J G Kings', who will forward to me that is when I & they know who is to be my correspondent in that city. Hark! There come Low & his pretty wife from evening church — I went in the morning, and have so much of lay sermon in the week, that one (occasionally) on the Sabbath suffices. O how I have relished the quiet here though! the snug room, the clean bed, the absence of noise, the hours to onesself — no not quite — Didnt I send 7 letters to England yesterday? Goodbye, my very best regards to all. You know that I am affectionately yours

W M T.

## 1215. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

22-24 FEBRUARY 1856

Extract published in *Biographical Introductions*, X, xxi-xxii.

Feb 22. Macon, Georgia.

Although I have but 10 minutes I think it will be nice beginning. I am 200 miles from jolly little friendly Savannah. I am in a great big rambling shambling village w<sup>h</sup> they call a city here. Chawls is taking the tickets at the door of let us trust a crowded lecture room.<sup>55</sup> 125 girls from the Methodist Seminary think of that! are coming & going to pay too I believe — and the blind school has begged to come gratis — and isn't my dreary dress coat waistcoat & lecture there on the bed waiting for me? O young women! them lectures is getting perfect emetics to me them lectures is! — at that moment the inevitable gentleman who always comes too soon and who makes me welcome to our city Sir' and takes me a walk & a drive up bad roads by hideous new buildings and ascends the platform and introduces me to the audience 'quite a fine audience whole souled people Sir, the most distinguished of our citizens Sir', came in, and we had but a meagre attendance, but very well as times go; and it is over, and mad old George is in his coffin, and your Pa is going to his bed very much the better and easier in his body for having omitted the ceremony of dinner. At Low's it was a feast every day — no excess you know: but wine bibbing for 2 hours, and a nightcap after the lecture — and if when I come home I drop a dinner in the week I dessay I shall be all the better.

23. I have been to see an old friend of yours and Granny's & Maria's<sup>56</sup> & D<sup>r</sup> Bertins. M<sup>rs</sup> Johnstone of the Rond Point, with whom M. lived and who was an anatomy of a woman at Paris now

<sup>55</sup> Thackeray gave his lectures on George III and George IV at the Concert Hall in Macon on February 22 and 23 to "large and highly gratified Auditories. The last one in particular seemed to delight everybody present. In his very pleasant and agreeable private intercourse, as well as his public lectures, Mr. Thackeray makes a very favorable impression." (*Georgia Journal and Messenger*, February 27)

<sup>56</sup> Maria Hamerton.

grown to be fat healthy & pretty with a pooty itty baby of 7 months old and we had a long talk about you all and M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Johnstone spoke very kindly of everybody. They are building themselves a house in this rambling lazy out of the way place, & meanwhile live in one of their negro-houses — in an uncommonly nice big room on the ground floor in w<sup>h</sup> I felt I could instantly write novels — I must have a ground floor room on a garden and instantly write novels. Before I had had a walk, and then came dinner, and then was tea, and now it is almost time to put on the dreary tail coat again and issue to the horrible old business. At last I am happy to tell you the Spring has come for good I hope in these regions and that I shall find the Spring a month hence when I get to S<sup>t</sup> Louis up the M<sup>rs</sup> Sippy. Johnstone keeps a shop here — almost everybody keeps a shop. He is very rich though, and has left the business to his brother. I bought a dollar box of toys at the shop, to give to 2 nice little fat girls who are something like what I remember my children to have been not very long ago God bless 'em. I think I like this simple way of trading — the tradesmen form the society. They have pretty houses a little way off from their business — They have not an idea that they are not as good as other folks; and you talk to them here without an effort or a thought of condescension, as you know we persons of distinction should have if we talked with a tradesman in England. I wish you girls would write to old Davus<sup>57</sup> I think he would be glad to hear that your Pa is prospering and at Midsummer will actually be worth 10000£ — At present it is only a little more than 8. And when I think that 3 years ago I had nothing — Laws bless me I am as much surprized as anybody. I think little Dorrit capital as far as I have read — (Do you perceive the connexion of ideas? I was thinking to myself how much is Dickens worth? I suppose) Well now nothing will satisfy me but that my gurgles should have 10000 apiece at my Deth. Did I write to you how nice the Baxter girls were at Charleston? Lucy is much the most elegant and I like her the best now: though Sally is a jolly noble creature, and I don't envy the man who has married her — a sort of bluff honest Uncle-Charles-

<sup>57</sup> Henry Davison.

man. When I have got those 20000 I think Aunt Mary will bust with fury. So poor Nan will lose her parties in London this season — for I suppose I can go on talking till near June.

Feb 24. I looked at my watch just then yesterday and had to dash to the coat and waistcoat for lecture time was come — and the most meagre audience I have had in the States was waiting. Never mind they were highly pleased and I was contented and afterwards I entertained two gentlemen to a slight refection of oysters & champagne the consequences of w<sup>h</sup> are that this morning I feel better than I have felt any time since I have been in the States. It is Sunday morning: it is a little cold: all the bells of Sabbath are ringing: I would have gone to Church, but I want to send off a scrap to my daughters before I go on to Columbus, and then Tuesday or Wednesday I shall go up the Alabama River from Montgomery to Mobile. And I've been thinking y should I not come home in May, so as to be back quite early in June and give Miss Anny some tea fights? O May, I wish it was the day! O June come soon! There is no news of the Pacific that left Lpool at the end of January God help all on board of her! As I write making plans and disposing of visionary thousands. You don't suppose I dont think of the end of all this, & that a sudden end may come to all this scheming? Everything must be understood with a D. V. but the D. V. obtains whether we are on shore or at sea, or distant from home or in bed at 36.<sup>58</sup> I daresay since I wrote the last words I have been saying my prayers too — I mean being very thankful and adoring God our Father and loving my dear children with all my heart. So the end of the little page comes and we slip it in the envelope and send it to New York and across the roaring seas & up 4 pairs of stairs to 2 young women & a dear old Granny & G P who keep whilst your Pa trudges & talks for you & so God bless all old & young and middle aged.

I have told Kings to send your dividend but I suspect only 4000 were bought & not 9000, so you'll only have 800 francs or so.

<sup>58</sup> Onslow Square.



1216.

TO MR. KNOWLES

23 FEBRUARY 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

Macon. Feb 23. 1856.

Dear Sir

In place of a Sentiment of my own w<sup>h</sup> I find very difficult to produce at this moment, please accept the following extract from Boswells Life of Johnson.

‘We talked of the mode of education at Oxford where instruction is chiefly conveyed by Lectures. *Johnson* ‘Lectures were once useful — but now, when all can read and books are so numerous, lectures are unnecessary. If your attention fails, and you miss a part of the lecture, it is lost: you cannot go back as you do upon a book.’

D<sup>r</sup> Scott agreed with him. ‘But yet,’ said I, ‘D<sup>r</sup> Scott, you yourself gave lectures at Oxford’ He smiled. ‘You laughed then’, I said, ‘at those who came to you.’<sup>59</sup>

faithfully yours dear M<sup>r</sup> Knowles  
W M Thackeray.

1217. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

29 FEBRUARY-4 MARCH 1856

Published in *Thackeray and his Daughter*, pp. 92-97, the first three pages being reproduced in facsimile. This letter appears as the frontispiece of the present volume.

Mobile. Alabama

A welcome letter of Feb 1. reaches me on the 29<sup>th</sup> after such a dreary weary half dozen journies from Savannah — to Macon 10 hours, 200 miles through pine flats — 3 days there and only 170 dollars for my trouble — to Columbus 100 miles in 8 hours through pine flats; to Montgomery 100 miles 7 more hours, & 100 miles

<sup>59</sup> Quoted inexactly from a conversation recorded by Boswell on April 15, 1781. See his *Life of Johnson*, ed. Hill and Powell, IV, 92.

more pine flats, and from Montgomery down the Alabama River to this place — where I have got into such a nice hotel into such a beautiful room, have had such a comfortable warm bath, and read over a clean breakfast such a comfortable letter from my women. I think sometimes of writing descriptive letters with remarks on the scenery & institutions — but I have not the face for that kind of conversation with my family. The dreariness of this country, *everywhere*, almost consumes me — there is nothing to draw — one sketch I made on the river yesterday — O what a dismal scene!

This is what you see day after day — but the stink and the dirt the foul glasses, the dingy shirts (many of them with grand diamond brooches making a sunshine in those shady places) <sup>60</sup> the peeps of flannel, the hands and nails — O my who is to draw those? on board the boat a gentleman asked me to drink at night. we go and liquor at the bar. Next day after dinner I offer *him* a drink — ‘Nossir I have dined Sir — dont drink *after* dinner Sir.’ <sup>61</sup> Before breakfast there was a fine groggy smell about the bar though. What I shall never understand is how there were no bugs on board. As a favor I got a basin & towel for myself — other gentlemen fixed themselves in the barber’s shop.

This is far too pretty a view of the country for a thousand miles. The trees are not so tall nor can one give the ragged air w<sup>h</sup> pervades everything by any scrabble of the pen. Well. I am glad this journey is over so far. To me it is beyond measure stupefying and depressing. In the midst of it though I heard people talking about longing to get home and when they did get home O mon dieu! It was a swampy sandflat of 100 wooden houses 4 churches and a hotel and a newspaper office — where they skipped out quite pleased to be back at this Elysium — When we emigrate it must be to live at Boston — That is a Xtian place anyhow.

We had beautiful weather on the steamer, and a volume of

<sup>60</sup> Perhaps an echo of *The Faerie Queene*, Book I, III, iv:

Her angel’s face  
As the great eye of heaven shyned bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shady place.

<sup>61</sup> See *Works*, XIII, 645–646.

Marryatt's collected novels kept me quite amused. I might as well have seen Havannah though — This trip will not make us 100£ the richer, 100? no scarce 50. Never mind I did for the best. How can I help it that it's pouring with rain so that hundreds will be kept away from hearing me tonight?

Sunday. Another famous letter from my girls and their Granny. But when will this one reach them? Why, it cant leave Boston for 10 days to come. And though I've cautioned Granny yet I know she'll go for to frighten herself. I am very well here, and as for money, how much do you think we cleared by our lecture of last night? no less a sum than three dollars. The night was awful that is the truth, the rain was making such a row on the roof of the hall that I was obliged to uplift my voice and master if possible the roar of the storm — I wonder that 120 people were found to venture out on such a night — The hall cost 50 dollars that was 100 of 'em — the advertisements 5 dollars, 10 people more — the door keeper 2 dollars — remain 3 dollars for me Charles and my family. But what must it be when 50 poor devils are dependent upon a theatre, and nobody comes, and they want money for their dinners & breakfasts? Afraid I shant get those other 9000\$ I want. Well, we must be longer getting them that's all. Have been to Church and heard a good sermon — saw the parson at my sermon last night.

March 4. The boat for N. Orleans sails in an hour and I pop my little letter into the post beforehand. Have I said that I have had famous good health here? better spirits and appetite than I have had since I've been in the States. Last night was a famous full house and I hope we shall have the same at N. O. where at any rate I shall have 10 jolly days and then for the west and then for my old friends of Boston Philadelphia New York — and then for some older friends yet — O how welcome the end of May will be and the sight of Liverpool steeples. God bless my women and my dearest old Mother & G P — and Miss Anny I insist on your having some money — and thats a famous letter about the cricket on the H — <sup>62</sup> and I am my dearest shildrens loving father always

<sup>62</sup> Presumably Dickens's *Cricket on the Hearth*.

1218. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY  
7-10 MARCH 1856

Published in part, *Biographical Introductions*, X, xxii-xxv.

New Orleans. March 7-10.

I have already begun another letter on a paper with a picture of New Orleans at the top, and all the rest of the pages nicely ruled — but it is such an immense sheet that I felt as if I could not speak upon it in my natural voice, and I don't chuse to talk in any other to my daughters. That's why they get so little instruction from me (w<sup>h</sup> I haven't got) or wit, w<sup>h</sup> perhaps I might fetch up with a little trouble — but what man ought to be witty to his family? I left Mobile on Tuesday this is Friday. I found kind folks and pleasant company in Mobile,<sup>63</sup> though we did not make a mint of money there — What little I have seen of this I like perhaps better than any town in the Union. There are pictures on the Quays: there are old French houses: there are streets w<sup>h</sup> look for all the world like Havre — the sweet kind French tongue is spoken in the shops and I felt quite a liking for the negro who drove me from the station for calling out in good French to a brother driver. There is capital ordinaire Claret for dinner — the faces are not Yankee faces, with their keen eager narrow eyes, there are many fat people — these are interesting facts: and the most interesting that as we turn from this we shall be going HOME O mong jew! Come quickly I say thou end of May! We had a famous lecture-room full of people last night <sup>64</sup> — You'll only get 40£ and not 80 for your dividend — next July it will be 80£ and next April there'll be another. The work of my first 3 months here will serve to keep your mother for all her life, and afterwards there will be 1000£ apiece for my gals —

<sup>63</sup> Thackeray's friends in Mobile included Judge Joseph Lesesne (d. 1857); Dr. Josiah Clark Nott (1804-1873), physician and ethnologist; and Mme. Octavia Walton Le Vert (1810?-1877), whose *Souvenirs of Travel* appeared in 1857. See *Thackeray in the United States*, I, 287-289.

<sup>64</sup> Thackeray lectured on the Georges and "Charity and Humour" on March 6, 8, 11, 15, and 17 at Odd Fellows' Hall (*New Orleans Times-Picayune*, March 6 and 16).

The next 2 months will pay for the house and then I wonder whether I shall ever lecture any more?

March 8. All yesterday was rain rain to day blyou skeeeye hot weather grass beginning to spring musquitoes to bite — Have been walking a good bit — trying to digest 2 good dinners, and there's another to day unavoidable and on Monday & Wednesday, and then I must have recourse to Douglas's pill box. Well, its a comfort to see the jolly spring — only at New York it is still snow storms and barricades of ice in the Streets — that poor Pacific lost I fear. It is supposed she broke up in a field of ice; the Persia went right through an iceberg w<sup>h</sup> had she not been of iron must have smashed her. So the Fates will & spare some and call for others.

Have I told you about the river steamers? — where there's no deck to walk upon, only galleries where one may cock legs up and smoke. where the men all wash in a common room and a black hair brush hangs ready for the whole dirty company? where the men all stand up at table till the ladies are seated, and then — O yes, I remember I made the picture of the fellows eating.

Now this is Sunday 9<sup>th</sup> and such a sweltering hot day, I have bought a soft broad-brimmed hat, at w<sup>h</sup> Charles grinned when I put it on. But the hat is so comfortable that I cant abide the stiff British headpiece afterwards, came up stairs to change it (having put on the British tile for Sunday and parade) and fall to scrabbling nonsense to my girls. The British Consul <sup>65</sup> gave us a dinner yesterday. The B C is a good natured vulgar Consul — his dinner kept coming up till the very last minute when I had to go lecture — I wondered whether it went on coming up when we were all gone? The papers here are very civil egsept one — a Hirish paper w<sup>h</sup> I am told whips me severely — but I don't read it and don't mind it or any abuse from poor dear old Ireland.

Monday. It is very hard that this letter can't go from New York for 10 days. It will be crossing the Ocean whilst I am working up the Mississippi. It will be half way across by the time I reach St Louis. My business there will be over, let us hope, just

<sup>65</sup> William Mure, British Consul at New Orleans since 1843 (*Foreign Office List*, 1859).

about the time when you are getting this at Paris. Then I shall be in the civilized world again with scores of thousands of miles of railway to carry me whithersoever the dollars call me. It is not wholesome, the process of dollar hunting, keeps the mind engaged with a mean excitement; I am ashamed to think how much I think dollars now. But it is only for a season. When we have atchieved an Independence, we'll think about them no more.

What did I do yesterday? Yesterday we took the horse railway 3 or 4 miles to the suburb called — then crossed the Mississippi in the steam ferry-boat to a little Dutch built town on tother side; then walked along the river by swamps by plantations by ruined wooden houses by groups of negroes by kind German folks walking in their Sunday clothes, by enormous steamers, by lines of ships moored along the vast river banks under the sweetest blue sky to another ferry opposite Canal Street, and here we were landed at a great plain covered with millions of bales of cotton w<sup>h</sup> Sunday as it was the enormous steamers were busy in discharging into the arms of scores of big fellows who roll them away to the ships w<sup>h</sup> carry them to England. We met a black preacher walking with a friend and swaggering with a most delightful majesty — we heard another black gentleman reading prayers out of a great book, and saw him swagger out of the hut when his devotions were over — as for the little black children they ruin me in 5 cent pieces. A man came up to me in the street & asked me if I could sign him any one who wanted to buy a field hand? It was because I looked like a Kentucky farmer my friends tell me, that this obliging offer was made to me — If one of these imps w<sup>d</sup> remain little I think I would buy him and put him into buttons as a page for the young ladies — but presently he will become big, lazy, lying, not sweet smelling doing the 4<sup>th</sup> of a white mans work and costing more to keep. No we wont buy a black imp — but will be home in June please God with our dearest women — and thats all their Pa can say in this stupid letter.

1219.

TO MRS. ELLIOT

10 MARCH 1856

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> F. Elliot | 13 Chesham Place | London. *Postmarks:* NEW YORK 19 MAR, 1 AP 1856. Hitherto unpublished.

New Orleans. March 10.

Though letters are stupid parties in England are kind. There is a party <sup>66</sup> whose birthday will happen about 4 days before this letter reaches Chesham Place—to whom I pray God to send happier birth-days than she has had for some years past; and who will please, when the intelligence of the arrival of this letter is brought to her, will please to imagine me safe at the City of St Louis only about a thousand miles from N. York, and thinking that the time for going home is drawing very near. I wish I had gone to Cuba instead of pursuing this ignoble dollar-hunting in the languid dreary Southern towns between here & Savannah This is a



picture of 1000 miles of railway that I have passed over—pines marshes—flats—flats pines marshes—wretched huts now and again with squalid negroes sauntering about or holding up great pine torches as we pass through the dreary darkness at 12 miles an hour. Then I had 3 days up the Alabama from Montgomery to Mobile—O dreary yellow river! O dingy companions of my travels—O you knife swallows—O you bl-w-rs-of-n-s-s-in-f-ng-rs! O hair brush hung up for the use of the whole company of passengers! What an odd dirty scene it was—with dark troops of slaves landing here and there and marching up the dismal bank into the dingy wilderness beyond: with planters waiting to come

<sup>66</sup> Mrs. Brookfield, who was born on March 25.

on board with their cotton bales with starved ragged planters houses shuddering upon the steep river sides with darkies bearing turkies for sale with ague stricken woodmen at whose wharves we stop and take in pine wood — Somehow I cant write a descriptive letter any more — If Anny were here I could dictate one, but to sit down and describe scenery to ones friends seems trifling and hypocritical doesn't it? *We* never have any useful conversation when we meet, do we? We talk nonsense or about each others pains & aches or &c &c &c dont we? Other people have other tastes and gifts, but didactic friendship I dont value.

Mobile was very pleasant with an admirable clean hotel and pleasant folks to fall among. This is pleasant too — like Europe in part — vast varied busy picturesque — but I am fallen into a very kind hospitable dreadfully stupid set of cotton merchants,<sup>67</sup> who dine me every day when I could be much better off at the hotel, and force me to eat and drink far more than is good for me. Yesterday I crossed the great river, and had a long Sunday walk. I spend great sums among the negro children, who have an imp like beauty that somehow touches & amuses me — I saw a negro praying in a hut — another negro — but haven't I told all this to the girls in another letter, and is it worth the repetition? If I could but wait till Wednesday there would be something to tell — As I came from breakfast, I saw a card dangling from a lamp opposite the Ladies' Drawing room with the announcement 'Hop on Wednesday'

Here comes in a famous letter from dear girls who say they have had such a kind letter from Chesham Place, and I wish that

<sup>67</sup> Among them James G. Grimshaw, a wealthy Englishman who lived on Prytania Street above Jackson Street (*Cohen's New Orleans Directory*, 1854). But Thackeray's friends in New Orleans were not all merchants. He met John Slidell (1793-1871), at this time United States Senator from Louisiana and later Confederate representative in France; Pierre Soulé (1801-1870), the jurist and diplomat, who had retired to private law practice after his ministry to Spain in 1853-1855; Judah Philip Benjamin (1811-1884), who was later successively Attorney-General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State in the Confederate cabinet; and Leonidas Polk (1806-1864), an Episcopal Bishop who served as a Lieutenant-General in the Confederate army. (*Thackeray in the United States*, I, 295-304)



I had one too. Did I tell you to direct care of Mess<sup>rs</sup> J. G. King's Sons New York? Perhaps it is to the Clarendon you are writing. And Madame, the sight of your hand writing is good for these eyes. May n't any one else write even a single line? God bless her. Do you know what I augur from that silence? Can you guess? We won't go on — We see 3 ladies looking at each other. We see 2 smiling. We see one hanging down her head — We wish we could see them all now. Do you still go on listening faithfully to the Inspectoral sermons? My poor old friend my heart feels very gentle towards him at times — . . . . .

Now I daresay you know that I have laid the pen down and been thinking ever so many thousand miles away, and ever so many years back. This has been but a dull letter, mes bonnes soeurs — I think I say that always dont I? We don't get amusinger as we get older, we grow prosy and repeat ourselves and talk about our complaints and selfish grievances: but our old friends bear up with our dullness for old times' sake; and we go and get sober cups of tea with them, and potter and prattle, &, dull as we are, they like us — and we don't care for making any new friends, and for young amusements or companions or conversations. We remember that we are nearly five and forty years old. We care for no woman under thirty, except our daughters, & we like the sober grey-headed twilight kind of life pretty well. At least it befits our age — and we can't, though we would choose, take another. Good bye Lowndes Square and Chesham Place and ye lodgings wheresoever ye are! Why in the month after next I shall be on my way to see you. Come quickly month after next says Yours

W M T.

1220.

TO MRS. PROCTER

15 MARCH 1856

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript given Lady Ritchie by George Murray Smith.

New Orleans.

March 15, 1856.

My dear Mrs Procter,

I wonder whether you will recognise this handwriting? The owner of it used to write to you once, ever so many years ago, in quite a different hand — not so legible though — but the letters were more amusing because the writer was more amused. Now he isn't. In London he is always longing to be at Paris, and I can vow and declare that at New Orleans he is longing to be in London. He is by this time utterly sick of the House of Hanover. When people seemed inclined to cry as he narrates the pathetic end of George III, he feels inclined to cry out, "You great donkies, don't you know that the Speaker is ashamed of himself whilst he is talking to you, and of you for being so humbugged by his stale declamation? How much longer is this quackery to continue?"

As I feel myself rapidly advancing towards imbecility (Last time I wrote you I was stark mad) it is well that I should get a little money to keep me when I am in the Asylum. Procter will come and see me there, I daresay I shall know him. Here I am dining every day with a man to whom Mylne<sup>68</sup> gave me a letter of introduction for on board the Africa — and where is Mylne now? I often, no sometimes, used to think I would like that place of Secretary which Forster has<sup>69</sup> but I am very glad he is safe in it, and that it is given to a man of letters too. As for this dissatisfied child of Adam who now writes — it strikes him that he can do better for himself than any government can do for him for the next few years after which I shan't want and besides shall be so rich that I have no doubt people will leave me a great deal of money.

<sup>68</sup> Not R. M. Milnes, but a shipboard companion of October, 1855.

<sup>69</sup> See above, No. 1206.

This is pretty talk from five thousand miles off — neat description of new scenes, the beautiful Mississippi, slavery in the South etc — isn't it? It is like walking into the dining room at Weymouth Street <sup>70</sup> falling upon the luncheon and then straightway beginning for an hour's chatter — as if I had never been away.

Here comes the Irish chambermaid to do my room — I must abscond. I guess I will go and sit on the stairs where there is a great nursery full of pretty children and woolly-headed attendants always assembled. To these the dandy young negro valets come and talk, you should see the airs they give themselves the smiles and the ribbons and the politeness of those ladies!

Well, this is strange. As I am lying in bed a little unwell this morning talking to a French Catholic priest whom I met on the road short of money, and who came to-day to pay it back and insisted upon kissing me into the bargain — what should come in but your letter. It has travelled to St Louis in search of me, and come down the Mississippi. I shall go up the river myself on Tuesday. D.V. and shall be glad to get out of this place where a set of cotton merchants are killing me with hospitality. What a sad letter, what illness, what gloom! So you and Mrs Fanny <sup>71</sup> have come to last words. You were pretty nearly the last of her friends. I have never pretended to count in the number — though I have a good will and affection for all that race whom we knew when we had hearts, when we were young. Nearly every week I get famous letters from my girls. Great Gods what should I do if any one married Anny? I shant be back in time to give her any parties this season: and hear that I am to be in disgrace in the big-wig world for having spoken disrespectfully of the Queen's uncle.<sup>72</sup> I think I shall be rather glad to stop with that big-wig world, and go back to my natural belongings. I am more tired and bored with this country than I can tell you: but the money still keeps briskly rolling in and I must go on gathering as long as the crop is to my hand.

<sup>70</sup> The Procters lived at 32 Weymouth Street.

<sup>71</sup> Fanny Kemble.

<sup>72</sup> George IV.

I have not come to Miss Murray's<sup>73</sup> monstrous conclusion that slavery is a beneficial institution — on the contrary — but it is worse for the whites than the blacks as yet — I say as yet — for the time will come when the sufferings of the negroes will be awful — when they begin to fall in value and cost more than they are worth — then will be the pinch for the poor wretches, whom the selfish white race will wish to be rid of.

O Lord, how I wish I was in the Gray's Inn Coffee House! I get intolerably home sick from time to time and rather testy with all the hospitality offered me — am invariably blackguarded by one paper in every town, perhaps two, with a curious brutal malignity and ignorance that makes me more sad than angry. They are always all Irish who do it. Bon Dieu, why will they lie so? They bring me a paper this morning headed "Thackeray and Carlyle".<sup>74</sup> I am whipped for a malignant attack upon Carlyle in my lectures — the fact being that I mentioned in the very most courteous and kindly terms, Lord Carlisle, G. Selwyn's correspondent in the early reign of George III. Only a malignant blundering Paddy-whack could write in this way — and besides the abusive paper, there is the applausive paper. Do you think his criticism is worth much? This is prodigious news you send me about a new Milnes<sup>75</sup> — daughter — and the I.L.N.<sup>76</sup> tells me that Albert Smith is going to marry Keeley's daughter and the girls write me that one of my

<sup>73</sup> Amelia Matilda Murray (1795–1884), a zealous abolitionist, whose *Letters from the United States, Cuba, and Canada* had been published earlier in 1856.

<sup>74</sup> We learn from "Nights in Our Office. — No. 12," a dialogue in *The New Orleans Weekly Delta* of March 23, that a personage known as the "ubiquitous Jones" had somehow understood Thackeray's reference to "this good, clever, kind, highly-bred Lord Carlisle" (*Works*, VII, 667) as an attack on Thomas Carlyle and had, persuaded a newspaper writer named Ben Fox to take the lecturer to task for his supposed offence. Jones grudgingly acknowledges his error in *The Delta*, but contends that Thackeray's "entire discourse was rather flighty and discursive, and so many persons and things were ridiculed that it was not very difficult to conclude, even Carlyle could not escape."

<sup>75</sup> Milnes's second daughter, Florence Ellen (d. 1923), was born on December 7, 1855; Albert Smith did not marry the actress Mary Lucy Keeley (d. 1870) until August 1, 1859.

<sup>76</sup> *The Illustrated London News*.

loves, Miss Montgomery, is going to be married — the very last of them positively. I have found no new ones in America this time, and Miss Baxter, my flame of the last visit, took to herself a husband in December last.

Well, I am at the end of my page and haven't said much have I? If you see my kind good Mrs James give my very best regards to her, and say I have often thought of writing to her — but what? — about the country and institutions about the landscape and the travelling? I can't somehow. We are not people of information are we? We talk sometimes when we are in the mood — sometimes very often now, are entirely silent. Good bye, my dear friend — no more cold boiled pork. It was very nice — no more bitter beer — Why he has had a cab at the door the whole time!

1221. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

17 MARCH 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

March 17

My little Dears. I enter a merchants office and he tells me that my letters for the 25<sup>th</sup> must be posted here in half an hour so I've only time to give you a short letter. I have nothing to tell of but good dinners w<sup>h</sup> I have frequented given by jolly fellows dont la société commence à m'ennuyer. I shall be glad when tomorrow comes and the boat w<sup>h</sup> will bear me up the river " and back again into frost and snow be hanged to them — Well, well, the time (for) work is getting very very short, April, then May, and then — Ye gracious powers how glad I shall be to get back. Think I have made this remark in my other letters haven't I? Now I shall get no more from you till I reach St Louis. Will you put yourselves in a steamer and come out & see the Canada lakes? — No — the Swiss lakes will be pretty enough for us in the summer —

Sitting in this merchants office I feel as if I had nothing to say —

<sup>77</sup> Thackeray describes his departure from New Orleans and his trip up the Mississippi in *The Roundabout Papers* (*Works*, XII, 325–332).

only that I ave my ealth very well and send my love to Granny & GP and my dearest little women, whom God bless says

W M T.

1222.

TO THE REV. WHITWELL ELWIN

22-23 MARCH 1856

Extracts published by Warwick Elwin, *Some Eighteenth Century Men of Letters*, I, 156.

On the Mississippi. Easter Saturday & Sunday.

I lay my hand on a letter begun to you on the 28 January in a country tavern in North Carolina <sup>78</sup> (where our engine broke down Sir, and our enjine had broke down the day before sir — ) and I had written down the first page when our conductor tapped me on the shoulder and told me to get ready — a new engine had come to our relief.

If it had been pleasant to write you would have had a fulfilment of my promise ere this — but it isn't. The journey, the incidents on it, the people I see along the road, the business I am on are all as disagreeable as can be. From Richmond in Virginia I have travelled say 1500 miles of railway — one endless swamp of pines, sand, loghouses, niggers, in dirty cars, amongst dirty passengers, spitting, chewing, cutting their gums with their penknives, the young ones cursing outrageously, — not unfriendly in the main — The hotel life is disgusting, rows all night, gongs banging at all hours to the dirty meals, knives down everybody's throat, dirty bucks straddling over the balconies their dirty boots as high as their heads, the bar-rooms resounding with blasphemies — not one pretty aspect of nature for those hundreds of miles except now and then a melancholy ragged vista of pines or live oaks fringed with a dreary funereal moss — nothing picturesque in the so called cities — only great straight streets of tenements chiefly wood — pigs cows and negroes sauntering about them — about the stores the hotels and the barrooms a little more life. Im not speaking of Charleston

<sup>78</sup> See above, No. 1206.

Mobile & N. Orleans these are great towns — the first like Europe with an aristocracy and a very pleasant society, ruling patriarchally over its kind black vassals hospitable, tolerably lettered, keeping aloof from politics as almost all the gentlemen of the States are forced to do. As for the negroes, if laughter indicates happiness, I have never seen people so happy as the domestic negroes in the towns, never met a country gentleman but he has been eager that I should go to his plantation & see how his people were cared for — I have no doubt that, at no period of time, since wool first grew on human skulls, negroes have never been so well off as those now in America. This does not make Slavery right: but — but I cant mend it, and so leave it. The awful day for the Institution will be not now when a good negro is worth 1200\$, and you know an animal of such a value *can't* be ill treated, but when white labor begins to undersell them at cotton & sugar work. Then the 'beautiful relation betwixt owner & servant' will pretty soon come to an end — O it will be a terrible day, when 5 or 6 millions of these blacks will have to perish and give place to the white man wanting work — but theres a long day for that yet, the West has to be filled ere the white mans hand turns against the black man, — after your time & mine after Englands perhaps in 1/2 a dozen generations when this the Great Empire of the world numbers 120 millions of citizens (and *esses*) at least when our old Europe is worn out, who knows whether the Great Republic may not colonize with its negroes the vacant British Isles? Put the case & is it the least improbable? that despotic Europe coalesces and fights against England alone — we battle tooth & nail, we know that old Hardinge & Co and H R H Prince Albert and the Horse Guards cant save us, we let loose the dogs of war,<sup>79</sup> we become interested in the suffering nationalities and suddenly sympathize with the oppressed peoples — whatever the issue of that inevitable conflict, *our* England perishes, our dear old orderly absurd wise unjust just illiberal fanatical free England goes to the deuce, and something quite different remains after the conflagration. — Hullo! Whither is the prophetic Spirit carrying me? There has been a fellow lecturing at my heels, and over me

<sup>79</sup> *Julius Caesar*, III, i, 273.

in the same towns sometimes, on the battle of Armageddon and how the US are clearly foretold in the Apocalypse; that England & the European powers are to do battle with America & be defeated in the great valley of the Mississippi after w<sup>h</sup> the Reign of Righteousness is comfortably to ensue <sup>80</sup> — I suppose some of his divine furor has leaked through from his lecture room to my pulpit — and hadn't I better tear off this page at once?

Well Sir, I have been up the Alabama river 3 1/2 days say 600 miles and now up the Mississippi near 1000 — these remarks were begun off the city of Memphis and tomorrow we shall reach Cairo D.V. and in my life have seen nothing more dreary & funereal than these streams. The nature & the people oppress me and are repugnant to me — (I had the keenest pleasure in the lonely beauty of the Nile and the generous Rhone charmed me and my native Gunga I remember quite well and the *sense* of it as being friendly & beautiful) — but I go out forward and the view gives me pain and I come back — I dont like that great fierce strong impetuous ugliness

Within what a company bon Dieu! I was drawing a picture for the girls of the opposite side of the table in the Alabama Steamer with every man with his knife down his throat — Yesterday on this boat (the Thomas Small) every woman had her knife down her's too. I vow every one. Men constantly do without pocket handkerchiefs (there's one elegant way of operating with one forefinger applied to one nostril w<sup>h</sup> I'll show any company of ladies when I get home) — After the ladies had done the giantess <sup>81</sup> (who's travelling and very likely going to perform at the same fair with myself) had her dinner and she swallowed her victuals with the help of her knife too it looked quite small in her hand. She is with the Bearded Lady who has a little boy of 3 who has also got very handsome whiskers and a little girl of 6 who seems to me rather pensive because her chin is quite smooth (I think the late M<sup>r</sup> Addison w<sup>d</sup>

<sup>80</sup> An advertisement for this harangue from *The New Orleans Times-Picayune* of March 13 is reproduced opposite p. 564 above.

<sup>81</sup> The giantess and bearded lady were among the curiosities in Colonel Wood's Museum, an advertisement for which from *The New Orleans Times-Picayune* of March 6 is reproduced opposite p. 564 above.



have made something out of that incident, dont you?) the Bearded Lady the Giantess & the English Lecturer all rowing in the same boat its pleasant to reflect on. O how sick I am of the House of Hanover — As for George IV I think him a contemptible impostor & say so but I think those who come to hear me go away with a soft heart for George III, & they all applaud when I speak up as I do with all my heart for the Queen. Good bye my dear Elwin. This is Easter Day Mayn't I hope to meet you at Midsummer? W M T.

1223.

TO MRS. ELLIOT

24-26 MARCH 1856

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> F. Elliot. | Chesham Place | London. *Postmark:* 5 APR N. YORK. Published in part, *Thackeray and his Daughter*, pp. 89-92.

Cairo. St Louis. March 24-26.

I did not write to you from New Orleans, but a pleasanter thing I heard from mes bonnes soeurs, and what you said about Higgins melted my heart so that I wrote straightway off to him as kind and good willing a letter as I could in hopes of softening that wayward generous touchy soul. We cant at our age ladies make many more friendships, and I don't want to lose any that remain to me. I wish to God we were reconciled for all the harm I've said of him does not amount to 1/4 and he owes me 10000£ of kind words and grateful feelings — I had a pretty pleasant time at New Orleans a deal too much pleasure dinner parties every day in a society that might as well have been at Liverpool — all cotton brokers — the talk all about wine and the passages in ships, each man outdoing the other in the splendor of his entertainment — I had 3 distinct bottles of brandy sent me for my voyage up the Mississippi and a dozen of claret w<sup>h</sup> latter I was forced to bring and presented 9 bottles w<sup>h</sup> I could not drink to the black waiters on board the Thomas Small Steamer.

I am just off the Thomas Small steamer Dont you see how my hand trembles? the boat in her passage up the river throbbed and trembled so that I thought she would shake her cranky sides off


her ribs. And the river or the trembling of the boat gave me a fit of my old chill and fever w<sup>h</sup> served pour passer le temps and occupied one day out of the 5. 'Look there Sir!' says a cheerful friend of mine on the Levee at N. O. as we looked at a hundred enormous steamers moored there — There aft the White Mansion do you see? that post was knocked out by a piece of the boiler of the John Jones w<sup>h</sup> burst here Sir — here on this spot where we are standing — and the hands and mangled limbs of the people were scattered and a mule by G— Sir was cut in two in a dray and I saw it lying where you stand now!' The morning I came away I read that a ferry steamer had taken fire on the Delaware and 25 persons were killed — that the Alabama steamer on the Red River had bursted her boilers & afterwards taken fire the number of the killed not known — pleasant wasn't it? for a man just setting out on a river journey — but its over and we didnt blow up and we only took fire twice and burned down our upper cook house and 2 hours ago I was quite sorry to leave the T. Small. She was very clean and the servants civil and I had Marryatt's novels w<sup>h</sup> kept me in amusement through Alabama & Mississippi too. He is a vulgar dog but he makes me laugh and very few can now. Certainly not your's truly the author of Vanity Fair.

Where do you think this is written from? the place they say that was Martin Chuzzlewit's Eden Cairo at the confluence of the Ohio & Miss.<sup>82</sup> such a dreary Heaven abandoned place! but it will be a great city in 5 years spite of overflows and fever and ague. Twelve hours tonight DV will take me to St Louis and then I shall feel as if I am on my road home again to see my children and my bonnes soeurs.

I thought the chill was coming on again and went for some whiskey to the bar — it is 2 feet below the level of the ground w<sup>h</sup> appears to me to be 7 or so below the level of the water — A man with a pipe in his mouth looks into the room from the street spits

<sup>82</sup> Forster asserts that the Eden chapters (22 and 23) of *Martin Chuzzlewit* were inspired by Dickens's experiences in Pennsylvania, but the rumor that Cairo had some part in their conception was widely credited. See Forster's *Life of Dickens*, ed. Ley, pp. 200, 246, and 271.

into the *former* and walks away. I lay down my book in the boat a man walks up takes the book spits reads lays down the book spits again *at* me and rises. And to see the pocket handkerchiefs! I

mean these  and the knives down the throats — by Heavens

at the ladies' table yesterday every single woman had her knife down her throat (we all have to stand and clutch hold of our chairs until the ladies are seated if you please) — and a poor Giantess who was going to show at Memphis & dined by herself — I looked at her and she was putting her knife down her poor old throat too. Besides we had the whiskered lady on board, the Swiss warbler (a man so called because he imitates animals) 2 actors, a choctaw chief a mad woman screaming & calling to people from her stateroom a gentleman from the deck with delirium tremens who made excursions into the cabin with his coat off — If I had been young as once I was I could have made some fun out of these people or if I had the sperrits w<sup>h</sup> once I had — but the sperrits is not strong in my old bottle: & there are very few laughs left in me. Spite of kindness everywhere pleasant people now and again and dollars in sufficiency this Southern country is hardly bearable to me. Why need I go on making a quack of myself any more? But if when I come home after speaking of Queen Vic in the very handsomest manner after making thousands of folks that hated him feel kindly for old George I am attacked for speaking my mind about George IV (mind I left out the Q. Caroline scandal entirely) — by Jupiter! — It will do me good. I want a fight, I have always told you I can hit harder than any man alive, and I never do — but O! I think a little exercise would do me good! — And now I have got some money — enough to keep me almost — you cant think what a grand independence I feel. A man with 10000 readers and 5000f a year is a puissance, quoi! Well, it would be good fun wouldn't it a fight, and warm up my sluggish old blood.

I wrote didnt I? how this country whiggifies me. The rabble supremacy turns my gorge. The gentlemen stand aloof from public affairs, and count no more than yonder Irish bog trotter who

is driving a pig before the window or those two illiterate blaspheming ruffians who were cutting their gums with their penknives in the bar — I couldn't bear to live in a country at this stage in its political existence — In fine I want to get home more and more every day. To do what? to dawdle about Europe again and write another novel? Who can say for tomorrow? But I want to kiss my dear children and see my *bonnes soeurs* and speak to people whom I *can* speak to. Two months more of the *tréteaux* and mayn't we hope for these things? Yes if winds and waves and Heaven permit I wonder after being how many whole weeks in London I shall want to be on the move again? God bless you I keep this little piece for tomorrow and this is the 24 of March — and isn't tomorrow my lady's day? <sup>83</sup>

St Louis. M<sup>o</sup>

26. Although it was my lady's day I didnt fill the corner: but each day near and far away I love and bless and mourn her. Upon my lady's Eve the cars a weary wight did carry    He wakeful looked upon the stars the pine wood and the prairie. And as the weary travel ceased the sun arose in splendor And sure he looked towards the East where dwells his lady tender    He blessed the East he blessed the morn (methinks 'twas midday yonder) That saw his gentle lady born — and O me! I couldnt finish the rhyme havent I had 10 visitors? and isnt it post time now and mustnt I put up with a kind kind greeting to mes *bonnes soeurs*.

1224.

TO JOHN CRERAR

26 MARCH 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

St Louis March 26. 1856.

My dear Crerar

Thank you for all your kindness and trouble. I got the letters duly at New Orleans, did a very good business there (1650\$) and

<sup>83</sup> See above, No. 1219.

came safely up the river to Cairo on Monday. I caught the chill & fever, and the ship caught fire twice, little incidents w<sup>h</sup> served to enliven the long voyage. We travelled with the bearded lady, the Infant Esau, M<sup>r</sup> Copeland the eminent Comedian, and the American Giantess Miss Julia Hayne 'who is 8 feet high and requires 154 yard and 3 *quarters* of ordinary drygoods to make her dress' so that we were a distinguished company. I arrived yesterday and lecture tonight & tomorrow.<sup>84</sup>

The West at this time is a failure. I doubt if I shall have 500 people at my lecture — all the men are busy until 10 at night and do not care a fig for the Georges. Cincinnati would be as bad, and I intend not

As I was writing this very *not* comes in your friend Phillips (who has had a peck of troubles poor young man) and who says he has just come from Cincinnati where they are in wrath at me for not having been to lecture there — so I am going to let fly a telegraphic and offer for Saturday & Monday, w<sup>h</sup> will be enough for them I should think —<sup>85</sup> This will suffice for the young gentlemen of Yale (wasn't Newhaven one of the towns w<sup>h</sup> offered for the 4 lectures?) to whom if M<sup>r</sup> Crerar will write *one* letter more for me perhaps he will say that he just heard from M<sup>r</sup> Thackeray at St. Louis who sincerely regrets that he cannot be at N. H. time enough to lecture before the students of Yale.

And now about the old lectures. If a good handsome bonafide requisition could be got I am your man immediately, for 4 lectures

<sup>84</sup> Thackeray lectured at the Mercantile Library Association Hall in St. Louis on March 26 and 27 (*Missouri Democrat*, March 26). Bayard Taylor (*Critical Essays and Literary Notes*, New York, 1880, pp. 149-150) relates that Thackeray was fond of telling the following anecdote of his stay in the city: "He was dining one day in the hotel, when he overheard one Irish waiter say to another: —

"Do you know who that is?"

"No," was the answer.

"That," said the first, 'is the celebrated Thacker!'

"What's *he* done?"

"D——d if I know!"

<sup>85</sup> Thackeray lectured at Smith and Nixon's Hall in Cincinnati on the invitation of the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association on March 29 and 31 (*Cincinnati Enquirer*, March 29).

on Thursdays & Saturdays or on Mondays & Wednesdays twice a week — They want the same thing at Philadelphia or did, and I could devote other 2 days in the week to that place — O my Stars! how tired I am of the whole house of Hanover! I wish I had gone to Havana instead of peddling about the petty towns in Georgia &c — where I did little more than pay my expenses, but my friends insisted that great profits were to be made by travelling South, and Duty yielded. *Wednesday* 23 April I must keep for the St George's Society. Couldn't we begin at N Y on the 7<sup>th</sup>

How glad I shall be to see you & it again!

With 1000 thanks for what you have done for me

I am yours always my dear Crerar

W M Thackeray.

1225. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

26 MARCH 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

St Louis. March 26. 1856.

My dear women young and old will be glad of a note though it is but another scrap to say We are over the Mississippi with only 2 fires by the way to égay the journey. One burned down the cook house another only burned a hole in the roof of the steamer Law bless you it was nothing! It *was* a little nervous for the first 2 or 3 hours as the vessel trembled and struggled against the current and I thought she must tremble and struggle to pieces but its nothing when you're used to it — and in the railway from Cairo Dickens's Eden as we passed over what they call the trestle railway and looking down I saw we were on a plank bridge ever so many miles long supported as it seemed by only so many poles stuck in the mud — but we went very slowly and here we are and I am to lecture on the novel subjects of George III & George IV to night & tomorrow and then to do the same at Cincinnati. But the profits will not be near so great as my greedy desires had hoped for: because now the ice having broken up & the whole town being busy

at work people have no leisure for lecturing and that's why I shan't have 1/2 as much plunder as I expected — Never mind. Suppose its 3000£ instead of 4 what matters? We shall eat as good dinners, and I shall have to invent something else and work a little longer. But I guess I shant come a lecturing again do you think I shall? Who knows in 3 years perhaps it may seem quite pleasant again once more. I dont write about the M<sup>rs</sup> Sippi — the great dreary melancholy stream I wrote on board about it to Elwin and now what's once said I dont care to go over again. And I'm short because have not they been calling on me all day — confound it! Another visitor. 2 more visitors — and I've been to 'em and just as I was closing with one come your 2 letters of Feb 21 & 27 that of 5 March I got yesterday and was thankful my dear fat's ears were beginning to be alive to the beauties of conversation — O I wish she could hear her Pa talking to her —

But it wont be long will it now. I'm very well — though I had a day of chill & fever on the river — at N. O. was perfectly well though overdrinking and eating every day — don't understand nothing about it — but am quite well jolly & almost happy now but wont we be all happier 2 months hence? O yes O yes O yes. Give my love to my dear little Amy, and tell her I think its the greatest good fortune for her & me & my women that we all want each other & so no more now from

Papa.

I wrote to M<sup>rs</sup> Bakewell from Mobile bidding her draw on Bradbury & Evans.

1225a.

TO LOUIS J. CIST  
26 MARCH 1856

Address: L. J. Cist Esq. | St. Louis. Hitherto unpublished. *Endorsed*: 1856.

Barnum's Hotel. March 26.

Dear Sir

I cannot but be pleased that you should wish to add my autograph to your collection <sup>86</sup> and subscribe my name as

Your very faithful Servt  
W M Thackeray.L. J. Cist Esq<sup>r</sup>

1226.

TO WILLIAM DUER ROBINSON <sup>87</sup>  
26 MARCH 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

St. Louis. Mo. 26 March.

My dear Robinson.

I think and hope and trust to be at New York next week — Is the Bower of Virtue vacant? O how glad I shall be to occupy it! — Is there a bed for Charles my man? Yours always

W M Thackeray.

Address care of Mercantile Library Cincinnati.

<sup>86</sup> Cist's enormous autograph collection, which included nearly 12,000 items, was sold at auction in New York in 1886.

<sup>87</sup> Robinson, we learn from Lester Wallack (*Memories of Fifty Years*, New York, 1889, p. 163), was "a member of an old and well-known family, a family whose property was confiscated in revolutionary times because they stuck to the king." He lived in an old-fashioned two-story brick house at 604 Houston Street, near Broadway, which Thackeray christened "The Bower of Virtue." With him resided Samuel E. Lyon, a New York lawyer, and J. C. Bancroft Davis, but there was ample room for Thackeray and his valet, who remained with Robinson until they departed for England. (*Thackeray in the United States*, I, 309) Wallack, who lived at 608 Houston St. and was a close friend of Robinson, relates: "it was understood every night when I



1227. TO MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH  
8 APRIL 1856

Extracts published, *Biographical Introductions*, X, xxv.

New York. April 8. 1856.

A stupid little word to my dearest Mammy and children but it is written from ever so much nearer home: and now isn't it pleasant to think that next month I shall be D V on my way across the water again? O how weary weary I am of this lecturing I shall do no more of it I think — what dreary journies I have had 40 hours from Cincinnati without stopping, and actually at a place called Dunkirk on L. Erie we came into the snow again. How ghastly the lake looked! — how pretty the country was, albeit still wintry, coming to N Y. — but Europe is a prettier country still for me and I long for it. I found welcome letters from my women — I hope my dear old fat Nan is going to get back her hearing again that my dear Granny & G P will brighten up with the spring — I've had recurrences of the confounded chills & fevers but they are considered as naught in this country — & every other person almost is so afflicted. Tomorrow I go to Philadelphia to give 4 of the old Humourist lectures <sup>88</sup> — and then in a week come back here for the

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came home from acting that if I saw a light in a certain window I was to go in, and if not it was a sign they had gone out to dinner or to bed. When I did find them in we never parted until half-past two or three in the morning. Then was the time to see Thackeray at his best, because then he was like a boy; he did not attempt to be the genius of the party; he would let Robinson or me do the entertaining while he would be the audience. It did not matter how ridiculous or impossible might be the things I said, he would laugh till the tears ran down his face; such an unsophisticated, gentle-hearted creature as he was." (*Memories*, p. 164)

<sup>88</sup> It was announced in *The North American and United States Gazette* of April 8 that "At the solicitation of a number of gentlemen of this city Mr. THACKERAY has consented to deliver a course of Four Lectures." Three of the old Humourist lectures were given on April 9, 11, and 14 at the Musical Fund Hall, but they had no success. Nor was the venture saved by the substitution on April 16 of "Charity and Humour," not previously heard in Philadelphia, for a fourth Humourist lecture. The impresario, a young book-seller named Willis P. Hazard (*North American*, April 8), found that his

same purpose; <sup>89</sup> & then have three weeks business in New England and then o then wont I be happy to shut the book up and will come home and go cheerfully into dock for a couple of months and have our keel and our hulk and our pumps and our machinery hauled over & tinkered up. Kind letters from the Synges — good W W F. sends back the 50£ I sent him not wanting it. Here Im not in a hotel but in good private quarters with a jolly bachelor M<sup>r</sup> Robinson by name — and I thought I was going to have a weeks holyday & do nothing when lo comes the announcement that I'm retenu at Philadelphia whither go I must. But its only a very very little time more & then no more letters merry or stupid from my dearest Mammys & G P's & childrens

W M T.

Keep on writing tho' till I cry Stop.

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receipts would not nearly cover the sum that he had promised to his speaker. "We were all disappointed and mortified;" writes Reed (*Haud Immemor*, p. 20), but Thackeray took it good-humouredly — the only thing that seemed to disturb him being his sympathy with the man of business. 'I don't mind the empty benches, but I cannot bear to see that sad, pale-faced young man as I come out, who is losing money on my account.' This he used to say at my house, when he came home to a frugal and not very cheerful supper after the lectures. Still, the bargain had been fairly made, and was honourably complied with, and the money was paid and remitted, through my agency, to him at New York. I received no acknowledgment of the remittance, and recollect well that I felt not a little annoyed at this; the more so when, on picking up a newspaper, I learned that Thackeray had sailed for home. The day after he had gone, when there could be no refusal, I received from him a certificate of deposit on his New York bankers for an amount quite sufficient to make up any loss incurred, as he thought in his behalf." Thackeray's note of April 24 to Reed accompanying this certificate is printed below.

<sup>89</sup> After the failure of the Humorist lectures in Philadelphia, Thackeray did not attempt to give them in New York.

1228. TO FULLERTON &amp; RAYMOND

9 APRIL 1856<sup>90</sup>

*Address:* Mess<sup>rs</sup> Fullerton & Raymond | Boston | Mass. *Postmark:* NEW YORK AP. Hitherto unpublished.

Clarendon. Hotel  
New-York. April 9<sup>th</sup>

Dear Sir

I thank you for sending on the parcel w<sup>h</sup> has duly arrived; & I shall forward the amount due for the custom-house to the firm connected with you here.

Believe me yours very faithfully  
W. M. Thackeray.

1229.

TO JOHN CRERAR

10 APRIL 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

Phil. April 10.

My dear Crerar

I had chillums and feverums on Monday and Tuesday, and couldn't get down to see you here I have found your chief M<sup>r</sup> Raymond: and your ears must have tingled about 5 o'clock yesterday at all the talk we were having about you — and it was all in your favor too.

The first lecture O. S.<sup>91</sup> last night here was a sad failure —

<sup>90</sup> The service for which Thackeray thanks Fullerton and Raymond was presumably done at the request of John Crerar, their New York bookkeeper. Thackeray's note must consequently have been written in 1856, for he did not know Crerar during his earlier visit to America in 1853.

<sup>91</sup> Presumably "on Swift."

Luckily I am sold to a man for 800\$, and I trust he may fetch *up* in future lectures. In New York I would give

Swift

Congreve Addison

Steele

Hogarth & Fielding —

I think it is too late for Utica now unless one could get — no — it is too late for Utica. How kind you have been about writing Did I ever write to you in this my natural hand-writing? in w<sup>h</sup>

and in my ordinary handschrift

I am yours always

W M Thackeray.

I shall be at 604 Houston St. on Sunday.

1230.

TO WILLIAM BRADFORD REED

24 APRIL 1856

My text is taken from Reed's *Haud Immemor*, pp. 20-21.

24th April.

My Dear Reed:

When you get this . . . . Remember-ember me to ki-ki-kind friends, . . . . a sudden resolution . . . to-mor-row in the Baltic!<sup>92</sup> — . . . Good-bye, my dear, kind friend, and all kind friends in Philadelphia. I didn't think of going away when I left home this morning — but it's the best way.

I think it right to send back twenty-five per cent. to poor H[azard].<sup>93</sup> Will you kindly give him the enclosed; and depend upon it I shall go and see Mrs. Boott,<sup>94</sup> when I get to London, and

<sup>92</sup> The *Baltic*, Captain Comstock commanding, cleared New York Harbor on April 25 (*New York Tribune*, April 26).

<sup>93</sup> See above, No. 1227.

<sup>94</sup> "My wife's aged grandmother," Reed explains (*Haud Immemor*, p. 21), "then residing in England."

tell her all about you. My heart is uncommonly heavy; and I am yours, gratefully and affectionately,

W. M. T.

1231. TO GEORGE CURTIS AND MRS. SHAW

26 APRIL 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

26 April.

Good bye my dear Curtis — Good bye my dear M<sup>rs</sup> Shaw — I little thought yesterday that I sh<sup>d</sup> go away without seeing — but never mind we must go sometime — it is such delicious weather — and O wont it be pleasant to see the girls again?

So accept an old mans blessing all of you fathers mothers lovers children &c Farewell and be happy!

Drink my health at the P C <sup>95</sup> tonight

1232.

TO JUDGE DALY <sup>96</sup>

APRIL 1856 <sup>97</sup>

My text is taken from a facsimile in *Thackeray in the United States*, I, 316.

M<sup>r</sup> Thackeray hopes you'll come and dine with him at Delmonico's on Sunday at 6.

Judge Daly.

<sup>95</sup> The Press Club.

<sup>96</sup> Charles Patrick Daly (1816-1899), Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the City of New York from 1844 to 1886.

<sup>97</sup> The dinner to which Daly was invited appears to have taken place on Sunday, April 20, five days before Thackeray left for England. It is described in "A Little Dinner with Thackeray" (*From the Easy Chair*, pp. 173-180) by George William Curtis, who mistakenly assigns it to 1853. General Wilson (*Thackeray in the United States*, I, 316-317) prints a partial list of guests given him by Daly, who was the last survivor of the party.

1233.

TO MRS. BAXTER

7 MAY 1856

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter | Second Avenue | New York. | U. S. A. | Per Canada from Lpool. *Postmark:* 1856 7 MY. Published in part, *American Family*, pp. 135-138.

Wednesday. May 7.

(on board the *Baltic* with the pilot on board.)

I try to write on the last day of a horribly uncomfortable voyage, (I was going into a catalogue of ill's sicknesses &c but what's the good?) and to wish you all a farewell and God bless you for w<sup>h</sup> I hadn't time or heart as I was leaving New York. The process of saying Goodbye you know is horrible to me — as I shook kind hands and walked out of hospitable doors at Philadelphia for the last time I felt quite sad and guilty as it were — Where was the need of prolonging these adieux? So Friday 25<sup>th</sup> as I walked down Broadway, seeming very bright warm & cheery I went with my usual sudden impetus straight to Collins's office <sup>98</sup> and was off the next day before I knew I was gone. So good bye Brown House (though I've seen but little of it this time and Bon Dieu how dismal it looked when I called one day and no one was at home!) Good bye M<sup>rs</sup> Snelling good bye kind friends at Boston — well, if I had stopped, and taken my place for a month before hand and gone the round of farewells what a hang dog time I should have had! We had a dinner at Houston St<sup>h</sup> the last evening — what forced jokes, what dreary songs what deadlively jollification! But that host of mine W D Robinson what a good fellow it is! how hospitable how kind and soft hearted! — I know I shall feel America-sick ere many years are over, & be for paying you all a visit. Luckily 2 days before I went off I happened to go into Tiffany's; and there saw that pretty little sulky tea-pot &c — w<sup>h</sup> I thought I could not better in England and ordered to be sent as a 12<sup>th</sup> of December token to S S H — <sup>99</sup> God bless her and all her

<sup>98</sup> Edward K. Collins of 56 Wall Street, agent for the United States Mail Steamers *Baltic*, *Atlantic*, and *Adriatic*.

<sup>99</sup> See above, No. 1182.

belongings. I shant write to her much — I cant — and it's quite best, when people of different sexes are married or unmarried, that those ultra sentimental friendships should be caught throttled and drowned in cold water — Next thing I hope to hear is of you making little wee caps &c &c. I am sure you had a fine time in the South — and only 3 nights ago dreamed that Lucy was engaged to an elderly physician there. Is she?

I was to go to M<sup>rs</sup> Snelling one Sunday the last Sunday in N Y. but was so unwell that I couldnt leave the house — please accept my apologies M<sup>rs</sup> Snelling — and the week rolled away and on Saturday I had run — There is a letter for my mother in the post now it only reached Liverpool last night in the Cambria w<sup>h</sup> sailed from Boston 3 days before us and doesn't contain a word about my home-coming of course — how should it? as I didn't know myself.

I am unwell, have had one of my best attacks on board, havent been well a single day after the first and am going to lay myself up either in London or Paris, and see if this crazy old hull of mine can be patched up & made sea-worthy again. The best thing I can do for the next 3 months is to devote myself to being ill — and then we will see what fresh work is to be done — and then we will go on working and being ill and so forth & so forth until — There are 3 yellow-gilled Popish priestlings in the cabin now — They know all about kingdom-come & have the keys of heaven in their portmanteaux — yet why did one of 'em faint almost the other night because it blew a little hurrykin? What numbers of gates to heaven have *we* built? and suppose after all there are no walls? But this is a mystery. The Rev<sup>d</sup> Osgood the Rev<sup>d</sup> Hawkes the Rev<sup>d</sup> Hughes <sup>100</sup> have the keeping of it — I am come, twaddling — in the dark almost — to the end of my page. Good bye and God bless you my dear friend. May your children prosper and the fondest of all Mothers on *your* side of the water long be happy with them. I am theirs and yours and Baxter's ever

W M T.

<sup>100</sup> The passenger list of the *Baltic* (*New York Times*, April 28) does not include these names. They belong perhaps to Mrs. Baxter's favorite New York ministers.

1234.

TO WILLIAM DUER ROBINSON

7-9 MAY 1856

Published in part in *The Nation*, VI (1868), 111; additions in *Thackeray in the United States*, I, 323-325.

On board last day. May 7. 1856.

My dear old Robinson I tell you that writng is just as dismal and disgusting as saying good bye. I hate it and but for a sense of duty I wouldn't write at all — confound me if I would. But you know after a fellow has been so uncommonly hospitable and kind and that sort of thing — a fellow ought to write and tell a fellow that a fellow's very much obliged and — in a word you understand. Sir you made me happy when I was with you you made me sorry to come away and you make me happy now when I think what a kind generous friendly W D R you are. You have Davis back in the Bower of Virtue — you'll fill that jug one day and drink to my health, wont you? And when you come to Europe you'll come to me & my girls mind, and we'll see if there is not some good claret at 36 Onslow Square.

Your neighbour's <sup>101</sup> tinkering has lasted me through the voyage: and I propose to set to work straightway and get my water pipes cistern &c in complete order. We have had a dreary rough passage yesterday the hardest blow of all I have been ill with one of my old intermittent attacks after w<sup>h</sup> my mouth broke out with an unusually brilliant eruption and I am going into Liverpool with a beard 8 days long — It is not becoming in its present stage. I have not been sea-sick but haven't been well a single day — Wine is ojus to me, segars create loathing — Couldnt I write something funnier and more cheerful? Perhaps I may when we are fairly into Liverpool — perhaps we may be there to night perhaps not till tomorrow morning for it blew a hurricane into our face last night and the odds are we shall not have water enough to pass the bar.

HOME. (wiz 36 Onslow Square Brompton London) May 9.

<sup>101</sup> Probably Dr. Francis, who lived at 1 Bond St., four blocks from Robinson's Houston St. home (*Trow's New York City Directory*, 1855-1856).



We did pass the bar, and didnt I have a good dinner at the Adelphi, and wasn't I glad to get back to town yesterday, and wasn't there a great dinner at the Garrick Club (the annual Shakespeare dinner w<sup>h</sup> ought to have come off on the 23 ult. but was put off on acc<sup>t</sup> of a naval review) and didn't I make a Yankee Speech, and oh lor Robison! havnt I got a headache this morning? I'm ashamed to ask for sober-water thats the fact. — And so heres the old house, the old room the old teapot by my bedside, the old trees nodding in at the window — it looks as if I'd never been away — and that it is a dream I have been making Well, in my dream I dreamt there was an uncommonly good fellow by name W D R. and I dreamed that he treated me with all sorts of kindness, and I send him and J C B D.<sup>102</sup> and D D (and whats L's name down stairs?) my heartiest regards, and when my young women come home I shall tell them what a deal of kindness their Papa had across the water — So good bye my dear Robinson & believe me always gratefully yours

W M T.

Tell Jim Wallack that we hadn't a single actor at the Shakspeare dinner and that F. Fladgate and C. Dance send their best remembrances to him. How did that Sunday dinner <sup>103</sup> go off? Was it as bad as the dreary Friday? <sup>104</sup>

<sup>102</sup> J. C. Bancroft Davis, William Denning Duer, and Samuel E. Lyon.

<sup>103</sup> Lester Wallack (*Memories of Fifty Years*, pp. 165–66) writes of this party of four, planned for Sunday, April 27: "Thackeray said it might probably be the last time he should meet us convivially during this visit, so we agreed to dine together with him in Robinson's rooms. The party was to consist of Mr. Robinson, Thackeray, my father and myself. The hour arrived, and I came with a message from my father, who was laid up with the gout, one of his bad attacks, and could not accept. After waiting a long time for Thackeray, at last there came a ring at the bell, and the waiter brought up a large parcel and a note from him to say that a letter he had received compelled him to pack up as quickly as possible and start for England by the first steamer, and he added: 'By the time you receive this, dear William, I shall be almost out of the harbor. Let me wish you a pleasant evening with the Wallacks, and let me ask you to accept this little gift as a remembrance of the many, many pleasant days and nights we have passed together.' The gift was a beautiful silver vase."

<sup>104</sup> See above, No. 1233.

1235.

TO BARON TAUCHNITZ

16 MAY 1856

My text is taken from Tauchnitz's *Fünfzig Jahre der Verlagshandlung*, p. 146.

36, Onslow Square, Brompton, May 16, 1856.

Your letter of 26 March has only just found me on my return from America where I made a prosperous voyage, though I have not quite reached the sum of 500,000 Dollars which the *Allgemeine Zeitung* states to be the present amount of my savings. Don't be afraid of your English — a letter containing . . . £ is always in a pretty style. You are welcome to the *Miscellanies* for that sum — in the forthcoming volumes is a novel about *Frederic the Great*. I don't think I ever sent you the sealed paper investing you with the right over the *Newcomes* — I fear I have lost it: but you need not fear that I shall shrink from my bargain. Will you come to London this year? Give a notice and believe me very faithfully yours always

W. M. Thackeray.

1236.

TO MRS. BAXTER

19 JUNE 1856

Address: M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter | 286 Second Avenue | New York. | U. S. A. Postmark: JU 19 1856. Published in *American Family*, pp. 139-142.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>re</sup> Brompton.  
June 19.

My dear Friend. It is a comfort to see your kind hand again, and I like you for not liking me to go away as I did in that sudden natural manner — about ten years ago it seems to me now. But to come away was best. I have done what I threatened, given up all business & pleasure, and am doctoring myself and bettering myself every week I hope. It was quite time, & my D<sup>r</sup> here <sup>105</sup> says that he

<sup>105</sup> Probably Thompson.

trembled for me & the risk I ran in going to America. I have had plenty of chill and fever since I returned (don't you see how my hand trembles in writing?) but have had no attack for 3 weeks now, and believe they will diminish as I get cured of my other afflictions. What a bore for my poor Nanny! I have been able to take her to very few parties, and come away at one o'clock from the one or two balls we have been at just when the fun is at it's best. She comes off or doesn't go at all, quite good-naturedly & says 'You know I shouldn't like the balls near so much if I went oftener.' She is very much liked & so is little Miss Min thank God — that is amongst my old fogeyfied set — the men (& women too as she is no beauty) praising her good humour & good manners. Not one word of work has W M T done since he came home, nor will he for a month or so more until his health is better. And I have been able to have no entertainments at home, w<sup>h</sup> annoys me for there have been some Americans here to whom I should have liked to hold out a hand of fellowship — but what can a fellow do perpetually menaced with chill & &c?

So the quarrel between us is stayed for the present, by the humble pie we have eaten.<sup>106</sup> I would not have eaten it: for that kind of humility will never appease your Anti-English over the water or be understood by them. O me! It's dreadful to read of these Unchristian squabbles. I fear I'm not near so good an American as I was after the first visit — no doubt all that abuse rankles in my heart w<sup>h</sup> is very generous I believe but dreadful unforgiving. Ashburton told a friend of mine that 'I was as tender as a woman but as cruel as Robespierre'. I wonder whether it's true? I wonder

<sup>106</sup> See above, No. 1203. On June 1 Charles Greville wrote in his diary (*The Greville Memoirs*, ed. Strachey and Fulford, VII, 230-231): "The state of affairs with America becomes more and more alarming . . . yesterday I met Thackeray, who is just returned from the U. S. He thinks there is every probability of the quarrel leading to war, for there is a very hostile spirit, constantly increasing, throughout the States, and an evident desire to quarrel with us. He says he has never met with a single man who is not persuaded that they are entirely in the right and we in the wrong, and they are equally persuaded if war ensues that they will give us a great thrashing; they don't care for the consequences, their riches are immense, and 200,000 men would appear in arms at a moment's notice."

why I prattle this rubbish to you? I hope you'll see my new friend W. D. Robinson sometimes — such a good jolly soul! Him and you (but very few) of those I knew I value true. You dont tell me what I should like to have heard about S S H. I broke my vow and went & dined at Sturgis's yesterday, sitting next Chevalier Wykoff's Miss Gamble.<sup>107</sup> I found her a very well behaved clean looking, nice little oldish body. But I hadnt the heart to go to M<sup>r</sup> Peabodys great fête at the Crystal Palace <sup>108</sup> — w<sup>h</sup> everybody says was the handsomest feast ever seen — You dont mind my writing stupid letters? I pass my days skulking about at Clubs away from my family; and growing more silent every day. Charles I fear is spoiled by America. He is discontented with his position & I suspect aspires to be a flunkey in a family of superior rank. The last the very last of my loves Jane Ingilby by name was married last week she being 25 to a great lawyer of 6[0] with 10000 £ a year <sup>109</sup> — and now my emptied heart has only its paternal chambers occupied. What more dullness can I put in this corner? Only kindest remembrances to 286, and your sister, and sincerest regards from yours ever

W M T.

<sup>107</sup> In 1851 Henry Wikoff had persuaded Jane C. Gamble, an American heiress living in London, to marry him. Almost at once she changed her mind and went to Genoa. He followed, but after a reconciliation, she again decided against marriage. When Wikoff attempted to abduct her, she appealed to the British consul, and her suitor was jailed for fifteen months. See Wikoff's *My Courtship and its Consequences* (New York, 1855).

<sup>108</sup> The great fountains at the Crystal Palace were brought into simultaneous operation for the first time on June 18, 1856, before Queen Victoria and a crowd of 20,000. Mr. Peabody is not mentioned in the account of this event in *The Annual Register*, pp. 124-25.

<sup>109</sup> Harriet Jane Ingilby married Charles Austin (1799-1874), Q. C., of Brandeston Hall, Suffolk, on June 10, 1856. Their son Charles (b. 1858) inherited estates worth £5,300 annually in 1883 (Bateman, *Great Landowners*).

1237. TO THE REV. ALEXANDER JOHN SCOTT  
23 JUNE 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

Onslow Sq<sup>r</sup> June 23. 1856.

My dear Scott

It is not the will but the power that fails me in serving you in the Professorship matter — I know nothing about Metaphysics and how offer to speak to a man's qualifications upon such a subject? Examiners would laugh at the signature of Jeames Yellowplush to J: A: Scott's testimonials: and your cause would surely be harmed rather than benefitted. At any rate as a point of conscience I must hold my tongue, and I'm sure *you* will think none the worse of my friendly feeling because in this strait it can't aid you. I never thought about a letter in acknowledgement of *Esmond* — If it's a sin not writing on these occasions; Lord help *huic peccatori*; and on my part I heartily absolve you. I have had a most prosperous odious tour in the U. S. have come back not well, am doctoring myself and bettering myself; and casting about what new Scheme to be at — for I see the bottom of the stocking; and my invention always begins when that is empty. The Girls send their best love to your daughter & M<sup>rs</sup> Scott. I hope we shall see you some day: and am always my dear Scott

(Professor or Principal)

Yours very sincerely

W M Thackeray.

1238.

TO MRS. PROCTER

4 JULY 1856

Hitherto unpublished. My text is taken from a transcript given Lady Ritchie by George Murray Smith.

Hush!

No —

Street —

Square.

July 4, 1856.

Hanniversary of American Independence.

My dear Mrs Procter,

When I came to see you t'other day I was on my way to my Doctors in your neighbourhood who has me in his own house, in bed very comfortable, and I don't know for how many days more. So don't ask a dinner for me next week and let us wait till the week after — and in bed I find it more convenient to write with a pencil than a pen, and I'm close by, but I won't tell you where, and I may go to-night or I may stay two days more, but I'm always,

Yours,

W. M. T.

July 1856.

1239.

TO MRS. HAMPTON

12-13 JULY 1856

My text is taken from *American Family*, pp. 142-146, and from an American Art Association catalogue, April 20-21, 1921, lot 780.

36 Onslow Sq., Brompton, London

12-13 July, 1856

Do you remember this handwriting? Since circumstances have occurred, you have not seen it much. I write to nobody now, that's the fact, except a dozen or two of brief business letters during the week. That is best — no sentimentalities — Dont you think more of the little personage whose likely advent <sup>110</sup> has been announced

<sup>110</sup> Mrs. Hampton's first child, the date of whose birth appears to have been August 12. See below, No. 1253.

to me than of scores of old friends pleasures & what not? We take up with the business of our lives when the time comes — May your nursery be thronged & merry!

I am writing on my back, rather ill in bed. Have been ill ever since I came home, forced to give up the pomps & vanities of this wicked world and all the sinful lusts of the season<sup>111</sup> — am greatly better though, and fancy that I am going to be better still. All that melancholy you remember, that glum carelessness of life, &c came from bodily ailment and not mental, as we used romantically to fancy. I am greatly improved of my ailment and with the illness the melancholy goes — next year I shall be as jolly as 20 — perfectly reconciled to life — interested even in trivialities let us hope — trumps, politics, what there is for dinner, or what our neighbour has — I have been 2 1/2 months in London now without doing the littlest bit of work except doctoring myself. Poor Anny has lost her season and we have been able to go but to 2 fine parties — I had an ague attack after both so that she is reconciled to staying away . . . And that I seriously think is all my news. I am dead: go nowhere, do, think, write, nothing. Shall I not best burn this letter instead of sending it all the way to the Second Avenue?

Shall I ever come back to see you again? Not as a public performer. I won't go through the degrading ordeal of press abuse<sup>112</sup> again. Those scoundrels managed last time to offend and insult the most friendly stranger that ever entered your country or quitted it — I like my dear old friends just as well as ever, mind you — but the public *non pas*.

At this juncture yesterday the D<sup>r</sup> made his appearance; and now it is Sunday morning 13 July, and though it's only 10 o'clock I have had my breakfast these 3 hours, and read 3 papers, and 3 pamphlets about the Prince of Wales (my favourite George IV) and what on earth have I got to say to fill up these 2 pages? The George lectures are much better liked here than they were with

<sup>111</sup> "Renounce . . . the pomps and vanity of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh" ("The Catechism," *Book of Common Prayer*).

<sup>112</sup> For examples of this abuse, see above Nos. 1165, 1202, and 1220.

you that is if I may judge from a petit comité to whom I have read 3 of them — The terrible Venables came to the first and Minny of whose criticism I am more afraid than of any one's — V spoke very highly of No. 1. Old Lady Morley cried at No. 3 — L<sup>d</sup> Morley who belonged to the Court was not in the least scandalized — it was evident in a word that the people were amused. I read the lectures straight out from the American MS. w<sup>h</sup> your people said I should not dare to read in England, & should have given them in public but that I was not sure of my health, and thought the best thing I could do was go into hospital. I am now all but set up again: and when we're well Laud! wont we be happy & have a lark! Those girls are the comfort of my life that's a fact — that affair I once talked to you about <sup>113</sup> was all nonsense. The young man was in London the other day, I asked him to dinner, — & first told Minny who laughed & then told Anny who laughed too — their romantic old Granny was the founder of the story — Do you laugh & think I am humbugged? No — if there had been anything in it, I am sure my girl w<sup>d</sup> have told me. Little Amy Crowe lives with us still and is so good and gentle that actually nobody in my family is jealous of her — poor Eyre <sup>114</sup> gets no work, paints no better, half starves, has himself to thank for his poverty. . . . Mr. Charles Pearman has not resumed his livery on his return to his native country but dresses in black and is much greater man. The Ticknors are here, its very hard that I cannot make a feast for them — but the D<sup>r</sup> wont let me, & I save in dinners what I pay in fees. Indeed our little house is very pretty. I

<sup>113</sup> See above, No. 1186.

<sup>114</sup> Eyre Crowe wrote to his father on July 3 that "Thackeray has been giving his lectures privately in his own house, though he seems to have invited none but the Elliot's people" (*Howe Proofs*, p. 502). On the following day he continued: "Thackeray, afflicted with fever & ague, is at home in a bad temper & making every one around him feel the dampening effect of his low spirits. He shuns society at one moment, then rushes into it the next with a rapidity which brings on his illness again. He wants quietness & I suppose a certainty for his old days. Don't we all wish for that. His daughters go out a great deal, but he is disappointed at their not meeting with more success. I fear that the high places to which he brings them won't make them particularly happy." (*Howe Proofs*, p. 503)



dont see a gayer one anywhere and if a man is to be ill why there cant be a pleasanter room than this in wh<sup>h</sup> I'm writing, quiet, bright, with a beautiful garden and green avenue before it, such as W. B. Astor couldn't have in New York, with all his money. And these are my news, Madam. I hope you liked the teapottykin &c. they were so nice to my mind that I thought there was no use in going farther for them than Broadway. I send my very best regards to your husband, and my love to my dear kind friends yonder — Whilst I am writing, the girls come in, and I say "whom do you think I am writing to?" Miss Min tosses up her head & says "to Sally Bax — " Good bye my dear S. S. H. says

Yours afft'ly always

W. M. T.

1240.

TO WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

28 JULY 1856

*Address:* W. W. Story Esq<sup>e</sup> | 5 Clarence Crescent | Windsor. *Postmarks:* JY 28 1856, WINDSOR JY 29 1856. Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>r</sup> Brompton. July 28.

My dear young friend 'Punch' is coming to dine with me on Friday at 7.<sup>125</sup> Will you two come to a bachelor dinner with



PS. Bayard Taylor & I hope Tom Appleton will be with us  
PS. There will be turtle soup.

<sup>125</sup> Neither Lowell nor Appleton was able to attend this dinner, the guests at which Taylor lists in a letter of August 4, 1856: "The dinner came off on the 1st, according to promise; present, Thackeray, Mark Lemon, Tom Taylor, Shirley Brooks, Horace Mayhew, Leech, Bradbury and Evans, Hurlbut, Story, Olmsted, and myself. It was a capital dinner in Thackeray's own house. The Americans, with Tom Taylor, S. Brooks, and Thackeray, did all the talking; the other people were rather slow." (Hansen-Taylor and Scudder, *The Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor*, I, 321) This is apparently the dinner described by Taylor in "The Writers for Punch" (*At Home and Abroad, Second Series*, New York, 1862, pp. 416-421). The Americans included William Henry

1856

TO WILLIAM LEIGHTON LEITCH

615

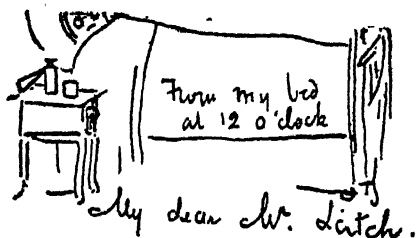
PS. I send my very best regards to M<sup>rs</sup> Story, to Edy, and to Henry VIII.<sup>116</sup>

Mess<sup>rs</sup> Story & Lowell.

1241. TO WILLIAM LEIGHTON LEITCH<sup>117</sup>

29 JULY 1856

Hitherto unpublished.



Tuesday 29. July

My dear M<sup>r</sup> Leitch.

I had hoped to be with you this morning but have been unwell for a couple of days & forced this morning to send for the D<sup>r</sup>. And now I fear it will be too late for those lessons, for other circumstances have happened since I wrote about them — I have settled about a new story.<sup>118</sup> I have got the subject in my head & must begin it immediately, &c &c &c so must leave town. I beg your pardon for these untoward circumstances, & beseech you not to be offended with yours very truly

W M Thackeray

Hurlbert — born Hurlbut — (1827-1895), who joined the staff of *The New York Times* in 1857, and Frederick Law Olmsted (1822-1903), appointed chief architect of Central Park in 1858.

<sup>116</sup> Thackeray's name for Waldo Story (James, *Story*, I, 367).

<sup>117</sup> A well-known water-color painter (1804-1883).

<sup>118</sup> See below, No. 1244.

1242. TO MRS. ELLIOT AND KATE PERRY

10 SEPTEMBER 1856

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> Elliot & Miss Perry | 45 Chesham Place | London. *Postmarks:* PARIS 10 SEPT 56, SP 11 1856. Published in part, *Thackeray and his Daughter*, pp. 55-58.

Hotel Bristol. Place Vendome. Wednesday.

Are your travels over? are you back in Chesham Place? Has K P taken her poor little holy day and sent her young people on their tour? Ours has been a very small one — to Calais w<sup>h</sup> is very good fun and a great deal more French than Paris; to Spa w<sup>h</sup> was very pleasant too but for the quantity of acquaintances and 1/2 acquaintances that as père de famille I did not take to make whole acquaintances; to Dusseldorf where we passed a couple of agreeable days among the painters; and then to Aix la Chapelle w<sup>h</sup> disagreed with me as it always does. Here we heard of the death of M<sup>rs</sup> Robert Carmichael Smyth,<sup>119</sup> my stepfather's brother's wife, and thinking the family would be in trouble, and my mother (who was touring too, we did not know where) would be sure to come to Paris, we came on last Friday. But there was no Granny for the girls. She is to stay the month out at Heidelberg — the daughters are gone to stay with a cousin of ours.<sup>120</sup> Rue Godot where they are all very jolly together, and I am for a few days 'in boy' at the Hotel Bristol; haunted by No. 1 of M<sup>r</sup> Thackeray's new serial, w<sup>h</sup> won't leave me alone w<sup>h</sup> follows me about in all my walks, wakes me up at night, prevents me from hearing what is said at the play, and yet seems farther off than ever. It seems to me as if I had said my say; as if anything I write must be repetition, and that people will say with justice he has worn himself out, I always told you he would, &c &c. But 6000*£* is a great bribe isn't it? Suppose I do wear myself out, & that posterity says so, why shouldn't she? and what for care to appear to future ages (who

<sup>119</sup> The former Agnes Rosina Hervey, whom Robert Carmichael-Smyth had married in 1854.

<sup>120</sup> Charlotte Ritchie.

will be deeply interested in discussing the subject) as other than I really am?

My poor friend A Beckett's death <sup>121</sup> has shocked me. He has left no money and hasn't insured his life — Down from competence and comfort goes a whole family into absolute penury. One boy 1½ through the University, & likely to have done well there I believe — another at a public school daughters with masters and mamma with tastes for music and millinery — What is to happen to these people? Had I dropped 3 years ago my poor wife and young ones would have been no better off. Yes, we must do the Forthcoming Serial Work and never mind if it should turn out a failure. We went to see Mrs. Norton yesterday who has burned her neck severely while shielding her little grandchild — a little black eyed curly pated lazzaronykin Brinsley's daughter — <sup>122</sup> That fellow would be a good character for a book — and his mother too if one could but say all one thought — but in England we are so awfully squeamish — Ah — if one's hands were not tied, there might be some good fun in that forthcoming Serial — You see I always come back to it — in fact this very sheet of paper was pulled out for the purpose of writing a page only somehow it has taken the direction of Chesham place and will be read I hope tomorrow by my bonnes soeurs. Are you all in London? Ah me! What letters I have written in this very room at this table some 5 years since. <sup>123</sup> It is a nice quiet room — away from the noisy street. I

<sup>121</sup> Gilbert Abbott à Beckett died on August 30.

<sup>122</sup> "They told me at the Embassy where I dined one evg.," Dickens wrote to Emile de la Rue from Rome on November 14, 1853 (in a letter in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library), "the strangest story of Brinsley Norton, the youngest living son of that ill-fated marriage. He had just turned Catholic, and married a common bare-footed girl off the beach at Capri, with whom I believe he had previously achieved all matrimonial conditions, the ceremony excepted. She was said to possess a maritime, large-eyed, gentlemanly, piratical style of beauty." Of this marriage between Thomas Brinsley Norton (1831-1877), later (1875) fourth Baron Grantley, and Maria Chiara Elisa Federigo two children were born, Carlotta (b. 1854) and John Richard Brinsley (b. 1855), who succeeded his father as fifth Baron Grantley.

<sup>123</sup> Thackeray has in mind his letters of January and February, 1851, to Mrs. Brookfield.

daresay the Zouaves are playing their music in the Place Vendome at this present moment. Blow away trumpets! We saw the men yesterday. They are magnificent-looking warriors that's certain. The town is getting too handsome for me. I miss my old corners — my dining-places have disappeared & palaces stand in their stead: but the Palais Royal looking seedy & deserted consoles me: and one gets a good time among the pictures at the Louvre, and with the pleasure of the girls. What shall I do, if any scoundrel of a husband takes away Anny's kind cheerfulness from me?

I have been twice to the theayter but can't sit out the plays — the Dame aux Camelias <sup>124</sup> I could not bear beyond the second act: it is too wicked: and so is the Juif Errant — I had intended to go to a screaming farce last night, but came home instead to think about the — Plague take it! Here is the Forthcoming Serial come up again! Well, you let me say whatever is in my mind, and you know of some people who are always there. God bless them all says.

W M T.

I shall be here a few days more. Will anybody write a line or two?

1243.

TO GEORGE SMITH

15 SEPTEMBER 1856 <sup>125</sup>

My text is taken from Powell, *Johns Hopkins Alumni Magazine*, VI, 201.

Paris 15 September

Dear Smith

Will you kindly give 3 copies of my portrait rolled for travelling, and a copy of Esmond to my friend M<sup>r</sup> Kennedy who is going to carry them to America for

Yours always

W M Thackeray.

<sup>124</sup> This famous drama (1852) by Alexandre Dumas fils was being presented at the Vaudeville. *Le Juif errant* (1849), a play by Eugène Sue from his novel of the same name, was being revived at the Gaité.

<sup>125</sup> This note was written during John Pendleton Kennedy's visit to Europe of 1856. He was in Paris on September 5, and returned home by way of

1244.

TO WILLIAM MACREADY

14 OCTOBER 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>e</sup> October 14.

My dear Macready,

Under an awful heap of letters w<sup>h</sup> have been gathering during a 10 week's absence from home I found last week <sup>126</sup> your kind little note — Isn't friendship smothered by business in this Lon-

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England shortly after, arriving in the United States on October 21. (Tuckerman, *Kennedy*, p. 262.)

<sup>126</sup> On October 10, shortly after his return from the continent, Thackeray encountered Whitwell Elwin in Piccadilly. The two men walked to Brompton together, and Elwin has left the following account of their conversation: "On asking if he was at work, Thackeray replied, 'I began a story, was dissatisfied with it, and burnt it. I can't jump further than I did in the *Newcomes*, but I want to jump as far.' Elwin asked what was amiss with the piece he had burnt. 'It ran in the old track,' said Thackeray. 'I have exhausted all the types of character with which I am familiar, and it is very difficult to strike out anything new. I have thought of two or three schemes. One was to lay the scene in the time of Dr. Johnson.' 'Don't do that,' exclaimed Elwin. 'Esmond is a good piece of imitation, but you cannot yourself tell that the accessories are correct, because you are obliged to take them at second-hand. A novelist can only describe his own age. You intimated in the *Newcomes* that you meant to give us the history of J. J.' 'That,' Thackeray replied, 'was what I had begun, but it was commenced in too melancholy a strain. I want to have a cheerful hero, though this is very difficult, for a cheerful character must have some deeper element to give sufficient dignity and interest. It is hardly possible to have a hero without a dash of melancholy. I think the cheerful man must be the second character — a good-humoured, pleasant rogue. But people are always complaining that my clever people are rascals, and the good people idiots.' Elwin urged him to 'describe a domestic family, enjoying the genuine blessings of calm, domestic felicity, put in contrast with the vexations and hollowness of fashionable life.' Thackeray replied pathetically, 'How can I describe that sort of domestic calm? I have never seen it. I have lived all my life in Bohemia. Besides, there would be very little to describe. It must of necessity want movement. I intended to show J. J. married, and exhibit him with the trials of a wife and children. I meant to make him in love with another man's wife, and recover him through his attachment for the little ones.' 'This story,' said Elwin, 'I begged him not to write.'" (*Some Eighteenth Century Men of Letters*, I, 156-157)

don? Numbers of the letters were about lectures too. Ever so many great cities are quarreling for the possession of your most obdt Serv<sup>t</sup> — but with this drawback to the pleasure of popularity that the great cities wont pay — Why, a little New England village in the midst of the snow is more ready with its 100\$ than a great bulky Birmingham or Newcastle with its 20 £ note. At the end of the month I go with my girls to Edinburgh and Glasgow proposing to visit several friends' houses on the way or near it — and this jaunt will carry us pretty well into December when we return home D. V. I told the Edinburgh people that I would lecture to them first; and they hold me so tightly to this promise, that they insist upon having *all* my lectures before even I give them at Glasgow — unless I would let them make a bargain with the Glasgowites in their favor diminishing the amount they were to pay me — for why do I bother you with these calculations? only to show that my tongue is tied till after Edinburgh and December. Now, the bargain I want to make with the President of the Sherborne Institute (Aren't you the President of the Sherborne Institute or Whatdyoucallem?) is that if his house is big enough W C Macready will take in self and 2 daughters for a couple of days sometime in the ensuing winter, and show us your town and shake hands with us, and I daresay theres a bottle of claret left in your cellar for a thirsty orator, and we'll give your little performance,<sup>127</sup> and we will see Salisbury Cathedral on our way home and I think that will be as pleasant a little trip for love, as the one I am about to make to the North for money. Perhaps I may find something in Dorsetshire to put into my 'forthcoming Serial' — as yet I have found nothing and have burned 2 or 3 beginnings, during our little jaunt to Spa & Aix la Chapelle the other day.

I have seen none of our friends since my return — We called in Montague Square<sup>128</sup> but the bride and bridegroom are not at home as yet: at Tavistock House but with no better fortune. Please

<sup>127</sup> See below, No. 1346.

<sup>128</sup> Forster, who had married Eliza Anne Crosbie on September 24, was living with his bride at 46 Montague Square. Tavistock House, of course,

to remember that if ever you have a mind to come to London, a neat bed room breakfast and dinner are always at your service, and 2 young ladies who will make you very welcome. And believe me always my dear Macready

Yours

W M Thackeray.

1245.

TO MR. McDOWELL

15 OCTOBER 1856

*Address:* M<sup>r</sup> McDowell. | 7 Stebbington St | Bedford New Town. *Postmark:* OC 15 56. Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>r</sup> 15 October

I and my daughters are very much obliged to you for your kind remembrance of us, and shall be glad to see your little girl any Sunday when you are free to bring her. Our people dine at 1 o'clock or soon after and there is always enough if you will take their potluck. We go away to the North in about a fortnight so I hope you'll be able to come before then. The Sunday after next would be best, as we have friends next Sunday I am glad to think that you are getting on well in the world, and my daughters who are grown up are pleased that you should remember your old service with

Yours very faithfully

W M Thackeray.

1246.

JOHN JONES MERRIMAN

15 OCTOBER 1856

*Address:* J. J. Merriman Esq<sup>re</sup> | 44 Kensington Sq<sup>re</sup> Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>r</sup> 15 October.

My dear M<sup>r</sup> Merriman

I took down the book only yesterday and looked at the drawing made ever so long ago, and promised & vowed that I would go to Kensington on the very first free day. Now I leave it, on my way



to poor A'Beckett's funeral at Highgate — whom I left well and hearty here a few months since, and who has been called so suddenly away out of Vanity Fair. I wish it were not so big, or we performers in it so busy, then we might see each other and shake hands once in a year or so. But I remember your kindness very well when we were near neighbours, and am always yours very sincerely

W M Thackeray.

1247. TO WILLIAM WEBB FOLLETT SYNGE  
16 OCTOBER 1856

*Address:* W. W. F. Synge Esq<sup>e</sup> | Foreign Office | Downing St. Hitherto unpublished.

Thursday. October 16.

My dear W W F.

Yesterday & the day before I went about asking people to dine with me on Sunday, quite forgetting my engagement to you — I have the 2 Crowes (one going away immediately) <sup>129</sup> Tenniel, <sup>130</sup> — another man — I mean it would be a pity to put 'em off — in fact I couldn't as Edward Crowe w<sup>d</sup> be disappted no doubt. Shall the girls go to you, and will you dine with us and have a bachelor party? I daresay you have asked Staveley <sup>131</sup> or some one to meet us — if so, can't we have 'em here? You see it's a sort of treat to poor Edward Crowe, and thats why I think its best to bilk you.

Yours

W M T.

Dont hate me & remember the insult to the day of your death.

<sup>129</sup> Edward Crowe, brother of Joseph and Eyre, was appointed superintendent of the construction of waterworks at Warsaw late in 1856 (Sir Joseph, Crowe, *Reminiscences*, p. 237).

<sup>130</sup> John Tenniel (1820–1914), later (1893) knighted, had joined the staff of *Punch* as second cartoonist upon Doyle's retirement in 1850. He was first cartoonist from the death of Leech in 1864 till 1901. Today he is best remembered for his illustrations to *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865) and *Alice through the Looking Glass* (1872).

<sup>131</sup> Either Thomas Staveley, Superintendent of Consular Business, who re-

1856

TO MR. BOWIE

623

1248.

TO MR. BOWIE  
17 OCTOBER 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>f</sup> October 17. 1856.

Dear Sir

" In reply to your note of yesterday, I have given my Lectures hitherto without any syllabus, and w<sup>d</sup> prefer to deliver them only with the General Title. 'The Four Georges, Sketches of Court and Town Life and Manners during their reigns.' A full report of the lecture would also not be desirable: as I propose to publish afterwards not these lectures but a much larger work containing the Lectures and a great deal more w<sup>h</sup> cannot be included in them. I am much better I think in health than I was, and the days w<sup>h</sup> you mention will suit me very well.

Believe me, faithfully yours  
W M Thackeray.

H. Bowie Esq<sup>f</sup>

1249.

TO DR. JOHN BROWN  
19 OCTOBER 1856

My text is taken from a facsimile in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, p. 324.

October 19. O. □

My dear Brown


We are coming all 3 to Edinburgh and I am not certain where we shall put up. Captain Hankey of Middleton an old friend of mine will take us for the whole time if we like, but we are like the Merdles <sup>132</sup> and owe something to Society. Middleton is very good fun but I want the last bottle of that Madeira at 23. I wont

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tired in 1857, or Thomas George Staveley, a Junior Clerk at the Foreign Office (*Foreign Office List*, 1859).

<sup>132</sup> Who had made their initial appearance in chapters 20 and 21 of *Little Dorrit* (number VI, published for May, 1856).

go to Barry's <sup>133</sup> — they are too extortionate — Couldnt we have decent lodgings in your quarter? Lord Elgin <sup>134</sup> has invited us. John Blackwood likewise — yes, the lodgings would be the best plan, and that w<sup>d</sup> give me the excuse to bring a servant with me w<sup>h</sup> I want to

do. Did you *ever* think I should become such a  ? I send you

my very best regards to all of you. It will be jolly to shake you by the hand says

T.O.

Yours ever  
W M T

About two hours after this was written came the kindest invitation in from J. Blackwood, and I have written to him mentioning the state of affairs and leaving the matter still open. Hence the delay in answering your worship.

1250.

FROM CHARLES PEARMAN TO ?

24 OCTOBER 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

36 Onslow Square Brompton.

Oct<sup>r</sup> 24<sup>th</sup> 1856

Sir

M<sup>r</sup> Thackeray's sudden call to Paris will prevent him being in England by Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> inst. and writes to state he is sorry to disappoint you & family

Yours obed<sup>t</sup>  
C Pearman

<sup>133</sup> Barry's Hotel.

<sup>134</sup> James Bruce (1811-1863), eighth Earl of Elgin.

1251.

TO EYRE CROWE

29 OCTOBER 1856

*Address:* Eyre Crowe, Esq. | 12 Queen Charlotte Row | New Road. *Postmark:*  
OC 29 56. Hitherto unpublished. Date noted by Crowe.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>r</sup>

My dear Eyre

I wish you could come here tomorrow m<sup>s</sup> to breakfast say — I am just back from Paris whither we were called by the illness of my poor mother. I left her yesterday better but still very ill, & the girls must *nurse* her & lose their pleasure trip to Scotland.

Yours

W M T.

1252.

TO ANNE THACKERAY

30 OCTOBER 1856

*Address:* Miss Thackeray | 19 Rue d'Angouleme St Honoré | Paris. *Postmark:*  
PARIS 31 OCT. 56. Hitherto unpublished.

My dearest Nan's letter came quite early this morning, to my great comfort. Thank God that Granny is so well for I have felt half guilty ever since I came away, and looked for telegraphic messages at Boulogne & Folkestone. It was a capital smooth passage: a comfortable sleep at the P<sup>h</sup> <sup>135</sup> — and such a fine fog in London yesterday! I was going to Punch and actually turned back so black was the fog; but meeting stout old Leigh took his arm and walked with him & the fog was not near so bad in the City as in Brompton & Knightsbridge and we had a pleasant evening and Im sure there's a bug in my bed and this morning ever since 10 I have been dictating passages of sublime eloquence to Eyre Crowe Esq<sup>re</sup>, and now I'm tired, and cant write my dear woman such a nice letter as she wrote me. I only wrote 10 letters yesterday almost all about lectures — Dublin Belfast Gateshead Islington Lord knows where — there's a deal of money il me

<sup>135</sup> The Pavilion Hotel.

seemble to be turned out of these lectures yet. I went to little f — <sup>136</sup> and by the merest chance in the world another lady came in — and to day I'm going to see Thompson and on Saturday to kind Radcliffe at Liverpool and with respect to Amy I think 3 nurses out of the family is enough Let her remain at Brony-weddlum — Dont you see its another 10£ to fetch and take her over? — and very uncomfortable when you are all there? Eyre told me of something very pleasant and w<sup>h</sup> I think & hope may do: wiz the possibility of a very nice and clever and rising fellow having taken a liking to Amy — dear good little Dorrit! — but I think we should be sorry to lose her. < . . . > <sup>137</sup>

Theres 2 or 3 letters for Miss Thackeray here — Windleshaw <sup>138</sup> Baroness Rothschild, Tishy no Henny for Minn — I've not the heart to open 'em somehow, or to pay 8<sup>d</sup> a piece and send them. And I think ladies this is all my news — but o dear me its very very glum being without you. Never mind if you can be of use to my dearest old Granny & G P. to whom please present the dutiful compliments & kisses of

Papaw.

Please G. P send me your exact length from wrist to wrist. American money has arrived and I'm afloat again

1253.

TO MRS. BAXTER  
2 NOVEMBER 1856

Published in part, *American Family*, pp. 147-150.

36 Onslow Sq<sup>re</sup> Brompton.  
2 November. 1856.

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Baxter I must try and write you a little letter from my bed on my back where I am lying with one of my old attacks of spasm. (O-O-Oho! he shuts his eyes and groans during

<sup>136</sup> Mrs. Fanshawe. The other lady, of course, was Mrs. Brookfield.

<sup>137</sup> About thirty words have here been torn from the letter.

<sup>138</sup> General and Lady Thackeray lived at Windleshaw. Tishy and Henny were daughters of the Coles.

an interval) I must be well tomorrow. Haven't I to go 400 miles to lecture at Edinburgh? — and with a grim face I congratulate you my dear Grandpapa and Grandmamma upon the happy event w<sup>h</sup> you announce to me and to w<sup>h</sup> I hope M<sup>rs</sup> S. H. by this time is reconciled. Her last letter was written a month before the 12 of August and in as glum spirits as expectant mother could be. May the little man prosper! may his little successors be happy and many! May he never inflict nor suffer murder in a Georgian Railway Car: <sup>139</sup> may the fashion of applauding the bludgeoners of unoffending senators not be continued in his time! <sup>140</sup> (Aha! quite a little twinge!)

I dont know what to tell you about my where-and whatabouts for 3 months past. They have been very unsatisfactory. At first we went to Spa in Belgium w<sup>h</sup> was very satisfactory and if I did not write any of my book I thought a great deal of it. Then in evil hour I went to Aix la Chapelle and fell ill as at the present then to Düsseldorf on the Rhine where hearing of the death of my mother's sister in law at Paris (another M<sup>rs</sup> Carmichael Smyth) and concluding that my dear old mother would naturally come to comfort the widower & afflicted we hastened to Paris. But no Mother. Her presence was not wanted the old Major liked the

<sup>139</sup> "[October 15, 1856:] The *Times* publishes an extraordinary narrative concerning 'Railways and Revolvers in Georgia,' in which an 'Eye-witness' describes a series of duels said to have taken place among the passengers in the railway cars between Macon and Augusta, on the 28th Aug. Five people were said to have been killed, and one boy coolly murdered and thrown out of the train. As the story was thought to illustrate the present lawless condition of the Southern States, its accuracy was canvassed with eager keenness by partisan writers, who sought to show that the *Times* had been made the subject of a carefully-planned hoax. The president of the railway and the British Consul in the district gave an unqualified contradiction to the story, for which they said there was no foundation whatsoever — no outrage of any kind having taken place on the line, and only one death during the year, the result of an accident. In the end it was admitted that the narrator, 'John Arrowsmith, Liverpool,' must have been labouring under a hallucination." (Joseph Irving, *The Annals of Our Time*, p. 469)

<sup>140</sup> On May 22, 1856, Thackeray's friend Charles Sumner, United States Senator from Massachusetts, was brutally beaten in the Senate chamber by Representative Preston S. Brooks of South Carolina in retribution for a violent anti-slavery speech that he had delivered two days earlier.

place where he was and stayed 3 weeks longer — so we had to stay those 3 weeks, and 2 weeks more with the old folks when they did come back. Then we came to London to prepare for our Scotch tour — we were to go to delightful country houses — little Miss Min was to come out for the nonce — and made her first appearance at Russell Sturgis's in a nice white frock and a nice little twopenny diamond cross that a certain Papa bought — when lo! comes Charles Pearman from London with a telegraphic message from Paris 'Your mother is ill. Come'. Away we go 4 of us next morning — we find her — not very ill but the old man in a prodigious alarm & her too — we have one homœopathic Doctor after another one servant after another to sleep by her — at last in a fright she sends the Homœopathists to the rightabout gets rapidly well under the Regulars but the girls pleasant party to Scotland is broken up & they must stay at Paris and nurse their invalid — I come away & fall ill here too — And I think this is an account of a blundering unsatisfactory uncomfortable campaign. Stop it's not over yet — In my absence all my proof sheets and all your brother Olivers<sup>141</sup> circulars are whisked away & burned — I cant help it. Theres no use scolding. He must send me some more w<sup>h</sup> I shall get on my return from Scotland please God — and then I must go back to the old folks in Paris for he wont come here and they are not fit to be left to themselves.

In all these botherations the girls are behaving like trumps — take their disappointments with the sweetest good-humour — and we try to do our best for keeping the commandment w<sup>h</sup> promises us that our days shall be long in the land.<sup>142</sup>

Isn't this a cross grained dismal odious letter? Not a word of that book is written though I have spent hours & weeks of pains on it — Never mind there is time enough & to spare. As Mahomet wont move, the mountain must go to him. I must shut my house up — and stay for some months at Paris at any rate and, to this end, have refused a score of engagements to lecture. Well, I hope I shall never write you a *spasmodic* letter again! and O Mussy!

<sup>141</sup> Oliver Strong.

<sup>142</sup> *Exodus*, 20, 12.

I hope I shall be well for Tuesday 4<sup>th</sup>! <sup>143</sup> Salute your little grand-child for me, and his aunt and uncles and his Papa & Mamma & his Grand Aunts & Uncles and everything that is yours among w<sup>h</sup> please to count always

Madam, Your faithful (but uncomfortable at present)



1254. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY  
7 NOVEMBER 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

Friday. Nov. 7.

My dearest Maidens. Your last letter telling of Granny in the arm chair and with the good dinner comforted your venerable Parent. He is very well himself — in a whirl of business dinners visits lecture engagements & so forth. We are to repeat the lectures here next week. I wonder how you would have liked the hissing about Mary Q. of Scots? <sup>144</sup> It was famous sport and made the lecture go all the pleasanter: and at the months end I shall have pocketted a nice little 500£ for standing on my legs and reading 16 hours out of a written book — its almost as good as America. Charles is just gone to the post with 9 letters and I've more to write: and though your Pa dont write very long letters yet he's very fond of his gals still and sends his love to his dear old Granny & G P.

<sup>143</sup> Thackeray began his lectures in Edinburgh on Tuesday, November 4.

<sup>144</sup> In his lecture on George I (*Works*, VII, 634) Thackeray expresses his poor opinion of Mary, Queen of Scots, at some length. His audience was by no means unanimous in its protest. "If there was one thing we are grateful to him for above another," writes Dr. John Brown on April 8, 1857, "it was that he delivered us from Mary Queen of Scots, and Bruce, and Haggis, and Burns, and Auld Reekie, and Hugh Miller." (*Dr. Brown*, pp. 110-111)



1255.

TO MRS. FANSHAWE

7? NOVEMBER 1856 <sup>145</sup>

Hitherto unpublished.

3 Randolph Crescent Edinburgh

My dear F. I've been in such a whirr of visits engagements arrangements ever since Tuesday that I have had no time to send a line to any one soul except the girls — I'm very well Anny writes from Paris that Granny is rapidly getting to the same state. The lectures have been a success I was famously hissed for speaking disrespectfully of Mary Queen of Scots but it was good fun and made the evening more amusing. I'm to repeat the lectures here and so for reading out of a book for 16 hours shall get 500 £ and come back to London well please God at the months end. If any body would like to know I am well, tell them so with my love & so Good bye my dear friend says

W M T.

What a shabby scrap of writing! I've written 10 letters already this morning & more still are to be written

1256. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

8-11 NOVEMBER 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

Saturday. I can have 10 minutes' writing before dinner — See what beautiful paper I have got young women mind you dont take any of this out of the drawer only I know you will. Yesterday George II came off to enraptured audiences, and I had a row with my employers about repeating the lectures — The wretches at Glasgow who give me only 100£ are going to make 400 by me. What is the meaning of all this popularity? Why, I shall be making another great harvest in England & Scotland, if I dont

<sup>145</sup> It seems likely that this note was written on the same day as the letter which precedes it.

mind — and I must do it if the chances offer, though I don't like it. The Blackwoods <sup>146</sup> are as kind as kind can be; their house & housekeeping most comfortable; my digestion of all their good things perfect. To day I dine with Lord Murray.<sup>147</sup> Tomorrow is Sunday and we are to have a quiet day. I have been to see a pretty woman M<sup>rs</sup> Abercromby Dick with a pretty daughter & a pretty granddaughter whom Granny knows out of old times. Theres a dear little baby in the house here such a jolly kind little thing. She can only say a few words yet, but she talks a hundred pretty phrases in smiles — in fine you are to gather from these disjointed sentences that your dear Par is very comfortable at the present writing.

Sunday. The dinner at Lord Murrays pleasant. Old fashioned law lord — fat — white head handsome fine features — large black velvet stomach — Haggis for dinner and great mixture of good wines. Very good music after dinner — Violin piano (Lady Murray) Violoncello perfessional — Capital way of spending after dinner hours. Much better than conversation wish we knew a nice Violoncello. Had to do a little part of lion, and receive old fashioned compliments

Tuesday. Here comes in a famous letter from my dear women & Granny — The fever bout please God is over. Had it come a week later, it would have cost us 7 or 800£. It makes me very serious to think what is to happen. G P & Granny ought to be near us, and within call. They ought to have somebody with them — Dont you see how in these passages to & fro the Breadwinners time is wasted? For instance we hear that M<sup>rs</sup> Robert is ill and concluding that Granny will be there in trouble we come to Paris — Granny is not to come for a month. We wait at Paris a month & then another fortnight to be with her. We go home to our business — she falls ill at Paris back we come — another 10 days go — I go home and fall ill in my turn, another week goes. Why,

<sup>146</sup> With whom Thackeray stayed while in Edinburgh.

<sup>147</sup> Sir John Archibald Murray (1779-1859), who for many years had been associated with *The Edinburgh Review*, was Judge of the Court of Session in Edinburgh with the courtesy title of Lord Murray from 1839 till his death.

nearly 3 months have been wasted in this dodging about and sentimentality we must be more downright & sensible for future arrangements I think I shall have to take 10 days more to give the lectures between Manchester & Liverpool w<sup>h</sup> will put some 2 or 300£ more to the 5 I take away from here. If Granny is well I should like you girls to come over to Liverpool. I should like you to see a little of the world We should stay at the Radcliffes and with Lady Stanley — Lord Broughton invited me & my daughter for Xmas. I dont think you <...><sup>148</sup>

1257.

TO MRS. FANSHAWE

11 NOVEMBER 1856

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> Fanshawe | 15 St George's Place. Knightsbridge | London.  
*Postmark:* NOV 11 1856. Hitherto unpublished.

Monsieur Thackeray presents his respectful homages to you and would be very glad to hear that you are better, and to come and see you whenever you are well enough to receive from him personally the heartfelt though inadequate expression of his regard and gratitude.

1258.

TO MISS SINCLAIR

12 NOVEMBER 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

Wednesday. Randolph Cresc<sup>t</sup>

Dear Miss Sinclair

I should be delighted to accept Lady Belhavens<sup>149</sup> hospitality, but I have to lecture 5 nights next week & five the week after, and on Monday Dec<sup>r</sup> 1 am due at Hull for the same purpose; and

<sup>148</sup> The rest of this letter has not been preserved.

<sup>149</sup> The former Hamilton Campbell (1790?–1873), who had married Robert Montgomerie Hamilton (1793–1868), eighth Baron Belhaven and Stenton, in 1815.

then occur ever so many more performances w<sup>h</sup> will carry me up to Xmas. I am very sorry that I lose such a pleasant visit.

Always yours

W M Thackeray.

1259. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

18-21 NOVEMBER 1856

*Address:* Miss Thackerays. | Wheeler's Hotel | Havre. | France. *Postmarks:* NOV 21 1856, PARIS 23 NOV. 56. Extracts published in *Biographical Introductions*, X, xxv; additions in *Thackeray and his Daughter*, pp. 101-103.

Tuesday. Yesterday I dined at the artillery mess with Col. Hamley <sup>150</sup>—very agreeable artillery officers from the Crimea—pompous good natured old fogey with dyed hair who showed us a gold snuff box he had taken from a French general at Waterloo—very pleasant heavy dragoon Colonel MacMahon <sup>151</sup> also Crimean—saw him at the Review a few days since roaring at the head of his men. Was to be off to Glasgow this morning & got as far as the Station just in time to remember I had forgotten the lecture came back and read the paper in peace & quiet—think I shall be very glad when the 22 December is over, & I have done wagging my jaws for a while—Shall have enough to live next year without touching a penny of the Good for Nothing money—so much the better for you girls. Am not in love with Miss Block any more since M<sup>rs</sup> Brown told me she is here under a rubbing Doctor, and is rubbed every day for 2 hours with lard—dont like the idea of a young lady rubbed with lard—of course she has a female rubber—but still...

Well this is Thursday now—I have been to Glasgow, lectured

<sup>150</sup> Colonel Edward Bruce Hamley (1824-1893), later (1882) K. C. B. and a Lieutenant-General, served through the Crimean War, which he afterwards described in *The Story of the Campaign of Sebastopol* (1855). On his return from the Crimea he was quartered at Leith and became very friendly with the Blackwoods.

<sup>151</sup> Colonel Thomas Westropp MacMahon (1813-1892), later (1860) third Baronet, saw service in the Crimean War as an officer of the Fifth Dragoon Guards. He was made a General in 1880.

to 2000 people, come back again, taken a dose of dear delightful calomel, and a dose this morning — for you see I am in a dreadful fright lest the spasms should come on; and go to Glasgow again tomorrow & lecture every night next week. So you need none of you spare yourselves anything — not carriages horses fires comforts of any sort — when for 2 hours talking we can have 50 £ — mind this my dear old G P. and that if you will draw on Lubbocks for 50 £ I have written to them to cash the bill — I dont like to send a cheque trapesing about between Havre & Paris — and indeed accepted one of the lectures next week purposely to that end. I have been reading Walter Scotts Life all day the end of it and how at 60 odd he sate down to pay off a debt of 130000£ with his pen.<sup>152</sup> What a courage! At Glasgow I went & took tea with M<sup>rs</sup> Blackburn who is painting with wonderful skill & beauty now — and she showed me a new invention w<sup>h</sup> I think will spare poor Eyre all the trouble with my plates. And what more have I got to say? Why thats all for the night I think. Please G P. give the girls any money they want I still think you might all take a fine day & + from Havre to Southampton, & so we might all dine in O. Square on Xmas day. I am answering letters every day about the lectures — Did I tell you about the Hankeys & how amiable Fanny is? — so is Madame — very odd, accomplished, bold, good-humoured, a character.

Friday morning. And now I am going to Glasgow — It is a pretty drive and it would have been prettier &c &c. not that I should have seen much of you and you would have been a clog sometimes and no mistake. Last night we began the Second Series very good audience considering — Afterwards I was obliged to go to a supper — of ladies and gentlemen We had songs after supper it was very odd & old fashioned and kind and huge tumblers were brought in in w<sup>h</sup> every man made himself a glass of whiskey toddy — Mine did me a great deal of good for I was tired after my days work and dosing, and this morning I wake up as fresh as possible

<sup>152</sup> See Chapter 67 of Lockhart's *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*. When Scott was ruined in 1826, he was only fifty-five.

1856

TO WILLIAM RITCHIE

635

— Have been spending it in writing lots of letters as usual — and now I send my benediction to my daughters and my humble duty to my parents and will go pay some visits — So farewell my dears

W M T.

Mind G. P to send for the fifty — Ive settled for another lecture at Derby this m<sup>s</sup>.

1260.

TO S. P.

19 NOVEMBER 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

3 Randolph Crescent Edinburgh.

Nov<sup>r</sup> 19.

My dear kind S. P.

Arthur shall assuredly have the books some day — I was knocked down to my bed for 4 days whilst I was in London; only got out of bed to come here to lecture, and then go to a half dozen of places between this & Xmas day.

My girls are with their poor Granny who has been not very ill but very nervous. They have lost their pleasant trip to Scotland by this Contretemps and I the pleasure of seeing them happy.

I can only write you a line — I have 20 letters on hand — but this is to say what you know that I am always afftly yours

W M Thackeray.

1261.

TO WILLIAM RITCHIE

24 NOVEMBER 1856

Published in part, *Family Letters*, pp. 135–136.

3 Randolph Crescent. Edinburgh.

November 24. 1856.

My dear Villikins. Read over the enclosed respectful document and think in your noble mind whether it is likely to serve my

friend Captain Blackwood<sup>153</sup> by being sent to its address or put in the fire — that is if you have fires at Calcutta — though of course you do to burn your widows on. Blackwood is a friend of mine a good officer a most worthy gentleman and I am very anxious to serve him — Can you? Can Colonel Low? The favor Captain B asks is not a big one.

My friend Davison goes to Madras — and now I really think I must come to my native country — Yardley<sup>154</sup> at Bombay, Davus at Madras, and you and Arthur Buller at Calcutta — what a jolly winter I and the girls might have! Let us finish the 'Forthcoming Serial' and then see.

I saw your dear little ones at Paris not very long ago — Charlotte & Jane (how surprized we were to find her back!) will tell you how my mamma fell ill and my girls were disappointed of their trip to Scotland — My orations is a great success here and I am coining money at present at the rate of about half an Advocate General,<sup>155</sup> say 5 of 600£ a month. I get 6000£ for my next book. Cockadoodledoo! The family is looking up isn't it? I send my best love to Augusta and am Yours my dear old W<sup>m</sup> always

W M T.

1262. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY

25 NOVEMBER 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

Edinbro. Nov<sup>r</sup> 25.

½ a page before setting out to Glasgow to tell you to write next to the Post Office. Hull — where I shall be D. V. on Monday

<sup>153</sup> Archibald Blackwood (d. 1870), younger brother of John, later a Colonel of the 32nd Pioneers in the Indian army (Mrs. Porter, *John Blackwood*, pp. 27 and 213).

<sup>154</sup> Sir William Yardley (1811–1878) was educated at Shrewsbury and became a barrister of the Middle Temple in 1837. He and Thackeray appear to have been on intimate terms (see below, No. 1700) before he went out to Bombay in 1847 as Puisne Judge. He became Chief Justice in 1852 and returned to England in 1858. (Boase, *Modern English Biography*, III, 1552)

<sup>155</sup> Ritchie was Advocate-General of Bengal from 1855 till his death.

next December 1. Last night was the 3<sup>d</sup> of the second course here <sup>156</sup> and the lecture was enlivened by the presence of Captain A G Shawe of the 34 foot and Signor Macpherson from Rome, both of whom came home with us, and the latter talked and perfectly disgusted me as of old.

Did I write to tell that dear old Davus has got an Indian judgeship at last? <sup>157</sup> I think of keeping on our chambers, and making a work room there. What have Granny & G P settled about coming to London? Why shouldnt we have a Xmas there? — only not Aunt Mary I positively cant stand her — I have engaged to lecture to the Marylebone Institution in January (200 guineas) so that Granny may have the delight of hearing the lectures if she will promise not to cry and to behave herself — and I think the best way will be to give these lectures once a week — so if they are popular we can have a second concurrent series.

I have sent 20£ to poor M<sup>rs</sup> Beckwith <sup>158</sup> — She will want a

<sup>156</sup> Dr. John Brown writes to Jessie Crum, niece of James Crum of Busby near Glasgow, in a letter of November 24 (misdated November 11 by the editors of *Dr. Brown*): "I knew Thackeray would go to your heart. I do hope you are to be at the dinner to-morrow. We have just come home from the third George. We liked it better than the first time. What power and gentleness and restraint! I wonder at and love him more and more. To-night he took the whole house by the heart, and held them; they were still, and serious, and broke out wildly at the end. We have seen a great deal of him; he comes and sits for hours, and lays that great nature out before us, with its depths and bitternesses, its tenderness and desperate truth. It is so sad to see him so shut out from all cheer and hope. He was delighted with your William Thomson; he said he was an angel and better, and must have wings under his flannel waistcoat. I said he had, for I had seen them. Get him to come back to you after the lecture and sing the 'Cabin Boy'. . . ."

"I told Thackeray what Uncle James said of his first lecture, that at its close, after the brightness and sustained light of his words, '*it was like putting out the gas*'. He said it was the best thing he had heard about the lecture." (*Dr. Brown*, p. 110) Thomson (1824-1907), later (1892) first Baron Kelvin, was the great scientist and inventor. He had married Margaret Crum in 1852.

<sup>157</sup> Henry Davison's appointment as Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of Madras was announced on March 16, 1857.

<sup>158</sup> One of the many derelicts who drained Thackeray's purse. She is the "Mrs. B." of his diary for this year.



home — Would she do to stay a little with Granny? They must have somebody with them that is certain, and another servant.

Would not the first floor and another room at Douglas's <sup>159</sup> be nice for Granny & G P? — a Doctor in the house actually Mr Douglas & Min in attendance — I think something might be done with that scheme. They might have their own maid lodging table dine with us when they were minded — If they come I think I shall go sleep in the back drawing room and smoke how-daciously in the drawing room — I'm very well — How kind these people have been! What comfort, feasting, splendor! Good bye my darling women.

W M T.

1263.

TO MRS. PROCTER

26 NOVEMBER 1856

Published in part, *Biographical Introductions*, XII, xxxiv-xxxv. My text is taken from a transcript given Lady Ritchie by George Murray Smith.

Edinburgh.

November 26, 1856

My dear Mrs Procter,

Keep the money till I come back at Xmas. Mrs Reach <sup>160</sup> had some just before I left home. I had a letter to you half written. I only saw through an old number of the Illustrated London News what had happened in your house,<sup>161</sup> and this very afternoon as I came through the snow from Glasgow was thinking shall I write now or later? — later I had determined it should be but your little

<sup>159</sup> Joseph Douglas, surgeon, 1 Summer Terrace, Onslow Square, Brompton (*Watkins's London Directory*, 1855).

<sup>160</sup> The wife of Angus Bethune Reach (1821-1856). Her husband, who had long been ill and who died on November 25, came to London in 1842 and secured a post with *The Morning Chronicle*. He was art and music critic and principal reviewer of this paper for many years, but he also found time to write for *Punch* and a variety of other publications.

<sup>161</sup> Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Procter's mother, had recently died.

note seems to say otherwise, and under the two or three lines about Mrs Reach I read: Why as a friend do you show no mark of sympathy at a time when friendship ought to give it? — I don't know. I am not sorry for most people certainly not for those old and in pain for whom sleep must be a consoler after the fitful fever.<sup>162</sup> I thought when I read the news how very lately I had tried to give courage to my own Mother who lacked it, with an account of Mrs Montague's wonderful endurance and self-abnegation. It was so *kind* of her to be courageous at that time, and spare grief to you all. I remember whom you told me, of all others she had lost, she wanted to see. Have these two met in yonder vast next World? When we talked about it last, I said I thought it seemed lonely there. Thinking of it is thinking of God Inscrutable Immeasurable, endless, beginningless, supreme, awfully solitary. Little children step off this earth into the Infinite and we tear our hearts out over their sweet cold hands and smiling faces that drop indifferent when you cease holding them and smile as the lid is closing over them. I don't think we deplore the old who have had enough of living and striving and have buried so many others, and must be weary of living — it seems time for them to go — for where's the pleasure of staying when the feast is over and the flowers withered and the guests gone. Isn't it better to blow the light out than sit on among the broken meats, and collapsed jellies, and vapid heeltaps? I go — to what I don't know — but to God's next world which is His and He made it. One paces up and down the shore yet awhile — and looks towards the Unknown Ocean, and thinks of the traveller whose boat sailed yesterday. Those we love can but walk down to the pier with us — the voyage we must make alone — except for the young or very happy I can't say I am sorry for any one who dies and now haven't I got a score of letters to write about business? I came in just now from Glasgow, am off again tomorrow, plunge about all next month reading these old papers, and behold one day shall be silent — let us scrape together a little money for tomorrow we die.<sup>163</sup>

<sup>162</sup> *Macbeth*, III, ii, 23.

<sup>163</sup> *Isaiah*, 22, 13.

My girls are taking care of their Grandmother who is still very nervous and unwell at Havre. I don't think the trip hither would have been very pleasant — it was better that they should stay at home and soothe pain and do duty. Good bye my dear friend and,

Believe me,

Affectionately yours always,  
W. M. Thackeray.

1264.

TO DR. AND MRS. BROWN

27 NOVEMBER 1856

My text is taken from *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, p. 325.

Novr. 27

My dear Mrs. Brown and Doctor and Jock and Helen — I have been writing letters without one moment's cessation, from breakfast till now it's time to go. I was writing the whole of yesterday after my return till dinner. I couldn't come to see you. In fact, I don't want to come and see you, and hate taking leave. Good-bye my dear, kind friends, and believe me always gratefully yours,

W. M. T.

1265.

TO MRS. FANSHAWE

27 NOVEMBER 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

Edinburgh. Nov<sup>r</sup> 27.

Thank you my dear F. I hope you are wrong about those first class passengers. Mind, I was second class when they took me up. I am just done my 2<sup>d</sup> course at Edinburgh and have 3 more lectures this week and am coining money for the moment. The performances are much better liked than they were in America. I must defer the novel yet awhile and take in this golden harvest as it stands. I will try and not be proud to you. I will be affable. Rosa may see the girls at proper intervals. I have no objection to their occasionally meeting the daughters of the clergy. I intend to run away with a Bishop's wife myself and have my children confirmed

by him as I know he does not believe in his religion. O woman! let us be thankful for the share of good we get, and bind up our wounds and bear their pain gently — I must shut up the envelope though. Am I not going to Glasgow immediately, and isn't there a deal to do? Will you write to me next week at Hull. care of Literary & Philosophical Institution — a friendly word is always a comfort — and blessings be on they who send the same. Do you write to Nice <sup>164</sup> and say what a great success I am having? Good bye.

W M T.

[For fragments of a letter to Mrs. Elliot and Kate Perry of November, 1856, see letter 47, Appendix XXVI.]

1266.

TO JOHN ALLEN

1? DECEMBER 1856

Hitherto unpublished. *Endorsed*: Dec. 2. 1856.

My dear Allen.

Thank you for your kind offer. My girls are with their G. Mother who is ill at Paris, and were much disappointed at not being able to make the Northern tour with me. When you & I ate macaroni over the old gate at Trinity who would ever have thought that I should be in a lecture-box talking for money to thousands of people?

I have not a single free day up to Xmas — lecturing every evening and filling my money-bag in quite a surprising manner. I can't afford to go any where for love now — only for guineas. E F G of course has written to you about his marriage.<sup>165</sup> He ordered me not to congratulate him and I can only wish him good fortune I should like to see the 8 daughters and send my best regards to their mother & May whom I remember. Goodbye my dear Allen

Always yours

W M T.

[For fragments of a letter to Mrs. Elliot and Kate Perry of 2 December 1856, see letter 48, Appendix XXVI.]

<sup>164</sup> Where Mrs. Brookfield had gone with the Ashburtons (*Mrs. Brookfield*, II, 444-445).

<sup>165</sup> Fitzgerald married Lucy Barton (1808-1898) on November 4, 1856.

1267. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY  
3 DECEMBER 1856

Published in part, *Biographical Introductions*, X, xxvii.

Mes filles I have only written 9 letters this morning (& calculate my present correspondence at 4000 letters a year) and now for a little bit of screed to my gals and their granny. First and foremost I am wonderfully well my waistcoat is getting tight again — in spite of the absence of his family your heartless father is cheerful and jolly. The snow covers the ground but we dont mind We are taking our ease in a most splendid comfortable hotel, and O how glad we are we didn't accept the invitation to go stay whilst residing here with our friend Mr Bright!<sup>166</sup> We dined with him yesterday We carved the turkey we have carved 20 turkeys this month always being by the lady of the house, and between her & that other stupid old lady who comes next in order — What a bad dinner it was yesterday, and didnt the waiter spill a glass of port down my sleeve! But the company was kind & pleasant Hull merchants, the Mayor of Hull fat with a blue coat and blue waistcoat with brass buttons, 2 gentlemen from the country one of whom reminded me of his brother a school fellow of mine who is dead now whom I remember a pretty boy and one of whose songs I can sing at this minute. And I spent the whole day royally by my roaring fire enjoying the quiet after the months turmoil and only writing 12 letters in the forenoon. It is a hideous town. The great docks are all covered with snow — the houses of brick with a *dissenting* look — a statue of W<sup>m</sup> Wilberforce powdered with snow. A poor old gentleman slipped down & broke his thigh on a slide coming from my lecture. These are the last news of Hull — pronounced Ool by the lower class of natives. And are my women quite warm & snug by their fire now & has Eliza a fire? I have ordered one for Charles It is too cold to be without one and nos moyens nous le permettent. There came

<sup>166</sup> "H. S. Bright. Hull. 23 Albion St" (An entry in Thackeray's address book for 1856).

along with this <sup>167</sup> such a beautiful play bill in black and red ink — an entirely new Romantic Drama called the FROZEN DEEP with scenery by Telbin & Stanfield (Stanf<sup>d</sup> in large capitals) the prologue by M<sup>r</sup> John Forster (that will be fine) — the characters by the old set the ladies by Miss Helen, Miss Kate, Miss Hogarth, Miss Mary M<sup>rs</sup> Wills Miss Martha to be followed by the farce in 2 acts called Uncle John. God save the Queen, carriages may be ordered at half past eleven — Will our carriage be ordered and my women get into it? I am not sure we shall be able to make out the own carriage this year. These transatlantic telegraph-shares I have taken will make me poor again — but if the line is laid down then well the 1000£ will be worth 3 or 4. I sent Edward Thack. 10£ to buy a saddle or a telescope or a revolver and have got this m<sup>s</sup> such a kind afft<sup>e</sup> letter from the lad — I have sent it to L<sup>d</sup> Broughton <sup>168</sup> with whom but for his daughter I wish we could go & stay: but we can't we have business in town. It pains me to call you away but you can't live always away from your father. The arrangement must be made now or later another maid as I opine and a lady as companion for Granny. I wish she could be

<sup>167</sup> Thackeray's letter is written on the last three pages of the following note:

"Tavistock House, December 1<sup>st</sup> 1856.

My dear Annie,

Hoping that a long notice of our Christmas Theatricals may have the better chance of finding you disengaged at that season, I send you the bill, and hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you, M<sup>r</sup> Thackeray and Minnie on the night to which it refers. I give my invitation this informal shape, in order that I may assure you that it will give M<sup>r</sup> Dickens great pleasure to have you among the audience at a New Play with which he and all concerned have been taking great pains; also that I may ask you to favor me with as early an answer as is convenient and that I may beg you to be here as near *half past seven* on the night as you can.

Your's very sincerely  
Catherine Dickens."

I have not been able to find a copy of the Tavistock House playbill for Christmas, but there is reproduced opposite p. 644 (from an original in the Theatre Collection of the Harvard College Library) a playbill for the same program January 14, 1857.

<sup>168</sup> See above, No. 727. The daughter whom Thackeray disliked was Mrs. Strange Jocelyn.

convinced that her illness is not much. I thought nothing of it when I saw her the first day. During the hot fit before the perspiration, I have had fits of the fiercest depression — eh bien? with blue pills & quinine, please Heaven the disease is to be put an end to. And so good bye my dears says Papa. Mind my address is

Monday 8,

9. Bradford. Talbot Hotel

Thursday 11 Liverpool. care of A. Radcliffe Esq.  
Northumberland Terrace. Everton.

1268. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY  
4 DECEMBER 1856

Published in part, *Biographical Introductions*, X, xxvii–xxviii.

Ull pronounced Ool. Dec<sup>r</sup> 4.

My little Dears.

A sudden thought had struck me that your poor little 5*£* must be spent ere this time, and that you'll want more money for fire candles galoshes juice knows what in this bitter weather. How cold it is and O Lor! how snug and comfortable I am!

There is good company here. I went last night very much against the grain to tea after <sup>169</sup> lecture (I must begin to write close though it isn't near so quick but I see I shall fill tother side up) and I found a very nice Danish lady and daughter and two very nice parsons — one a feeble kindly parson serving 3 churches on a Sunday for 150*£* a year. and for the same amount of labor exactly I am getting the same am<sup>t</sup> of money in a week. The other was a smart lively brave honest energetic little parson, a great cricketer, a great mathematician, not having the tone of good society you understand, but something better if anything CAN be better than Mayfair manners; — I like him for saying 'If I had a school of boys and found they were not good at their batting or underhand bowling I would practise them so as to have them a match for any school in England.' I shall get some new types by going about in this way. I could not understand the

<sup>169</sup> Thackeray changes at this point to his upright hand.

# TAVISTOCK HOUSE THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

On Wednesday, January 14th, 1857, AT A QUARTER BEFORE 8 O'CLOCK, will be presented

AN ENTIRELY NEW

ROMANTIC DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS, BY MR. WILKIE COLLINS,

CALLED

## THE FROZEN DEEP.

*The Machinery and Properties, by MR. IRELAND, of the Theatre Royal, Adelphi. The Dresses by MESSRS. NATHAN, of Titchbourne Street, Haymarket. Perruquier, MR. WILSON, of the Strand.*

THE PROLOGUE WILL BE DELIVERED BY MR. JOHN FORSTER.

CAPTAIN EBSWORTH, of <i>The Sea Mew</i>	Mr. EDWARD PIOTT.
CAPTAIN HELDING, of <i>The Wanderer</i>	Mr. ALFRED DICKENS.
LIEUTENANT CRAYFORD	Mr. MARK LEMON.
FRANK ALDERSLEY	Mr. WILKIE COLLINS.
RICHARD WARDOUR	Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
LIEUTENANT STEVENTON	Mr. YOUNG CHARLES.
JOHN WANT, <i>Ship's Cook</i>	Mr. AUGUSTUS EGG, A.R.A.
BATESON	Mr. EDWARD HOGARTH.
DARKER } <i>Two of The Sea Mew's People</i>	Mr. FREDERICK EVANS.

(OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE SEA MEW AND WANDERER.)

MRS. STEVENTON	MISS HELEN.
ROSE EBSWORTH	MISS KATE.
LUCY CRAYFORD	MISS HOGARTH.
CLARA BURNHAM	MISS MARY.
NURSE ESTHER	MRS. WILLS.
MAID	MISS MARTHA.

THE SCENERY AND SCENIC EFFECTS OF THE FIRST ACT, BY MR. TELBIN.

THE SCENERY AND SCENIC EFFECTS OF THE SECOND AND THIRD ACTS, BY MR. STANFIELD, R.A.

ASSISTED BY MR. DANSON.

THE ACT-DROP, ALSO BY MR. STANFIELD, R.A.

AT THE END OF THE PLAY, HALF-AN-HOUR FOR REFRESHMENT.

To Conclude with the Farce, in Two Acts, by MR. BUCKSTON, called

## UNCLE JOHN.

UNCLE JOHN	Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
NEPHEW HAWK	Mr. WILKIE COLLINS.
FRIEND THOMAS	Mr. MARK LEMON.
EDWARD EASEL	Mr. AUGUSTUS EGG, A.R.A.
ANDREW	Mr. YOUNG CHARLES.
NIECE HAWK	MISS HOGARTH.
ELIZA	MISS KATE.
MRS. COMFORT	MISS MARY.

Musical Composer and Conductor of the Orchestra—MR. FRANCESCO BERGER, who will preside at the Piano.

CARRIAGES MAY BE ORDERED AT HALF-PAST ELEVEN.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

TAVISTOCK HOUSE THEATRICALS

*From a playbill*





Americans nor the Scotch well but I can sympathize with these people and write about them on purpose that I shouldn't forget them

Now as you will want some money you can take a cab and go to Madame Chaigneau M<sup>re</sup> Henrys Exchange Office Rue de la Paix close to the Boulevard on the right hand side going *from* the column, and say you are the daughters of M. Thackeray and beg her to cash the accompanying draft. And you must buy some warm wraps at Paris — and that will teach you another time when you travel in November to take your shawls with you.

How well I am! in what good spirits! the daily occupation and movement agrees with me. Thinking about one's self (& writing novels is that) is not wholesome for too long at a time. How I wish my dear old Granny & GP could be near us so as to share in some of our prosperity! But at G P's age, with a fixed { . . . }<sup>170</sup>

1269. TO CHARLOTTE AND JANE RITCHIE

5 DECEMBER 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

Nation Hotel. Hull — Dec<sup>r</sup> 5 — 1856.

Mes bonnes Cousines — I think you will like this letter, I am sure my dear old William & his mother would as it comes from your father's old town. What a comfort you have been to the girls. What a perplexity it is about our sad old house in the R. d'Angouleme! If G P comes to me in London as I have begged him to do he will be ill — if he stays at home my mother will be worse. She has been worn down by years of gloom and watching and care over that dear good old man — has no amusement, wants it — he only wants his fire side and her by it to read the paper. I doubt whether her coming will do any good — She'll have the parting with us over again — I lay awake hours & hours last night trying to see a way out of this doubt and trouble & gloom. And my poor wife's youngest daughter mustn't be subject to too much of it. I always tremble about my little Minny — What have I begun to write when I intended to be jolly & cheerful? Isn't there some

<sup>170</sup> The final pages of this letter have not been preserved.

good comfortable — pish — why go on? The girls will tell you how immensely prosperous the lectures are and I want you to tell me what good old Bertin would like as a present for the jour de l'an. I dont forget his kindness nor yours my dear kind Charlotte & Jane. A merry Xmas to your chicks says

Your affte  
W M T.

1270. TO ANNE AND HARRIET THACKERAY  
5 DECEMBER 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

Friday. Hull again  
Am I never to stop writing letters?

STOP!

After I have done with London in January — February or so —  
I have to go to

Leeds	50	Edinburgh	300
Hull	25	Glasgow	100
Lancaster	50	Paisly	25
Carlisle	50	Dumfries	25
Scotland	450	Hull	100
Ireland	100	Bradford	50
Bath	100	Derby	25
Bristol }	100	L pool (say)	125
Exeter }		Mchester	100
Other places say	225.—	on 18 Dec <sup>r</sup>	825
	<u>£1200.</u>	London (say)	500
		Circuit	1200
		Tottle	2525
		America	3000
		Volume	1000
			<u>£6525.</u>
			cockadoodledoodloodle

The performance of w<sup>h</sup> feat will occupy 2 months during w<sup>h</sup> time I can hope to see but little of my little darlings. But in January I must be in town and you see I must and will have them.

Now, when I got your letters last night I wrote off a pathetic appeal to G. P. (with a disguised kiver so that Granny shouldn't know it) and proposed that he & Granny should come over. If G. P. doesn't like it, why shouldnt my dear old Granny come for the lecture time in London? or if she doesn't like that, at any rate you can comfort her by going back to her during my absence in Scotland &c — In the season I shall probably do the lectures over again in London: — and by that time you'll come back to me. And as after that I must write my story (God giving me health to go on) — We must shut up our house in London, and arrange so as that Granny can have us near her for some time. It's a pity that G P doesn't like England — but if he hates it, it would assuredly make him ill, and in what a pretty state Granny would be then! You remember about the milk when you were children? You hated it & it made you sick when your wise guardians forced it on you. C'etoit plus fort que vous. Something must be done: for *I* had the pleasure of a sleepless night last night turning over the confounded trouble in my mind.

If both come — They had best go into your floor Granny & her maid in your 2 beds (an elegant carpet shall be provided from you know where) G P in Amy's room; and you 2 girls in the spare room I thought of course of giving my room up — but the Breadwinner must keep his own place — I bought the house for that room, and what little work I've done I've done in it. We will have your wardrobe down to shut up the door else I shall hear you talk, splash, snore, like Uncle Arthur and vice versa. Poor dear old Stoddart! You see that he is gone — on the 21 at Genoa — The happiest kindest Soul — John Blackwood is in a glamour of love about his wife still 'She's such a dear creature' he whispers to me in confidence as we went to the railway. What good folks! Do you remember the shop in Fbg St Honoré where we saw the opal coloured bowls & glasses? 5 francs bowl & glass — they would take less as there is no *couronne* — I want 18 of them

with J. B. gilt on each bowl & glass. I wonder whether you could do that commission? Now I wonder how many on you is a coming for the 18<sup>th</sup>. Mind Granny no Aunt Mary I won't have her, & so God bless young and old and give us a pleasant meeting.

W M T.

1271.

TO ?

5 DECEMBER 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

Hull. Dec<sup>r</sup> 5. 1856

Sir

I wish your application had come to me a week earlier for I have had 2 spare days here w<sup>h</sup> I could have given you. I fear it is not likely that I can visit you in January but I shall have to come northward in February or March and might give 2 lectures at Leeds on my way.

Your obdt Serv<sup>t</sup>

W M Thackeray.

1272.

FROM ANNE THACKERAY TO  
SIR HENRY DAVISON  
5 DECEMBER 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

M<sup>r</sup> & the Miss Thackeray's request the pleasure of M<sup>r</sup> Davisons company at dinner on Tuesday 25<sup>th</sup> at 7.

<sup>172</sup> December 25 fell on a Thursday in 1856.

Or if Mr Davison is no more Sir Henry Davison <sup>172</sup> is politely requested to attend.



1273.

TO LADY STANLEY  
6 DECEMBER 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

Bradford. December 6. 1856.

My dear Lady Stanley.

It would have been famous fun, and I had kept open Saturday & Sunday for the chance of coming — was going to write to [you] yesterday and say how I was here and how sorry I was that the girls could not come as they have been obliged to go to Paris to take care of their sick Granny.

But lo and behold all yesterday I was howling in bed with spasms w<sup>h</sup> seize & prostrate me every 4 or 5 weeks and the people here couldn't have their lecture and I must come back on Saturday and give it — & stay over Sunday with a nice quiet Dissenter who has a cottage and a sister in the neighbourhood and on Monday

<sup>172</sup> The knighthood that at this time customarily accompanied an Indian judgeship was conferred on Davison by the Queen at Windsor Castle on November 28, 1856.

begin again, and so go on every day next week; and week after begin again in London — and I think my place is better paid than a cabinet-ministers. If I can hold on for another year I shall be INDEPENDENT. Hip Hip Hurray — & meanwhile I wish you all a merry Xmas and am Yours dear Lady Stanley sincerely always

W M Thackeray.

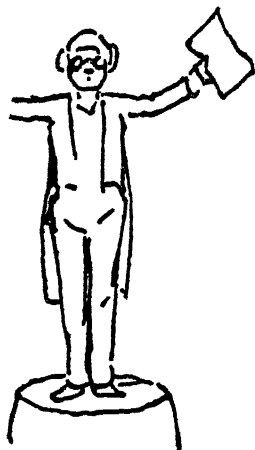
[For fragments of a letter to Mrs. Elliot of 6 December 1856, see letter 49, Appendix XXVI.]

1274.

TO MRS. MERIVALE  
DECEMBER 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

Dear M<sup>rs</sup> Merivale



I shall be on my tub at Edinburgh on Tuesday 9<sup>th</sup>. or I should have had great pleasure in dining with you. I shall be back time enough to wish my friends a Merry Xmas, and am

Yours always sincerely  
W M Thackeray

1275. TO WILLIAM WEBB FOLLETT SYNGE  
DECEMBER 1856

Hitherto unpublished.

M<sup>r</sup> Thackeray requests the honor of M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Synge's company at dinner on Tuesday 25 December — likewise M<sup>r</sup> Morganjohn<sup>173</sup> if in town at 7.

<sup>173</sup> Morgan John O'Connell.

My dear old Synge. I've often wanted to write to you — but I'm write — writing all day — 15 or 16 letters per diem at least — and have never had any quiet until this week at Hull in a great big jolly hotel built by King Hudson <sup>174</sup> inhabited by nobody but far more comfortable than the best of other folk's houses That hiss at Edinburgh was nothing — done by the 3 Blackwoods with whom I was staying and against my doctrine not me The lectures are actually more popular than the last — There's a deal more money to be made of them. So much the better for my women who shall have 10000£ apiece if I live 2 years more. The last news is that they are to come over on the 18<sup>th</sup> perhaps with perhaps without my parents — my poor mother is very unwell shattered in nerves quite — worn down by constant attendance on her good old husband. She'll fall over head and heels in love with Bobby & Middy, and with your wife too. Pray God she may be better for coming over. Write Bright with my thanks that I am engaged all the time of my stay in Lpool — I don't stay — I whirl about from Lpool to Manchester — And confound his impudence What does the young chap mean by my carrying a letter to him? I'm not angry you know — too old a hand to be angry now at what is meant in kindness — A merry Christmas to you & yours my dear Synge says

Yours sincerely always  
W M Thackeray.

<sup>174</sup> George Hudson (1800–1871), the “Railway King,” whose manipulations were in part responsible for the railway mania of 1845. The immense fortune that he built up in the eighteen-forties was by this time completely dissipated.



1276.

TO MRS. HAMPTON

10-12 DECEMBER 1856

*Address:* M<sup>rs</sup> G. Baxter | 286 Second Avenue | New York. | Per Cunard Steamer from Lpool. Sat. Dec. 13. *Postmark:* MANCHESTER DE 12 1856. My text is taken from *American Family*, pp. 150-155. Original not traced, envelope owned by Mr. Beyer.

Bradford, Manchester, Dec<sup>r</sup> 10-12,  
1856

I remember how near a certain anniversary <sup>175</sup> is and must wish you many happy anniversaries. The letter which you wrote to me just before the birth of your boy was such a damp one that I did n't care to reply to it. . . . That was before the birth of the boy. Let us hope life has other interests and quite a new charm for you. What have I been doing since October? (when I returned home and found your letter & your mother's) — have scarcely been at home since that time, kept in perpetual motion by the illness of my dear old mother and the botherations attendant on it — and since November never quiet with the lectures — w<sup>h</sup> are a much greater success here than in America — as great even pecuniarily. People knowing the subject better, more familiar with the allusions, &c, like the stuff — I am glad for my part that this should be the opinion — for I know in America it was thought I had brought them an inferior article — glass beads as it were for the natives. But no newspaper in this country will say like Bennett <sup>176</sup> that any young man would sit down in their office and write such lectures in an evening — I'm obliged to skip over because I've no blotting paper — and I such numbers of letters daily to write — 90 a week at the very least — that's why I have returned to the old slanting hand in place of the familiar upright — slanting is much quicker.

<sup>175</sup> Of Mrs. Hampton's marriage, December 12, 1855.

<sup>176</sup> James Gordon Bennett (1795-1872), founder and editor of *The New York Herald*. The passage to which Thackeray refers is quoted above, No. 1165.

My mother has been very unwell and even more frightened than hurt. Hence my dear girls who were just ready to start to the North with me, were obliged to forego their pleasure, & stay with her & nurse her their best — (we were telegraphed over out of a pleasant party at Russell Sturgis's who has a palace of a house near London.) and we were to have gone to a half dozen fine houses and Miss Min rather prematurely to have made her entrée into this wicked world, but things have been otherwise ruled. There is my history for months past. My spirits are very much better — though I get those fierce attacks of illness still — am just out of bed from one of them w<sup>h</sup> prevented my lecturing last night & to-night. Think that at the end of next year if I work I shall be worth 20,000£! — Its as much as I want — 10,000 apiece for the girls is enough for any author's daughters — and then when I am independent what shall we do? Hush — perhaps have a try at politics for which I dont care now — but one must do something and when you begin to play you get interested in the game — I have taken share in the Transatlantic Telegraph — I felt glad somehow to contribute to a thread that shall tie our two countries together — for though I don't love America I love Americans with all my heart — and I dare say you know what family taught me to love them.

What a hideous place this is I am staying at — what kind people everywhere! What a beautiful woman came to see me to-day with her husband! The faithful evidently multiply — and — I find as usual that I dont care one single phigg. Praise does not produce the least elation, censure a little captiousness but that's all. At Edinburgh I was hissed about Mary Queen of Scots — and rather amused — I was not familiar with the Scotch, as I could not be except in certain families with you — as soon as I got back to England began to sympathize with my company again, and passed all last week at Hull amongst traders in a very hearty, homely, comfortable society. A Jew there on Sunday gave me such a quantity of Port wine that though I did not like it and knew the end of it I drank and am ill in consequence. Wonderful consequence of Port wine! I could not help telling the son of the

house that one of the guests, a Jew too, was an infernal Snob, in which the lad agreed, and w<sup>h</sup> was utterly true but why say it?

... And here there came in strangers and then more strangers and then a friend to dinner and then bed time and then early morning to Lpool, and dinner, lecture, supper there and now it is 12 December — She is receiving company in the brown house in diamonds & lace and what a fine supper there is in the dining-room and what flowers on the stairs and what a smart new dress mamma has got on, and how pale poor Lucy looks as she peeps out of her room and just goes back to chill & fever! Well, well, all this was a year ago — but did n't I think of it this morning as I lay awake and heard the wind roaring in the same house from which I embarked for America both times! Good bye my dear — God bless you — I've only time and spirits to say that Have n't I written 10 letters already — and aint I unwell still and is n't there the lecture to do to-night — and O it will be pleasant to see the girls next week! Mamma may read this first & send it on Think of the Cunarder having to put back! I've took 1,000£ share in the telegraph line; we'll hold each other by the hand then. Good bye again my dear Sarah & God speed you & your husband & child.

1277.

TO MRS. DUNLOP

12 DECEMBER 1856

*Address:* Mrs. Dunlop, The Elms, Albany Road, West Troy. My text is taken from *Thackeray in the United States*, II, 144-145, where the address is recorded and the drawing given in facsimile.

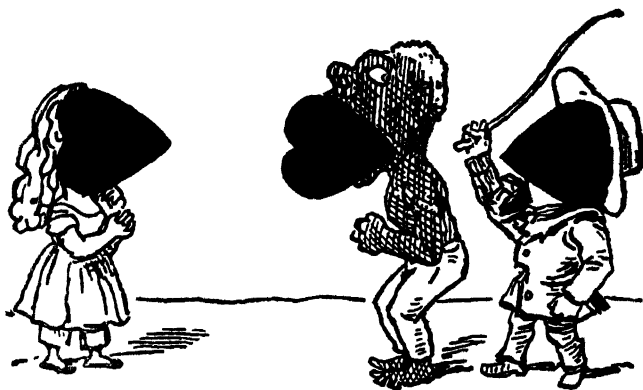
36 Onslow Square, London,  
Dec. 12th.

That's my address, though I really write from Manchester:

My dear Mrs. Dunlop,— Do you remember a big Englishman peculiar in his drinks and taste for beer, whom you entertained this time last year? He has been thinking all along how he would write and thank his kind hosts for their beer and their bed and their beef and their delightful drive through the glittering Albany snows — but here is about the day and he is unwell and tired of

writing 40 letters on business already, and of travelling and receiving visits and repeating those stale old lectures which you remember (they are being more popular here than in America and are making me quite as much money) and so I have only time to say, How do you do, my good kind host and hostess, and how is pretty Jessie? May you have a pleasant Christmas and many, many happy New Years is the hearty wish of

Yours very faithfully and gratefully,  
W. M. Thackeray.



*Legree whipping Uncle Tom*

1278.

TO MAJOR CARMICHAEL-SMYTH

19 DECEMBER 1856

*Address:* Mr<sup>s</sup> Carmichael Smyth | 19 Rue d'Angouleme St<sup>e</sup> Honoré | Paris.  
*Postmarks:* LIVERPOOL 19 DE 1856, PARIS 21 DEC 56. Hitherto unpublished.

My dearest old G P.— let this be done. *I* dont want the money you know but I want it before the Killaloo and Ballywhack Railway.

I tot up 3000£ w<sup>h</sup> the lectures are going to bring me by end of May — I calculated I was worth 10 before — then D. V. we will set to work and write that novel w<sup>h</sup> will bring me 6000 — By May '58 I shall be worth 20000 if I last. Isn't it odd? And I'm thinking deliberately of increasing my expences so as to be forced to

work knowing quite well that I'm so horribly lazy that without compulsion no work will be got out of me. I think of going to look at a house at Southampton on Bevis Hill — 6 acres, 3500, spent or cost 7000 lately — Shall we buy it and call it Georges and pay for it out of 'em? I was offered 400£ for my Atlantic telegraph shares, & took them, thinking that I was in luck, and the best way was to back the vein — But suppose Anny & Minny marry, it will be bad fun to sit alone on Bevis Hill, won't it?

My lecturing engagements begin on the 10 February out of London and last most likely into April — I am not certain yet whether I go to Ireland or not, but have made proposals for Dublin Belfast & Cork — We had a great crowd to George III last night 1200 people I should think — last time at Lpool there were but 300. Manchester is the worst audience of all in the States or in England in numbers though very intelligent. I am going there to day to dine with kind M<sup>rs</sup> Scott, and back to Lpool at night — I get to bed here by 12 and it's such a comfortable house and room and such kind folks! I am glad I have peeped into the North of England — very kind Xtian folks harbored me at Bradford last week and tended me when I was unwell. And now its time to dress for breakfast and so God bless my dearest Granny & G P.

W M T.

1279.

TO MR. CARTER

27 DECEMBER 1856 <sup>177</sup>

My text is taken from Edward Verrall Lucas's *The Gentlest Art* (London, 1907), pp. 188–189.

36 Onslow Square,  
December 27, 18—

Dear Carter,—

I should be an ungrateful wretch if I didn't tell you that the geese were excellent. The servants polished theirs entirely off; and

<sup>177</sup> Thackeray moved to Onslow Square in May, 1854; he was planning in September, 1857, to dispose of Gray's services. During the intervening years he and his daughters were together in London for Christmas only in 1856.

ours was admired and appreciated by everybody who partook thereof. I carved it, and I need not say some of the best slices of the bosom were appropriated to yours gratefully,

W. M. Thackeray

[*Here a drawing of geese on a common*]

### HYMN THE FIRST.

The housewives of a former age  
Were wont to stuff a Goose with sage.  
You put the Bird to nobler use,  
Carter! and stuff a Sage with goose.

### HYMN THE SECOND.

"Lawk, Miss Anny, Lawk, Miss Minny!" thus cries Gray the cook,  
"Two such beautiful geese is come! Only come and look!

"Lor, how plump and brown they'll be! Lor, how plump and juicy!  
Well, of hall things I declare I do love a goosey!

"Two fat geese, how genteel! Only think of this, miss!  
Don't they come convenient for the dinner at Crissmiss!

"One shall be for the Servants' 'All, and one for the parlour arter,  
And I never shall see a goose again, without thinking of Mr.  
Carter."

"That I won't," says Mrs. Gray the cook, with her duty, and  
the best compliments of the season. And the same she hopes *now*  
*year*.

[*Here a boy standing on his head, with "Turn over" written beneath*]

On second thoughts, and in allusion to a painful transaction  
last year:

No, this pun is so dreadfully bad,  
I think I never can, sir,  
But when a man sends me

A goose and a deuced kind letter, I think I might send him an *answer*.  
well, I will next year, that's all I have to say.

## 1280. TO ANTHONY CONINGHAM STERLING

1856? <sup>178</sup>

My text is taken from an undated George D. Smith catalogue.

Dear Antonio

I should so like to ask Crampton to your dinner if you'll have him and He'll have you. He is the most jolly fellow. May I? Yours  
W. M. T.<sup>179</sup>

[For fragments of two letters, one to Mrs. Elliot and Kate Perry of December, 1856, and one to Kate Perry of this year see letters 50 and 51, Appendix XXVI.]

<sup>178</sup> This note was probably written shortly after Crampton's return to England from the United States in June, 1856.

<sup>179</sup> Sterling has written at the bottom of the page, "By all means A. C. S."

## APPENDICES





### APPENDIX XIII.

DIARY 28 SEPTEMBER-31 DECEMBER 1852.

Hitherto unpublished. Original in the Morgan Library.

- Sept 28 Manchester H B Peacock Esq<sup>e</sup> examiner & T.  
Rev A J. Scott. Halliwell Lane. Chatham Hill.  
29 Lpool W. Sudlow Esq<sup>e</sup> Exchange Court.  
30 Manchester
- Oct 1 Lpool  
2 Alderley.  
5 Manchester  
6 Lpool  
7 Manchester  
8 Lpool  
12 Manchester  
13 *Finished Esmond*<sup>1</sup>  
14 Manchester  
15 Lpool.  
29 Left home and came to Radcliffe at Liverpool.  
30 Left Liverpool by Canada. Captain Lang.
- Nov 12 arrived at Boston  
14 dined with Prescott  
16 Came to New York  
20 M<sup>rs</sup> James  
22 Lecture II.  
23 M<sup>rs</sup> Jay 5 o'clock  
24 M<sup>r</sup> Baxter. 286 2<sup>d</sup> Avenue, 5/30.  
25 M<sup>r</sup> Lawrence.  
26 Lecture III.  
27 Mr Bancroft, at 6 o'clock

<sup>1</sup> The proofs, that is; Thackeray finished writing *Esmond* on May 29. See above, No. 850.

- 28 Judge R—<sup>2</sup>
- 29 Lecture IV.
- 30 Tuesday morning M<sup>rs</sup> Jay 9. ½
- Dec. 1 2<sup>d</sup> series I. M<sup>r</sup> Putnam at home 8 to 11. & following  
     Wed. M<sup>rs</sup> Jones — ditto — 9 o'clock —
- 2 M<sup>r</sup> Pell.<sup>3</sup> 3 Great ————. M<sup>rs</sup> French — evening.
- 3 Lecture V. Sketch Club — 26 W. 17<sup>st</sup>
- 4 Press Club Miss Lyncy — every Saturday evening.
- 6 Lecture VI. M<sup>rs</sup> Irving.— evening.—
- 7 2 series (2) Congreve &c M<sup>rs</sup> Belmont <sup>4</sup> 78 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue.
- 8 Brooklyn. Swift.
- 9 Bancrofts lecture. M<sup>rs</sup> Clark at home evenings.
- 10 2 Series (3) Steele. M<sup>r</sup> Strong 87 12<sup>th</sup> St after lecture.
- 11 Brooklyn. Congreve. &c. Greeley.<sup>5</sup>
- 13 2<sup>d</sup> Series IV. Prior Gay Pope
- 14 Brooklyn. Steele.
- 15 2<sup>d</sup> Series V. Hogarth. Fielding.
- 16 Brooklyn. Prior &c. M<sup>r</sup> Norris. 5<sup>th</sup> Av. 31<sup>st</sup> St.
- 17 2<sup>d</sup> Series (6)
- 18 Press Club.
- 20 Left New York —
- 21 1<sup>st</sup> Lecture at Boston.
- 22 Providence. Commencement of Lectures.
- 24 Lecture II.
- 28 III.
- 29 M<sup>r</sup> Curtis. Evg.
- 30 Captain Lang. 5.
- 31 D<sup>r</sup> Parkman.<sup>6</sup> 4. 170 Tremont St — Lecture IV.

<sup>2</sup> No doubt Judge James J. Roosevelt of the New York Supreme Court (*Trow's New York City Directory*, 1853-1854), whose residence at 836 Broadway is on Mrs. Baxter's visiting list.

<sup>3</sup> Alfred Pell. See *Thackeray in the United States*, I, 49-50.

<sup>4</sup> Probably the wife of August Belmont, the banker, whose address is given in *Trow's New York City Directory* (1853-1854) as 82 Fifth Avenue.

<sup>5</sup> Horace Greeley (1811-1872), editor of *The New York Tribune*, which he founded in 1841.

<sup>6</sup> Samuel Parkman, a physician, lived at 170 Tremont Street (*Boston Directory*, 1852).

[January, 1853]

Mon 3 Providence

4 IV.

5 Providence.

7 VI

## APPENDIX XIV.

### DIARY FOR 1853.

Hitherto unpublished. Original owned by Miss Hudson.

#### W M THACKERAY

13 Young St<sup>s</sup> Kensington. London.

- January 1: M<sup>r</sup> Ticknor. 6. Judge Warren, ev<sup>s</sup>  
2: M<sup>r</sup> Prescott dinner.  
3: Providence. II.  
4: Boston V. Home 4.  
5: M<sup>r</sup> Lawrence. 7.  
6: Providence III.  
7: Boston. VI  
14: New York.  
15: Philadelphia Lecture II. Supper M<sup>r</sup> Dunlaps.  
18: Philadelphia Lecture III.  
19: M<sup>r</sup> Reed. 5 M<sup>r</sup> Hutchinson. SSB.  
20: M<sup>r</sup> Tucker.<sup>1</sup> 13 Gerard St<sup>s</sup> 8 o'clock.  
21: W. D. Lewis. Spruce St<sup>s</sup> 360.  
22: M<sup>r</sup> Wharton. 150 Walnut.  
25: Lecture V  
28: Lecture VI.
- February 7: Baltimore Lecture 1.  
9: Washington. Lecture I.  
11: Baltimore Lecture.  
12: Washington. Lecture.  
13: Dine with Synge. M<sup>rs</sup> Eames.<sup>2</sup>  
14: Baltimore Lecture III.  
16: Dine with Sumner. Lecture III. Home with Crampton.  
17: Governor Fish.

<sup>1</sup> George Tucker (1775-1861), an economist and historian who in 1845 had retired from the faculty of the University of Virginia and settled in Philadelphia.

<sup>2</sup> Wife of Charles Eames (1812-1867), lawyer, diplomat, and editor of *The Washington Union*.

- 18: Baltimore IV.
- 23: Dine with G Davis.
- 24: Dine with President.
- 25: Baltimore VI. Sup with M<sup>r</sup> Donaldson.
- 26: Last lecture at Washington.
- 28: Monday evening to Richmond.
- March 2: Richmond. I.
- 3: Richmond II.
- 4: Offer for Charleston.
- 5: Left Richmond in the Snow
- 6: Crossed from Wilmington to
- 7: Charleston.
- 8: D<sup>r</sup> Gillman.<sup>3</sup> Lecture
- 9: M<sup>r</sup> Willington.<sup>4</sup> 5.
- 10: M<sup>r</sup> Hopley<sup>5</sup> dinner M<sup>r</sup> King after lecture.
- 13: Left Charleston for Savannah arrived in the evening.  
Calm passage pleasant boat. River like the Nile.
- 14: Quitted the horrible hotel for M<sup>r</sup> Low's pretty house  
and clean quarters. dined with M<sup>r</sup> Guerard<sup>6</sup> & family  
& the young men of Savannah Literary Society
- 15: Drove to Bonaventure and M<sup>r</sup> Faversham's estate —  
negro houses — moss on the trees. yellow jessamine  
splendid magnolia trees. dinner with B. Consul M<sup>r</sup>  
Molyneux<sup>7</sup> First Lecture. about 360 I sh<sup>d</sup> think.
- 16: At home all day reading, writing letters, dinner with  
D<sup>r</sup> Arnold—<sup>8</sup>
- 21: Came to Charleston.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Samuel Gilman (1791–1858), minister of the Second Independent Church of Charleston since 1819.

<sup>4</sup> Aaron Smith Willington (1781–1862), a Charleston banker and politician who was president of the New England Society.

<sup>5</sup> G. A. Hopley, a wealthy factor and commission merchant.

<sup>6</sup> John M. Guerard (1828?–1893), a lawyer who acted as one of the agents for Thackeray's lectures. He was later a Captain in the Confederate army.

<sup>7</sup> Edmund Molyneux, British Consul at Savannah since 1831 (*Foreign Office List*, 1859).

<sup>8</sup> Dr. Richard Dennis Arnold (1808–1876), four times Mayor of Savannah and first secretary of the American Medical Association.

- 23: Petigru<sup>9</sup> dinner Lecture
- 24: Gourdin dinner Lecture.
- 25: W. Eyre. dinner.
- 26: Left Charleston
- 27: for Wilmington
- 28: & Richmond — gave lecture IV.
- 30: Petersburg.
- 31: Dr Gibson. 4.
- April 1: Left Richmond by Acquia Creek Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia for
- 2: New York
- 3: dinner Redmond 4.
- 5: Pell 6
- 6: Home 5.
- 7: Century?
- 8: O. Strong 6. Supper.
- 11: Albany.
- 13: to New York.
- 20: Left New York by Europa at 3 o'clock.
- 21: 228
- 22: 252
- 23: made 283 miles
- 24: 287      1050
- 25: 285
- 26: 293      1050
- 578
- 27: 287
- 28: 276      2191
- 29: 297
- 30: Off Cape Clear 10 ½
- May 1: Liverpool 11 o'clock. 10 days 15½ hours from New York.
- 2: to London.

<sup>9</sup> James Louis Petigru (1789-1863), a Charleston lawyer and political leader who is described in *The Dictionary of American Biography* as "the greatest private citizen that South Carolina ever produced."

- 12: From London to Paris.  
 29: Came to London  
 30: Dinner Elliots'.  
 31: M<sup>rs</sup> Sturgis M<sup>rs</sup> Mansfield M<sup>rs</sup> Reeve
- June 1: Home  
 2: Sir. R. Inglis Dean of St Paul's 7 Baring  
 3: M<sup>rs</sup> James  
 6: Hollands  
 8: M<sup>rs</sup> Procter  
 9: Milnes  
 10: Baring.  
 11: Tennent.  
 13: Lady Macdonald <sup>10</sup> 23. 7 ½.  
 14: L<sup>d</sup> Ashburton.  
 16: Merivale 7 ¼  
 17: General Thackeray.  
 18: L<sup>d</sup> Campbells.<sup>11</sup>  
 19: L<sup>d</sup> Ashburton. Addiscombe.  
 20: Hibbert <sup>12</sup>  
 21: L<sup>d</sup> Broughton. Lady Goderich.<sup>13</sup>  
 22: R. Currie Lady Clanricarde.  
 23: C. Baron  
 24: Left London at 4/30 dined at Dover, crossed to Calais  
     & slept  
 25: in Sterne's room at Dessein's. came on to Amiens and  
     slept H du Rhin.

<sup>10</sup> The former Anne Charlotte Ogle (1803-1886), who had married Sir James Macdonald (1784-1832), second Baronet, in 1826. She lived at 23 Bruton Street, Berkeley Square (*Royal Blue Book*, 1851).

<sup>11</sup> John, first Baron Campbell (1779-1861), Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. Lord Campbell's only rivals for preëminence among the lawyers of his day were Lord Brougham and Lord Lyndhurst. He was three times Lord Chancellor and the author of *Lives of the Lord Chancellors* (1845-1847) and *Lives of the Chief Justices* (1849-1857).

<sup>12</sup> Probably John Hibbert (1811-1888), a wealthy London barrister.

<sup>13</sup> The former Henrietta Vyner (d. 1907), who in 1851 had married George Frederick Samuel Robinson (1827-1909), styled Viscount Goderich, later (1859) second Earl of Ripon and (1871) first Marquess of Ripon.



26: Paris.

July 3: Dined at Ollifes. Thiébaud's Memoires <sup>14</sup>

4: Dined at home Corkran Rashdale Thiébault

5: Dinner to Ollife Trois Frères Thiébault.

6: Left Paris with the children Slept at Nancy. H de France. D. Quixote

7: From Nancy by RR to Forbach Mannheim Pfälzer Hof D. Quixote.

8: From Mheim to Baden. H de France a charming drive in the evening to the Waterfall. D. Quixote.

9: New Schloss. Métamorphoses de la Femme.<sup>15</sup> Saintine. Began preface of Newcomes.

10: Wrote Introduction N. Walk to Old Schloss with the children Read Don Quixote

11: Wrote Chap I. Walk. visits. 1 5 1. read D. Quixote. Tacitus at night.

12: Wrote. in the evening to the Erringtons — wonderful scene at the Café between Maynard? & Dillon. 1. 2. n.

13: Wrote all day. evening to conversation. w. ld. n

14: No work drive to Jagel Haus. dined old Schloss with Errington. home early.

15: Wrote. read a little Tacitus. wrote in the evening & to Conversation. 1. 5. n.

18: From Baden to Basle

19: From Basle to Malleray

20: to neuchatel, over the Jura by the Munster Thal.

23: From Neuchatel to Lausanne, across the lake to Yverdun, and thence by omnibus.

25: to Vevey.

30: At Vevey all these days — sketching in the forenoon writing afterwards — delightful climate. scenery. time Finished Newcomes II.<sup>16</sup>

<sup>14</sup> *Mes Souvenirs de vingt ans de séjour à Berlin* (1804) by Dieudonné Thiébault (1733-1803). The better known *Mémoires* of his son, Baron Paul de Thiébault, were not published until 1893-1895.

<sup>15</sup> A collection of *nouvelles* by Joseph Xavier Boniface ("Saintine").

<sup>16</sup> Chapters 4 to 6.

- August 1: Alone to Geneva — the glorious view of the Alps from the lake compensating alone for the journey.
- 2: To Lausanne: walked in the evening vainly hunting after a governess.
  - 3: Back to Vevey.
  - 4: From Vevey to Bulle. the view of Lake & Vevey among the most charming we have seen. All the country wonderfully rich.
  - 5: To Freiburg. Heard the Splendid organ twice. Sketched
  - 6: to Berne. tried to write III.<sup>17</sup> Spent in the month 80£.
  - 8: Sketching all the morning. No 3 wont come out.
  - 9: writing. 8 M<sup>rs</sup> Christie in the evening
  - 10: Writing till 3. very nice walk with the children. M<sup>me</sup> d'Erlach in the evening.
  - 11: wrote.
  - 12: To Thun. Pension Baumgarten.
  - 13: Sketching & idle.
  - 14: Church & idle
  - 15: Wrote 10 pages & finished III:
  - 16: Left Thun. Slept at Escholzanatt on the way to
  - 17: Lucerne.
  - 18: Miraculous moonrise.
  - 19: Left Lucerne at 6 ½ by Diligence to Zurich. Beautiful views of Zug lake & the Alps from the Albis.
  - 20: Zurich. began no IV.<sup>18</sup>
  - 21: At 5 in the m<sup>s</sup> to Basle. Wrote in the afternoon
  - 22: To Heidelberg. Wrote in the m<sup>s</sup> & in the railway.
  - 23: Wrote
  - 24: to Frankfort Wrote in the m<sup>s</sup> & in the railway
  - 25: Very ill at Frankfurt with bilious fever.
  - 26: bad
  - 27: better
  - 28: best.
  - 29: To Cologne. Hotel Disch.

<sup>17</sup> Chapters 7 to 9.

<sup>18</sup> Chapters 10 to 12.

- 30: To Ostende & Dover.  
 31: Home.
- September 6: To Brighton.  
 14: ill, under discipline  
 15: Went to Higgins's.  
 16: to Blenheim  
 17: back to London dine with Punch.  
 18: dined at Greenwich.  
 19: dined at Twickenham with M<sup>rs</sup> Sturgis.  
 20: Proposed to go to Brighton but stopped  $\frac{1}{2}$  way in town.  
 21: to Brighton Dine with Waddington <sup>19</sup>  
 22: Wrote Organ boys for Punch dine <sup>20</sup> with Procter.  
 23: to London.
- October 4: Crossed from Folkestone & to Paris 67 Champs  
 Elysées.  
 26: G. P. dinner  
 27: Lord Howden 7. M<sup>rs</sup> Errington  
 28: Dinner at Voisins J. Janin. Gudin. Lemoinne.  
 29: Véry's. Corbins dinner. F. F. P. Grey & Durham's  
 supper.<sup>21</sup>  
 30: Finished V.<sup>22</sup>
- November 11: To London.  
 24: left London. Slept at Dover.  
 25: From Dover to Paris.  
 27: From Paris to Chalon      Fares (about) 200  
    Carriages portorage 15.  
    Road expences      15  
 28: To Lyons      80  
      Lyons Hotel de l'Europe      64  
      Extras say      15

<sup>19</sup> Horatio Waddington (1799-1867), Permanent Under Secretary of State for the Home Department from 1848 until his death.

<sup>20</sup> See above, No. 1007.

<sup>21</sup> See above, No. 1013.

<sup>22</sup> Chapters 13 to 16.

29: Lyons to Avignon	80
Extras (say)	26
	495
Avignon to Marseilles	48
with extras	12
	555
30: From Marseilles on board the Valetta 4 p m	
4 places to C. Vecchia	385
Inn-bill	65
Extras	15
December 1: To Genoa	
Shawls	90
Extras	15
2: To Leghorn & Pisa.	
Boats &c	20
Pisa & back	20
	1160
3: to Civita Vecchia	
Steamer servants	25
Landing &c.	25
to Rome	65
Postillions &c	35
	<hr/>
Reached Rome at 8 o'clock pm.	1310
8: Came to 81 V della Croce.	
12: Macbean.	
15: Walpole. 33 Tritone 6.30	
16: M <sup>r</sup> Denman <sup>23</sup> 6.30.	

<sup>23</sup> The Hon. Richard Denman (1814-1887), third son of the first Baron Denman.

## APPENDIX XV.

### DIARY FOR 1854.

Extracts published in *Biographical Introductions*, IX, lviii–lix. Original owned by Mrs. Fuller.

- |          |    |  |
|----------|----|--|
| January  | 1  | Jocelyn. 6 1/2.  |
|          | 2  | Denman. 6 1/2.   |
|          | 4  | Walpole. 6 1/2.  |
|          | 6  | L <sup>d</sup> Airlie 6 1/2.   |
|          | 8  | Wilson.  |
|          | 9  | Macbean.   |
|          | 11 | Sir F. Baring <sup>1</sup> 7.  |
|          | 13 | O. Gordon 6.   |
|          | 14 | Lord Broughton.  |
|          | 16 | M <sup>r</sup> Baillie   |
|          | 30 | Sartoris.  |
|          | 31 | Wrote VII. VIII of Newcomes <sup>2</sup> this month.<br>Duke of Northumberland. <sup>3</sup> 6.15.   |
| February | 2  | Colonel Caldwell <sup>4</sup> 6.30   |
|          | 6† | Rec <sup>d</sup> news of the death of my dear old Aunt<br>Charlotte S. R at Paris on the 28. The last of<br>the many children of my grandfather.<br>Wrote for IX <sup>5</sup> during these days. |
|          | 7  | Macbean.   |
|          | 8  | Left Rome and slept at Terracina. Very sorry<br>to go away from R. though I have never been<br>well there and thankful for the kindness of very<br>many good people.                             |

<sup>1</sup> Sir Francis Thornhill Baring (1796–1866), third Baronet, later (1866) first Baron Northbrook.

<sup>2</sup> Chapters 21 to 26, published in April and May.

<sup>3</sup> Algernon Percy (1792–1865), fourth Duke of Northumberland.

<sup>4</sup> Colonel Hugh Caldwell (1786?–1882) of the Bengal army, who lived in Rome after his retirement in 1836.

<sup>5</sup> Chapters 27 to 29, published in June.

- 9 Very pleasant journey of 15 hours from Terracina to Naples. Hotel Vittoria The journey from R to Naples by post costs £18 .
- 10 Drew Fairy Tale <sup>6</sup> Walked and drove with girls.
- 28 In these days finished IX & X:<sup>7</sup> working almost every day. My dearest Nanny for secretary. Went to Pompeii Posilipo — not into the world at all. Wrote to J. O. B.
- March 1 Yesterday Anny fell ill for the first time since we have been together. A good deal of fever & restlessness today. Minny a dear little nurse.
- 2 Wrote these days in the Fairy tale, and amused Anny with it. It is wonderful how easy this folly trickles from the pen.
- 6 Minny in bed with Scarletina caught from Anny.
- 7 I follow with another attack of spasms.
- 8 Nan recovered pretty well.
- 14 † J. T.<sup>8</sup> ob. 1839.
- 15 To pay Henry Shawe. £10 .
- 16 Min up & dressed for the first time Laus Deo.
- 17 Began to work again. having made various futile attempts these last days.
- 30 Left Naples by the Screw Steamer Arno. at 8 am
- 31 passed between Corsica & Sardinia a bright passage, the girls sick
- April 1 Marseilles Hotel dOrient
- 2 To Avignon
- 3 To Valence
- 4 To Lyon
- 5 Ill at Lyon with a slight attack of the old malady. From Marseille to Lyon by post about 13 £ with carriage 16£

<sup>6</sup> *The Rose and the Ring.*

<sup>7</sup> Part X, chapters 30 to 32, was published in July. I have not traced Thackeray's letter to Mrs. Brookfield.

<sup>8</sup> Jane Thackeray.

- 6 From Lyons to Dijon. A queer old comfortable  
Hotel de la Cloche.
- 7 to Paris.
- 20 Left Paris. slept at Folkstone
- 21 Kensington.
- 22 Shakspeare dinner at the Garrick.<sup>9</sup>
- 23 Charles Taylor
- May 1 ?
- 2 Leech 6.
- 3 L. F.<sup>10</sup>
- 4 Dickens
- 5 James 7 1/4.
- 8 Greenwich.
- 10 Marochetti 7 1/2
- 18 Lady Granville.
- 23 Labouchere.<sup>11</sup>
- 25 8 Rutland Gate <sup>12</sup> 7/30
- 26 M<sup>rs</sup> Bayne.
- 27 Tennent
- 29 M<sup>rs</sup> Procter. 7 1/2
- June 2 Elliotson.
- 4 Countess de Salis.<sup>13</sup>
- 5 Home.
- 6 Baring.
- 7 Lady Rodd.
- 9 Anny
- 10 Molesworth.
- 12 Lord Stanley
- 13 General Thack.

<sup>9</sup> Thackeray's notes for his speech on this occasion are printed in *Centenary Biographical Introductions*, XXVI, xx-xxii. Their dating is made possible by his reference to Francis Graham Moon's recent election as Lord Mayor of London.

<sup>10</sup> The annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund.

<sup>11</sup> Henry DuPré Labouchere (1831-1912), journalist and radical politician.

<sup>12</sup> William George Prescott (1800-1865), a wealthy banker, lived at 8 Rutland Gate (*Watkins's London Directory*, 1855).

<sup>13</sup> The former Cecilia Henrietta Bourgeois, who had married Peter John, Count de Salis (1799-1870) in 1824.

- 14 Sheridan <sup>14</sup> 48 Grosvenor Place  
M<sup>rs</sup> Marshall. 85 Eaton Sq<sup>re</sup>
- 15 R. Sturgis.
- 16 Jansa's Concert at M<sup>rs</sup> James's. Hibbert
- 17 M<sup>r</sup> King. <sup>15</sup> 97 Eaton Place. Crystal Palace. 3
- 19 L<sup>d</sup> Mahon. 10  
Milnes
- 20 Stirling.
- 21 Rothschild  
M<sup>rs</sup> Bates.
- 22 Denman. 24 Westbourne Terrace.
- 26 came to Boulogne. to Chateau de Brecquerecque
- 28 Joined by my mother & G P.
- 29 Unwell all the week with bowel complaint
- 30 but managed to write with great difficulty in  
intervals and completed
- July 1 No XII <sup>16</sup> on Sunday. I had hoped to have  
done 24 numbers by this time: but illness  
changes moving small domestic hindrances
- 2 have prevented the work.
- 3 Worked on XIII. <sup>17</sup> read Pollnitz <sup>18</sup> at intervals.
- 4 idem
- 5 the same continued
- 6 idem.
- 7 After working hard in the m<sup>g</sup> came to sleep at  
Amiens. Hotel du Rhin.
- 8 Paris H. Bristol by 6 o'clock train. <sup>19</sup> finished  
XIII.

<sup>14</sup> Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1809?—1888), a grandson of the dramatist, had a town house at 48 Grosvenor Place (*Watkins's London Directory*, 1855).

<sup>15</sup> James King King (1806—1881), M. P. for Herefordshire from 1852 to 1868, lived at 97 Eaton Place (*Watkins's London Directory*, 1855).

<sup>16</sup> Chapters 36 to 38, published in September.

<sup>17</sup> Chapters 39 to 41, published in October.

<sup>18</sup> No doubt the *Mémoires* (1734) of Baron Karl Ludwig von Pöllnitz (1692—1775), which Thackeray later used in his lecture on George I (see *Centenary Biographical Introductions*, XXVI, xxix—xxx).

<sup>19</sup> While Thackeray was in Paris, his cousin H. C. R. Becher visited Boul-



- 9 Wrote 2 pages. XIV.<sup>20</sup> dined at Steven's Pierre-fitte.
- 10 No writing.
- 11 Idle  
Dined on the Boulevard. Cirque Olympique.  
La Guerre d'Orient.
- 12 Idle  
Dined Diner de Paris. Ambigue Comique to  
see part of La Mere L'oie.
- 13 Wrote 3 papers Silistria for Punch.<sup>21</sup>  
dined 3 Frères. At Home at night.
- 15 Back to Boulogne.
- 16 Wrote XIV. Unwell 6 pages.
- 17 Do Drew blocks.
- 18 Drew woodblocks for Lemon.
- 19 Came to Folkstone slept at Dover
- 20 Xd to Ostend and came on to Ghent. H de la  
Poste pleasant passage with M<sup>r</sup> Hoopers Ameri-  
can family.
- 21 Brussels Hotel de Suede  
Wrote on XIV. 3 pages Went to 2 dull plays.  
Spanish dancers with their castanettes drove me  
away.
- 22 Wrote on XIV 6 1/2 pages, nearly all day.  
Read A Dumas & A Dumas fils.
- 23 to Spa leaving Brussels at 6/30.  
Wrote 3 pages of 14.
- 24 Finished XIV.
- 25 Commenced XV.<sup>22</sup>
- 26 Wrote on XV.

---

ogne, noting in his diary on July 19: "Visited the Chateau [Brecquerecque] several times, Thackeray's house but he must be away. Mrs. Smyth & the Major very kind to me. Miss Thackeray's at home, very nice girls but not pretty." (*Papers and Records of the Ontario Historical Society*, XXXIII, 125)

<sup>20</sup> Chapters 42 to 44, published in November.

<sup>21</sup> See above, No. 1056.

<sup>22</sup> Chapters 45 to 47, published in December.

- 27 ditto.  
 28 Wrote on XV.  
 29 Ditto.  
 30 continued XV.  
 31 Finished XV.
- August 1 Came to Aix la Chapelle. G. Monarque. after a very pleasant time at Spa.  
 3 ill in bed with the old spasms these 2 days. in Tillys Memoirs <sup>23</sup> Vol I. a good acct. of the French in America with Wash<sup>n</sup>  
 4 Tilly 11.66. History of Victor 2.  
 7 From Aix la Chapelle to Valenciennes and then to Amiens: scared from V. by the dirt of the hotel du Grand Canard.  
 8 From Valenciennes to Brecquerecque.  
 9 Began XVI.<sup>24</sup> 4 p.  
 10 Wrote on 16. 5p.  
 25 Rutland
- September 3 Back to Brecquerecque from London  
 6 ill for the 4th time here  
 10 Left Boulogne for Folkstone  
 13 Came home  
 25 Ill in London.  
 28 To Brighton
- October 31 Not well for the most part of the month. Wrote part of 16, and all of 17 of Newcomes,<sup>25</sup> & drew blocks for Xmas book.
- November 1 Finished writing of Xmas book.  
 4 Attack of Spasms.  
 12 Went to Paris.  
 29 Home again

<sup>23</sup> The *Mémoires* of Alexandre, Comte de Tilly (1764-1816), which Thackeray read in the three-volume Paris edition of 1828.

<sup>24</sup> Chapters 48 to 51, published in January, 1855.

<sup>25</sup> Chapters 52 to 54, published in February, 1855.

## APPENDIX XVI.

### NOTES FOR A SPEECH TO THE ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM ASSOCIATION IN 1855.

Hitherto unpublished. Original as far as *who purified* owned by Dr. Metzdorf, the rest by the Huntington Library.

Like a distinguished friend<sup>1</sup> of mine who addressed this Association a fortnight since, I appear for the first time in my life, to take part in a political meeting. I wish I could lay claim to the natural gifts w<sup>h</sup> belong to that admirable orator as well as writer for then I should be sure to entertain you. As it is, I have to ask your good nature for a speaker so unpractised — so unused to deliver a word without a book, that he may possibly not remember what he wants to say to you until he has broken down here, and recalls his thoughts in the cool solitude of Covent Garden market. I am only here, like hundreds of other gentlemen now present, like thousands more of whom our Governing classes I prophecy will pretty soon condescend to take heed; who, though they take no active part in politics commonly, yet can form pretty shrewd and just opinions upon the conduct & the conductors of political affairs and look at both with doubt and dissatisfaction. With the admission from our leaders themselves of awful incapacity & confusion: with the empire as they say drifted into a dreadful war, we may be permitted to have our doubts and our fears: we may even doubt whether the mere Whigs of today are much better than the mixed Whigs of six months since, and in these our lawful meetings communicate our opinions to one another.

As yet, as we have seen by the result of M<sup>r</sup> Layard's motion, & by the manner in w<sup>h</sup> members of this association are received in the H of Commons we must own that it bears us no particular good will. That assembly being very aged & shaky is deaf and doesn't

<sup>1</sup> Dickens, who spoke to the Administrative Reform Association at the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, on June 27, 1855 (*Times*). Thackeray's speech, which was scheduled for July 11, was never delivered.

hear — until people speak very loud. Until they muster very strong is doesn't yield — but then it always does. It is true that the R. H. M<sup>r</sup> Disraeli informed us that he invented the phrase Administration Reform, & that had we only been blessed with Lord Derbys Gov<sup>t</sup> A R we should have had; but admitting that we are the God children of the Member for Buckinghamshire, & thanking that affectionate sponsor for the name w<sup>h</sup> he gave us at our baptism, it may be doubted whether an A R administered by the gentlemen who distinguished themselves by purifying the public service of the admiralty; who purified elections by employing the exemplary Rt. Honorable W B <sup>a</sup> is precisely that kind of Reform w<sup>h</sup> this Association desires. I fear that we dont want Godpapa's party to manage for us — and as for the Whigs, our Guardians it must be confessed that aristocratic body is by no means inclined to own us.

Mild as the terms are in w<sup>h</sup> the propositions of your Society are couched & polite and peaceable as your demeanour has been you could hardly expect that the Whigs should not mistrust this amiability. It is the politeness of the gentleman who calls now and then about the poor-rates, & who is never popular and whom we must pay It is the amiability of M<sup>r</sup> Schneider <sup>a</sup> who brings his bill and who will have the money. Our guardians have found out that your proposals imply great and vital changes: that we want settlements of accounts long standing over — new auditors to overhaul them, new clerks to look to the books in place of the old ones who naturally like their desks where they have trimmed their beautiful nails, and given and taken the odds, & talked over the last nights ball, and affably passed round the bitter beer, and read & confounded the Times newspaper for many a long day. I take it that A. R. means P. R for you never will get one without the other. I take it that you mean an ameliorated representation in

<sup>a</sup> William Beresford (1797–1883), M. P. for North Essex and Conservative whip, who was censured by a Committee of the House in 1853 for condoning bribery in electioneering.

<sup>b</sup> Of John Schneider and Company, 17 Gracechurch Street (*Watkins's London Directory*, 1855).

Parliament, and an amended franchise without. You mean that men shall be eligible to sit in the House of Commons without those enormous expenses w<sup>h</sup> befall candidates nowadays, without that enormous bullying bribing blundering lying w<sup>h</sup> we read of in elections & committees afterwards — that you wish to spare my lord Ebrington for instance from being forced to pay 5000£ for his election at Marylebone and M<sup>r</sup> Jacob Bell I dont know how much more or less for contesting his seat.<sup>4</sup> I fancy some of you may possibly mean that in lieu of the present system of reckless cost stupid intimidation, stupid coaxing wheedling treating back door persuading, pot-house temptations, W B advocacy, stealthy popping of five pound notes into drunken voters hands — you will prefer a system that shall do away with all this wickedness & humbug and if you say for instance that you will adopt the Ballot I for one will give my most hearty concurrence to that unEnglish system. Unenglish! Let us have an act and give the peaceful useful alien letters of naturalization! <sup>5</sup>

If this does not mean A R. where is it to stop? Certain actual and possible administrations — not in this parish but in Westminster — think you mean a reform of them — and if you dont — then this Society is mere Bosh as some of its ill-willers out of doors say it is — If you dont mean Reform of the Chiefs as well as the

<sup>4</sup> Hugh Fortescue (1818–1905), styled Viscount Ebrington, later (1861) third Earl Fortescue, defeated the Quaker chemist and druggist Jacob Bell (1810–1859) at the polls in 1854, and served as M. P. for Marylebone until 1859.

<sup>5</sup> At this point in his manuscript Thackeray has drawn a line through the following passage: “I take it real Administrative Reform is far distant Gentlemen. There are all sorts of obstacles between us and it — it lies far distant at the end of a long vista — of a great, ancient, tangled, dark, deep-rooted wilderness of wrong w<sup>h</sup> we must hew down or root up before we reach our object. Before you get through that tangled wood, the growth of centuries, — before you reach your lovely Princess slumbering behind it — you have all sorts of work and perils and enemies to meet, and long marches and rocks and quagmires to pass over. You must have courage and energy and many a long days work. You have to go on a road on w<sup>h</sup> many a man will drop. That there is success at the end of your course who can doubt, if your will and patience are but suff<sup>t</sup> to secure it? But who can suppose that you will have the campaign your own way?”

Subordinates; reform on the first floor as well as in those rooms up two & three pair of stairs where our young friends Wiggle and Waggle the clerks are making their books and paring their lovely nails and discussing the pale ale and that confounded Times afore-said — if you dont mean this, our meeting is a mere theatrical performance — the pit & boxes may just as well go home — and the gentlemen on the stage here drop down the trap-doors and be no more heard of — drop down the trap doors as some friends of mine not unconnected with public offices — not unamenable to Administrative reform — lately did in this very theatre, with royal approbation and with uncommon grace and agility.

I say then that in the most fair-spoken and friendly manner — we are knocking at every door in the whole of Downing Street Whitehall and those purlieus — where on a certain tenth of April I remember squads of alarmed officials with blunderbusses muskets sabres sandwiches pistols and pale ale were huddled in ambush, ready to charge upon the Disturbers of the peace if they stormed the sacred premises. You on that day gentlemen were walking London streets by hundreds of thousands truncheons in hand alike determined to maintain public order — not men with handles to their names — Fate having blessed but a chosen few with those ornamental and useful appendages — but quiet peaceful educated citizens quitting their everyday occupations shops chambers city-desks and what not to show front against a menacing danger. It is not now Fergus OConnor and his battering ram of a petition<sup>6</sup> at the door — it is you — you the orderly men who walked London streets on that 10 of April, who are now assembling in your strength and petitioning in your turn — with what result who that reads our history and knows our ways can doubt?

The governing classes of course are against you. They always are. It used even to be a matter of congratulation in old-fashioned Constitution-books and we are bidden in venerable prints nowadays

<sup>6</sup> On April 10, 1848, Feargus O'Connor, after presiding over a great meeting of Chartists on Kennington Common, presented a petition to the government which was supposed to have 5,706,000 signatures. A count revealed only 1,975,496 names, many of which were false, and the petition was ignored.

to thank God we have a house of Lords, w<sup>h</sup> can restrain any immature and indecent popular ardor for reform retrenchment or what not — can interpose its august big-wigs between the mob and the desires w<sup>h</sup> they have in view — can maintain what they call the balance of the Constitution. By those big-wigs the people were kept for years & years out of rights w<sup>h</sup> are acquired and historical now: — the Catholics were kept out of their citizenship for years & years: — that modicum of Justice called the Reform Bill was kept back for years & years: — and, at this very minute, as Lord John Russell ruefully confessed the other day it is by that assembly of Lords that our Jewish fellow-citizens are kept out of their seats in the house of commons. There stand Lordships before the door and confront our Jewish fellow-citizens nose to nose — Justice and reason, and tried citizenship, and intelligence, and peaceful behaviour, and the assent of the whole country besides back the Jewish claims but my lords block the door up, and — unless he chooses to come here, Baron Rothschild has no place where he can exert his eloquence.

Sir there is always this struggle going on between those who have and those who want to have. It is this struggle w<sup>h</sup> makes what we call our glorious constitution. The people are always pressing on: the governing classes are always saying no and always yielding in the end — Of course I remember as a young man the Reform Bill agitation<sup>7</sup> and the anticipated march of the Birmingham legions I remember as a boy the Catholic emancipation business, and the speech of his late R. H. the Duke of York printed in gold letters and very much admired by us boys in w<sup>h</sup> he called to witness the coronation oath of his royal father & brother, and intimated an intention of accepting a block at Whitehall or at least of retiring to the paternal dominions of Hanover rather than submitting to see the ruin of the Empire and the downfall of the Protestant religion

The Reform Bill was got & no bones were broken — the Emancipation Act was passed & nobodys head was chopped off; no royal family went to Herrenhausen, no Protestant Establishment was

<sup>7</sup> See above, No. 62 (April 10, 1832) and No. 13.

much the better or worse — We had as you know the same growls howls frantic cries of ruin and prophecies of national destruction about the Repeal of the Corn Laws — the same resistance and the same surrender. The Corn Laws were repealed The nation did not go to the dogs. Sir R Peel was awfully bullied by the landed aristocracy of the country and their champion M<sup>r</sup> Disraeli — bullied almost as much as my friend M<sup>r</sup> Layard has been of late — but we got the Corn Laws repealed — Sir R P. has turned out a great man — we carried that point of commercial as we shall this of administrative reform.

There is no call of angry words on our side so much as of constant pressure. A friend of mine writing in the Times lately and borrowing a phrase <sup>8</sup> w<sup>h</sup> I have heard in New York calls the Governing Classes the Upper Ten Thousand. Say that is the number. Are there as good men out of this Upper Ten Thousand as there are in it? I think none of us here will say no. Are there 50000 as good 100000 as good 500000 as good? In this House of Commons here sitting I believe the Ayes will have it. The Upper 10000 resist you? Pooh! They will yield as they always have they will yield at extremity from a sentiment of self preservation — as you will stop with *your* conservatism, when the fair objects you want are attained, and the just claims you demand are conceded.

If all of us here happened to be Earls or let us say the eldest sons of Earls with a prospect of a seat in yonder begilt and befrescoed hall at Westminster on the lamented demise of the noble peers our Fathers, we should be naturally hostile to the proceedings of certain agitators out of doors — as I believe & am sure our friends of Westminster are. Why gentlemen if we had hereditary seats in this theatre comfortable wadded stalls in w<sup>h</sup> we and our descendants might sit forever and see the opera for nothing we should be peevish I daresay and object to changes of a system w<sup>h</sup> worked very well and made us very comfortable. We should like to have our relatives and our friends with good room in the pit our wives

<sup>8</sup> First employed by Nathaniel P. Willis.



and daughters with good boxes and our flunkies up in the galleries — It is but human nature; and I am disposed to look not quite so angrily as some gentlemen here at the conduct of our governing classes and governors — at their dislike to this association at their testy rage, at their high & mighty contempt at w<sup>h</sup> we can afford to laugh, at their jokes too at w<sup>h</sup> <sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> The Huntington manuscript breaks off here.

## APPENDIX XVII.

DIARY 21 MAY-30 DECEMBER 1856.

Published in part by John M. Patterson, "Thackeray's Diary," *Bookman*, LX (1924), 430-437. Original owned by Mr. Hogan.

### THACKERAY.

36 Onslow Square. Brompton. London

- |      |    |  |
|------|----|--|
| May  | 21 | Dilke 7. Lady M. <sup>1</sup> 1.   |
| May  | 23 | J Coningham Lady Stanley   |
| May  | 24 | M <sup>r</sup> Labouchere Lady Ashburton   |
| May  | 25 | M <sup>rs</sup> Prinsep  |
| May  | 26 | Sartoris   |
| May  | 27 | M <sup>rs</sup> Mansfield.   |
| May  | 28 | Derby.   |
| May  | 29 | Gave M B. <sup>2</sup> 1£ promising a guinea a week<br>for 10 weeks, & to pay 4£ to the landlord.<br>Stirling. |
| May  | 31 | Milnes L. House. <sup>3</sup>  |
| June | 1  | E. Landseer.   |
| June | 2  | Amateurs. <sup>4</sup> M <sup>rs</sup> Elliot  |
| June | 3  | Cottin <sup>5</sup> 7. 1/4.  |
| June | 4  | L <sup>d</sup> Ashburton.  |
| June | 5  | M. B. 2  |
| June | 11 | Merchant Taylors. <sup>6</sup>   |
| June | 12 | M. B. 3.   |
| June | 19 | M B 4.   |
| June | 20 | A Beckett. 1/4 to 7.   |
| June | 26 | M B. 5   |

<sup>1</sup> Lady Molesworth.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Beckwith. See above, No. 1262.

<sup>3</sup> Lansdowne House.

<sup>4</sup> Probably a performance of Wilkie Collins's *The Lighthouse* (1855) by Dickens and his fellow players.

<sup>5</sup> Miss Elizabeth Cottin, who lived with her niece Mary Ann Thackeray at 22 Portman Square.

<sup>6</sup> Merchant Taylors' School.

July	3	M B 6.
July	4	C. Baron <sup>7</sup>
July	5	Philobiblon. <sup>8</sup>
July	10	M B. 7
July	17	M B 8
July	24	M B 9.
July	31	M B. 10
August	10	ill with spasms in the evening w <sup>h</sup> began to yield about 3
August	13	Dined Punch
August	14	Left home — S E station 1.30. Dover about 4.45 reached Calais about 7.
August	15	Assumption of Virgin at Calais. Hotel Dessein.
August	16	From 2 p.m till 8 going to Ghent. H des Postes.
August	17	To the churches in the morning. Beguine Convent by 2.30 to Brussels. v. Alost.
August	19	To Spa. H des Pays Bas.
August	24	From Spa to Düsseldorf. Breidenbacher Hof
August	25	Lentze. Lindo — painters very kind.
August	26	to Cologne — Deutz. H de Belle Vue.
August	27	To Aiz la Chapelle
September	4	left a la c.
October	6	to Folkstone
October	7	Home
October	21	to Paris
November	4	Edin
November	5	J. B dinner. D <sup>r</sup> Simpson, <sup>9</sup> Aytoun, M <sup>r</sup> Stevens ladies

<sup>7</sup> Sir Frederick Pollock, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

<sup>8</sup> The Philobiblon Club, an association of distinguished men interested in rare books and manuscripts, founded in 1853 by Milnes and Sylvain Van de Weyer.

<sup>9</sup> Dr. James Young Simpson (1811-1870), later (1866) first Baronet, an eminent gynaecologist who in 1847 had introduced the use of chloroform as an anaesthetic; Henry Stephens (1795-1874), author of *The Book of the Farm* (1842-1844), who was a habitué of the Blackwood household.

- November 6 Major Blackwood <sup>10</sup>  
 November 7 Edin. Mem Call on M<sup>rs</sup> Dick Charlotte  
 November 8 L<sup>d</sup> Murray  
 November 10 Brown  
 November 11 Edin  
 November 12 Blackwood.  
 November 13 D<sup>r</sup> Burt <sup>11</sup>  
 November 14 Edin  
 November 15 Hankey. Middleton — comfortable country house, lots of houses, of farming, of hospitality. M<sup>rs</sup> H sings Handel very finely, good little Fanny.  
 November 16 Craigie Halkett <sup>12</sup>— walk to church, and fat of the land, and claret in plenty & smoking too much.  
 November 17 Dine with Hamley at Artillery Mess.  
 November 18 Glasgow. J. M<sup>r</sup> Kennell. Sec. Athenaeum  
 November 20 Edinburgh. George I M<sup>rs</sup> Aytoun. jolly supper — singing & sociability afterwards — Blackie.<sup>13</sup> Fraser <sup>14</sup> &c.

<sup>10</sup> Major William Blackwood (d. 1861), who had been associated with his brother John in the Blackwoods' publishing house for the past thirteen years (Mrs. Porter, *John Blackwood*, p. 57).

<sup>11</sup> Dr. John Burt, the Blackwoods' medical adviser (Mrs. Porter, *John Blackwood*, p. 27).

<sup>12</sup> Lieutenant-Colonel John Craigie Halkett (d. 1870), who had retired from the Bengal army after serving for thirty-five years in India and fighting in more than a hundred battles.

<sup>13</sup> John Stuart Blackie (1809–1895), the eccentric and learned man-of-letters, who was Professor of Greek at Edinburgh from 1852 to 1882.

<sup>14</sup> Sir Theodore Martin (*Aytoun*, pp. 181–182) tells the following story of the privileged Edinburgh jester Peter Fraser: "Thackeray, during his Georgian era in Edinburgh, was Mr Blackwood's guest; and one evening, when the ladies had left us over our claret, a ring was heard, followed by a controversy at the street door between the visitor and the butler, who presently came in and announced that the Provost of Peterhead wished to see Mr Thackeray. The novelist, having already undergone considerable persecution at the hands of his Scottish admirers, broke out upon this into exasperation, and desired the butler to say that he was engaged, and could not, in fact would not, see the gentleman."

- |          |    |   |
|----------|----|---|
| November | 21 | Glasgow   |
| November | 22 | Edinburgh II. M <sup>r</sup> Ritchie's <sup>15</sup> dinner — when I <i>almost</i> took too much wine — very good company & Russell, Findlay (Scotsman)             |
| November | 24 | Edinburgh II. G. III  |
| November | 25 | Glasgow III.  |
| November | 26 | Edinburgh IV.   |
| November | 27 | Paisley Lecture in old Church. Entertained at M <sup>r</sup> P. Coate's <sup>16</sup> magnificent house dinner supper Took leave of kind Blackwoods in the morning. |

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The applicant, however, persisted, positively refusing to depart without an interview; and Thackeray, being at last induced to go into the hall, was immediately heard in indignant remonstrance. 'Sir,' he said in loud tones, 'I will not be persecuted in this way. You have no right to annoy me;' and then was heard a scuffle and clattering of umbrella-stands and barometers which brought the ladies in alarm from the drawing-room, their frightened faces appearing over the bannisters, and drew host and guests from their wine; when in this persevering Provost, then engaged in a mock combat with the illustrious object of his search, we recognized the mad wag Peter, with whom, at the termination of the conflict, we returned in triumph to the claret."

<sup>15</sup> John Ritchie (1778-1870) had in 1817 been one of the founders of *The Scotsman*, Edinburgh's leading paper, of which he afterwards became sole proprietor. Alexander Russel (1814-1876) edited *The Scotsman* from 1849 until his death. John Ritchie Findlay (1824-1898), grand-nephew of John Ritchie, entered the offices of the paper in 1842 and became its proprietor on his grand-uncle's death. "I may be excused," Findlay wrote to Peddie (*Dr. John Brown*, p. 172) in 1892, "recalling the fact that the *Scotsman* was one of the first journals in the kingdom — I might perhaps safely enough say the very first — to discern that in Thackeray a new luminary had arisen above the literary horizon. In its columns warm praise was accorded to the early numbers of *Vanity Fair* when they were left unnoted, or only coldly welcomed, by London newspapers. Mr. Russel had a keen appreciation of the deeper, finer quality of Thackeray's genius as compared with that of Dickens, by whose popularity he was for a time overshadowed."

<sup>16</sup> Peter Coats (1808-1890), later (1869) knighted, who with his brother Thomas owned the Ferguslie thread works at Paisley, one of the largest establishments of its kind in the world.

- November 28 Immense audience in City Hall Glasgow IV. Supper at M<sup>r</sup> Ramsays<sup>17</sup> — breakfast on Saturday with M<sup>r</sup> Napier who offers hospitality in Scotland.
- November 29 Dumfries. Pleasant little theatre. kind entertainment at W. M<sup>r</sup> Diarmid's<sup>18</sup> Ed. of Dumfries Courier — clergyman Doctor. Miss Mac D. Came on at night to
- November 30 Carlisle. walk with M<sup>r</sup> Steel. dinner with him and M<sup>r</sup> Cockburn at night sleep at excellent station Hotel Newcastle.
- December 1 Hull I Bitter cold & snow — Handsome Institution snug theatre. Sir H. Cooper.<sup>19</sup> Bright M<sup>r</sup> Frost. Samuelson. jolly old M<sup>r</sup> Wrightson in carriage.
- December 2 Wrote letters all morning and enjoyed quiet. dine with M<sup>r</sup> Bright.
- December 3 More letters all day. After 1. to tea with M<sup>rs</sup> Hassell. pleasant Danish lady. 2 clergymen, one with 3 services on a Sunday & 150<sup>s</sup> a year. Hull II
- December 5 Hull III.
- December 7 Hull to Leeds 96. L to Bradford 85 G. Taylor Esq Apperley Station.

<sup>17</sup> William Ramsay (1806–1865), Professor of Humanity in Glasgow University from 1831 to 1863.

<sup>18</sup> William Ritchie M<sup>r</sup>Diarmid, who succeeded his father as editor of *The Dumfries and Galloway Courier* in 1852.

<sup>19</sup> Sir Henry Cooper (1807–1891), a surgeon who was Mayor of Hull from 1853 to 1855; Charles Frost (1781?–1862), former solicitor to the Hull Dock Company and many times President of the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society (see *Centenary Biographical Introductions*, XXVI, xxxvi); J. Samuelson, Honorary Secretary of the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society; William Battie Wrightson (1789–1879), M. P. for Northallerton from 1835 to 1865.

December	8	Bradford III. M <sup>r</sup> H. Walls Sec. Mechanics Institute
December	9	Bradford IV.
December	10	Manchester I.
December	11	Liverpool I.
December	12	Manchester II
December	13	Bradford IV. 7.
December	14	Apperley Bridge 12 — 2.25.
December	15	Derby. George III. Llewellyn Jewell Sec. Mechanics Institution Derby to Lpool 10.25. (p. 70. 53.)
December	16	Liverpool II.
December	17	Manchester II
December	18	Liverpool III
December	19	Manchester II
December	20	Lpool IV.
December	30	London <sup>20</sup>

<sup>20</sup> Elsewhere in this diary Thackeray has entered his receipts from lectures on *The Four Georges* between November 4 and December 30, 1856:

"Edinburgh	300	
Glasgow	105	
Paisley	25	
Dumfries	25	
Hull	100	
Bradford	50	
Liverpool	210	
Manchester	85	
Derby	25	
	<hr/>	
	925	
London	52	10
	<hr/>	
	977	10."

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